VOGUE

AUGUST 15

Taking over: a new elegance for the young

Clothes news, young prices

for the Smart Girl

in and out of College

ADVANCE
RETAIL
TRADE
SUPPLEMENT
opposite page 16

Special section: "Fashions in living"

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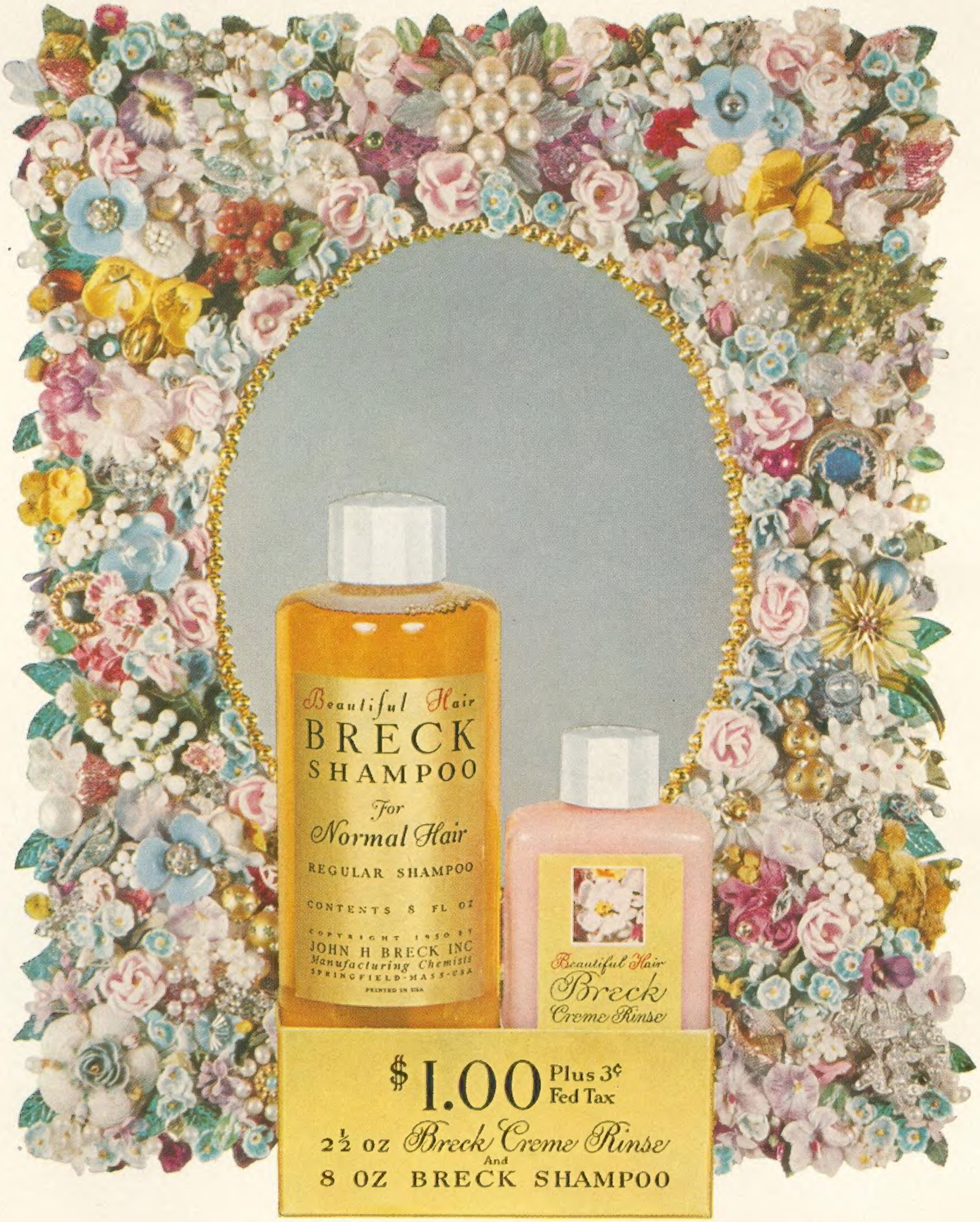
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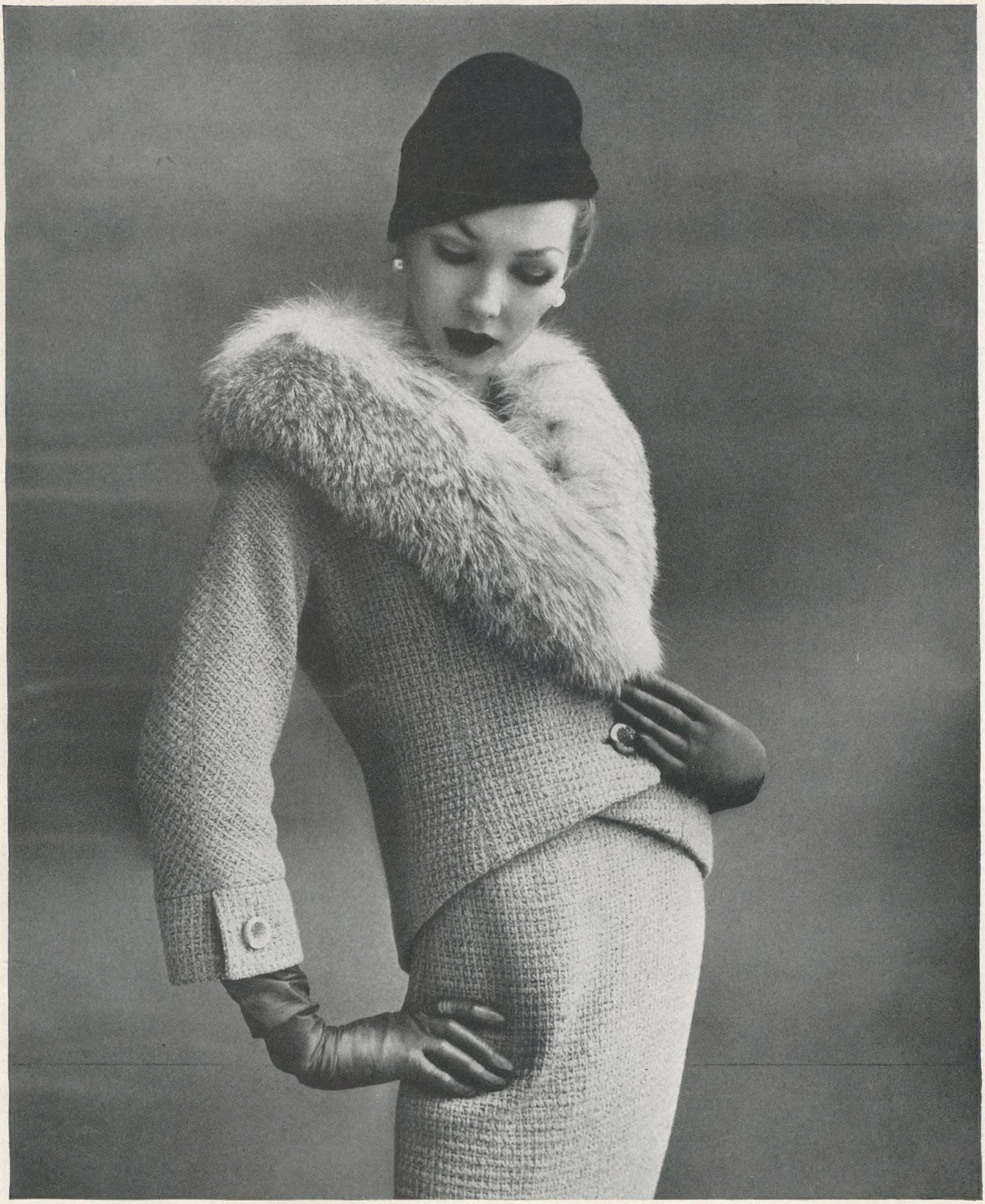

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VOGUE

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There are three Vogues: American, French, British   I. S. V.-PATCÉVITCH Publisher

AUGUST 15, 1957

COVER

VOGUE
Taking over:
a new elegance
for
the young

HORST

One of the new pieces of elegance taking over young fashion now—the put-over, here in a dazzled Siamese plaid of pink and red-cordial wool tweed with *another* shade of red added by hat. Put-over, about $30; skirt, about $23. By Mr. Gee, of Lawford fabric. Back-of-the-head red velveteen beret, by Betmar. Everything, at Altman's; Hutzler's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. For shops in other cities, see page 70. Smooth touch to the hair: Breck Brilliant. For details of the décor shown here and throughout the issue, see page 155.

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Vol. 130, No. 3
Whole No. 1993

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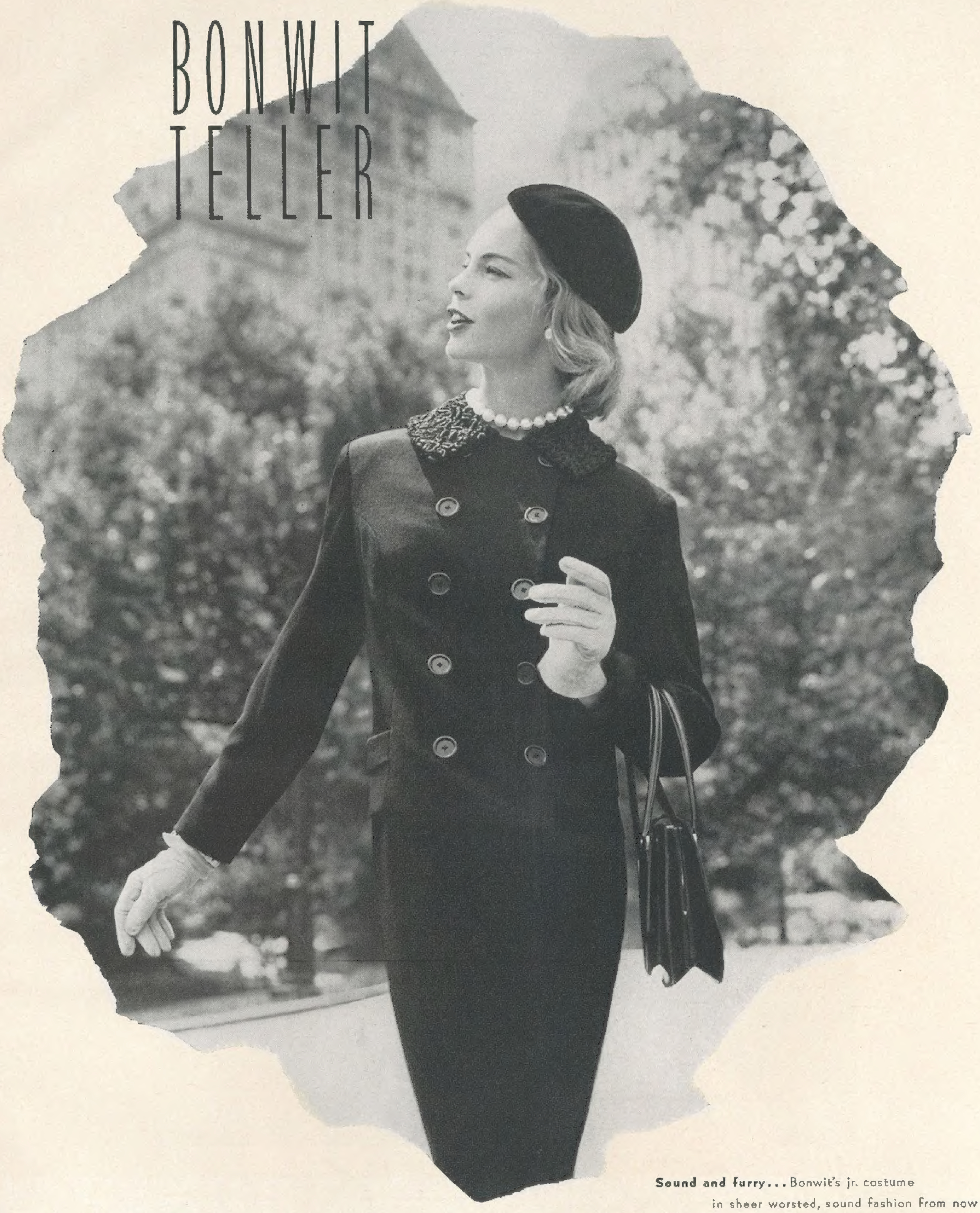

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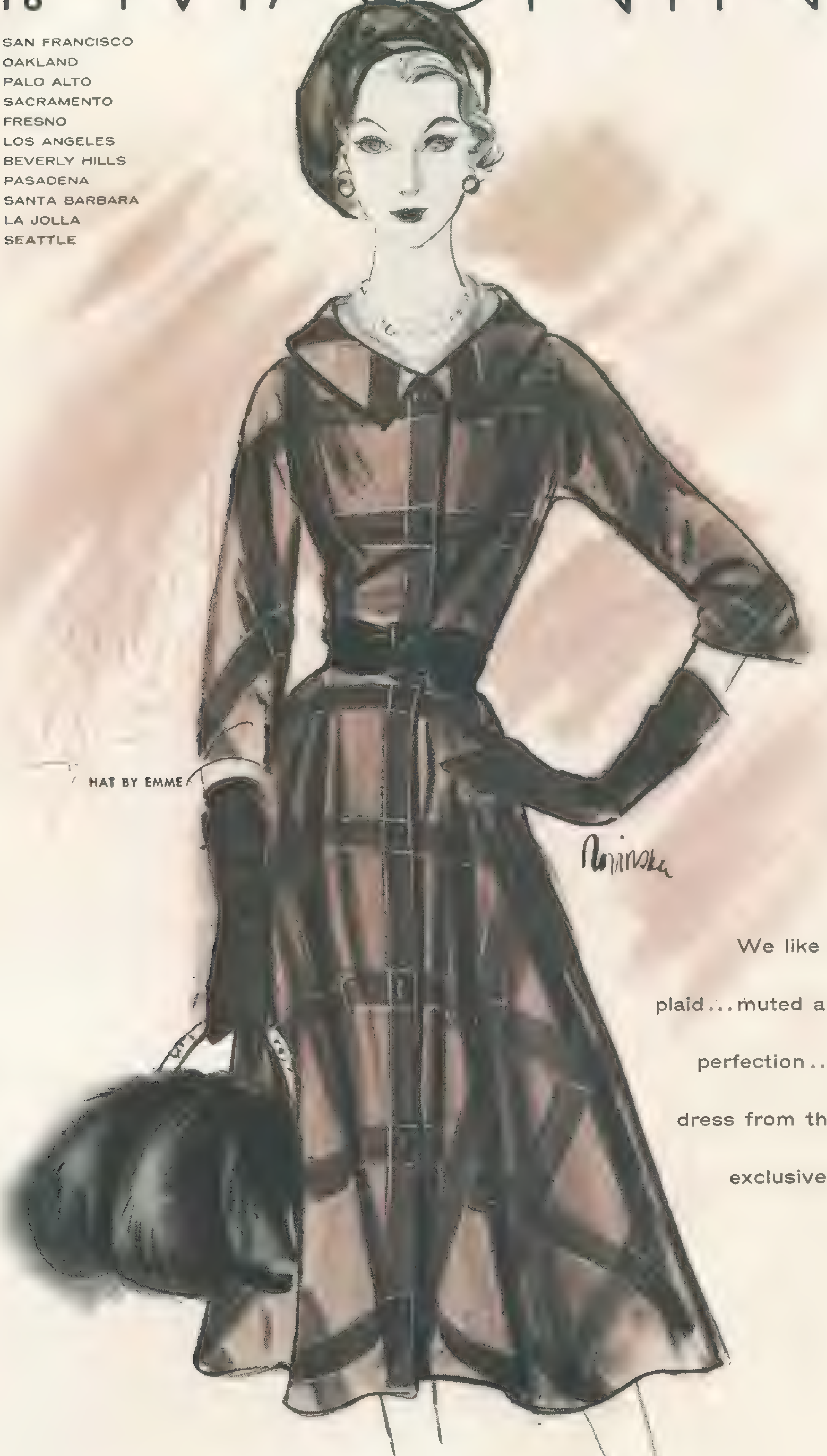

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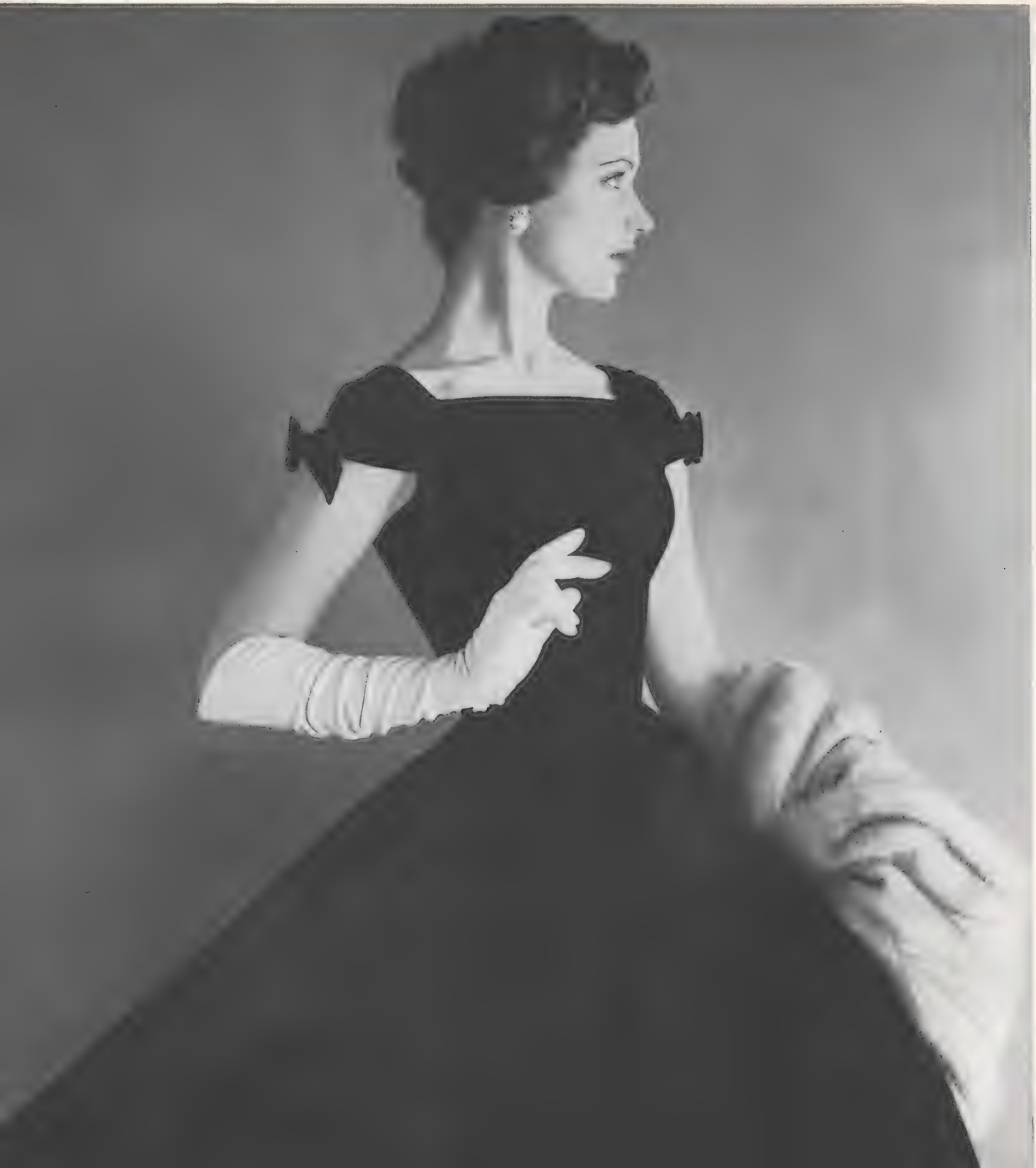

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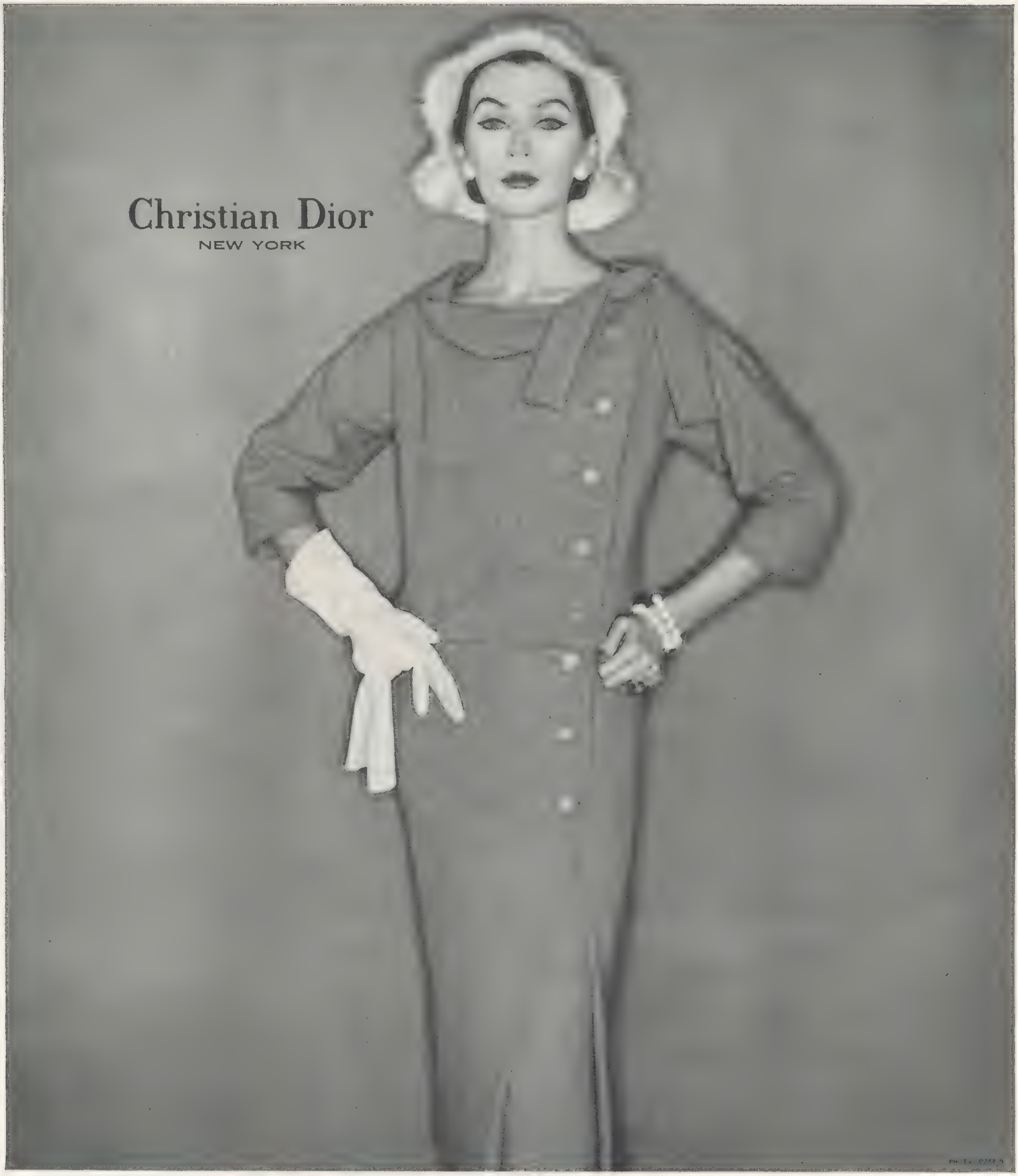
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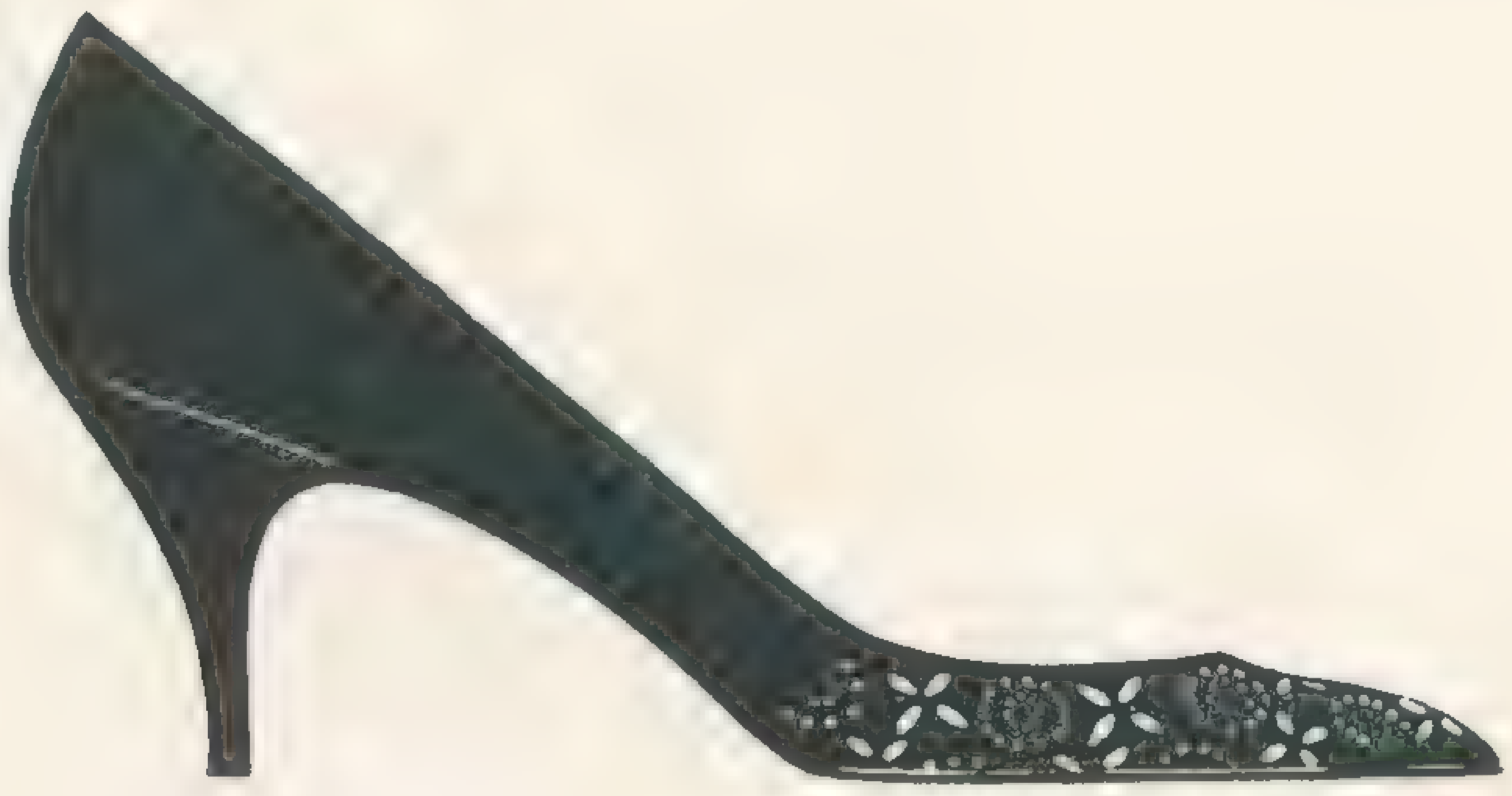

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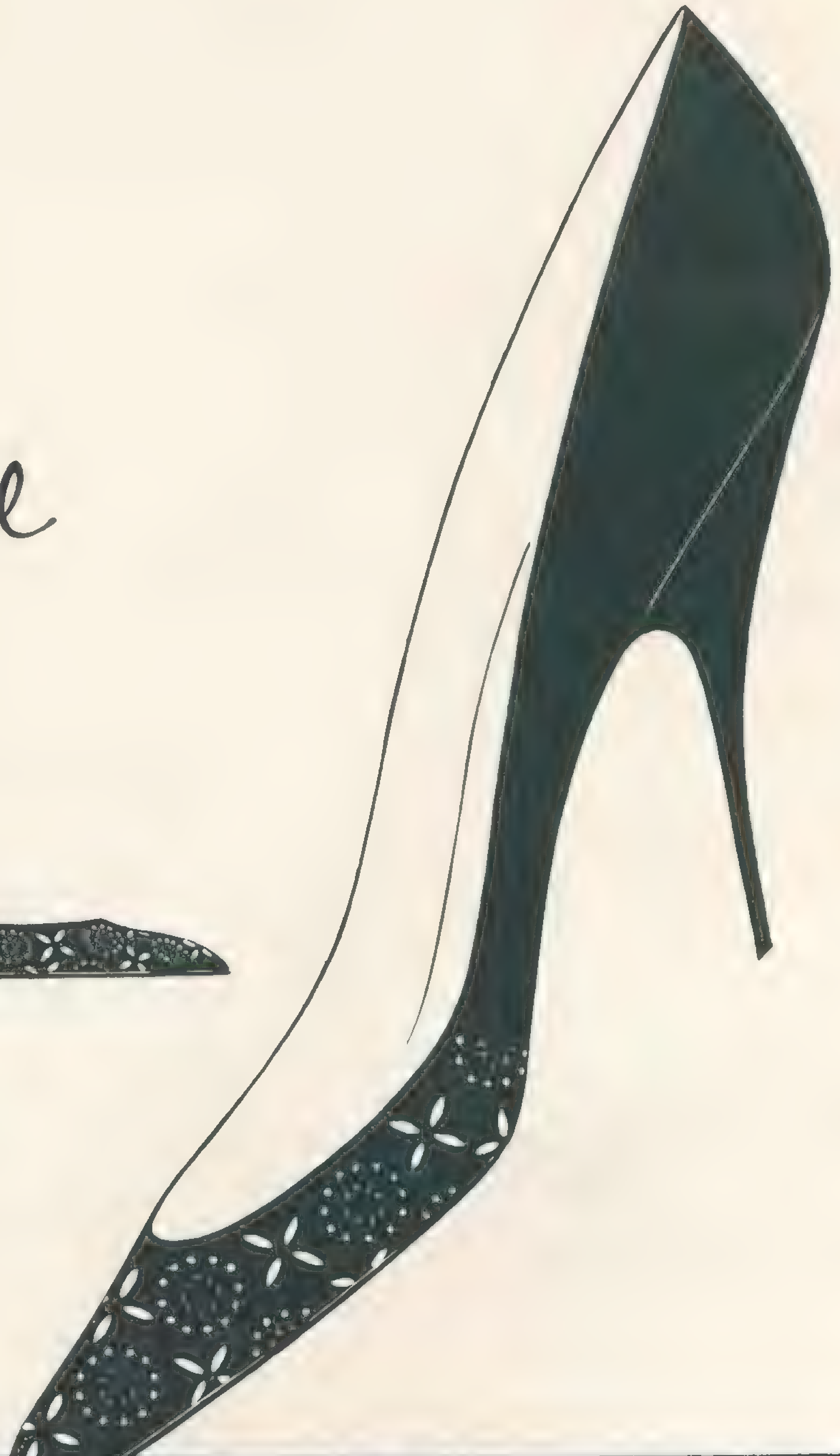

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VOGUE

AUGUST 15 TRADE EDITION

"NEW ELEGANCE FOR THE YOUNG"

Clothes news for the smart girl in and out of college

- **SIAMESE PLAIDS . . .**
  one of the new facing-East plaids for extra college fashion in dresses (pages 76 and 77)
- **THE PUT-OVER . . .**
  new shortstop top in wool plaids, jersey, knitted wool to wear over skirts or tapered trousers (pages 78 to 83; 94 and 95)
- **THE RED-LETTER SUIT . . .**
  a new classic colour in suits with easy jackets, slim pleated or full gathered skirts (pages 86 to 89)
- **THE HENRY HIGGINS JACKET . . .**
  a new young jacket shape in wool, cardigan sweaters, and leather, worn with or without shirts, with skirts or tapered pants (pages 90 to 93)
- **NEW OVERCOATINGS . . .**
  shag coat: semi-precious furred and furry . . .
  solo coat: the coat wardrobe with a rangy cut
  (pages 98 to 101)
- **LATE O'CLOCK BLACK AND WHITE . . .**
  velvet, chiffon, peau de soie, organdie touches in long and short afternoon and evening fashions (pages 104 and 105; 107)
- **ACCESSORIES . . .**
  brushed gilt jewellery (often with coloured stones); sized up, slimmed down, deep handbags; textured gloves; shoes; the late o'clock accessory colour: red (pages 106; 108 and 109)
- **COLLEGE LINGERIE . . .**
  pyjamas and nightdresses with enough coverage to wear as "lounge study" clothes; the bouquet printed slip (pages 130 and 131)

THE COLLEGE MAN'S WARDROBE . . .

grey flannel blazer; red shirt, belt; trans-season suit; black-blue suit; cardigan sweater; crimson crewneck slipover (pages 126 to 129)

80 NEW WAYS TO WEAR COLOURS . . .

a colour montage of fabrics, shoes, and accessories.

Black, sharpened; red, for burning; blue, clarified; grey in depth; well-balanced green; brown vitalized (pages 114 to 117)

NEWS IN FURS AND FUR TOUCHES

New fur look: watching its length,
wearing less sleeve;
black-dyed mink collars and cuffs
on belted coats;
the news of black with mink added:
mink hats, collars, stoles, and muffs
(pages 118 to 121; 132 to 134)

FASHIONS IN LIVING: Young living . . . six young women on their own in New York.

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VOGUE, AUGUST 15, 1957, VOL 130, NO. 3

Release date: August 15

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VOGUE SAYS: “Wool dress—purple, blue, olive-green Siamese plaid”

- **The put-over:**

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VOGUE SAYS: “The put-over—like several jackets to a wardrobe”
VOGUE SAYS: “Overblouse—elegant rig off campus, on weekends”
VOGUE SAYS: “The put-over—comes with its own skirt”
VOGUE SAYS: “Put-overs—bordering on tartans”

- **The red-letter suit:**

VOGUE SAYS: “The red-letter suit—propelled by magnetic colour”
VOGUE SAYS: “Red wool suit—sound fashion”
VOGUE SAYS: “Red suit—to frame a white shirt”
VOGUE SAYS: “Red suit—with belted jacket”
VOGUE SAYS: “Suit of bright red jersey—with brass buttons”

- **The Henry Higgins jacket:**

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VOGUE SAYS: “Lean cardigan—drawn to new specifications”
VOGUE SAYS: “The Henry Higgins jacket—long, lean, handsome”
VOGUE SAYS: “The Henry Higgins jacket—country coverage”

- **New overcoatings:**

VOGUE SAYS: “Solo coat—new overcoating”
VOGUE SAYS: “The solo coat—coat wardrobe”
VOGUE SAYS: “The solo coat—with a rangy cut”
VOGUE SAYS: “Solo suit—two-part overcoat”
VOGUE SAYS: “Red solo coat—no colour too outrageous with it”

- **Late o’clock black and white:**

VOGUE SAYS: “Late o’clock colours—black and white”
VOGUE SAYS: “The great dress—its whiteness punctuated by black”
VOGUE SAYS: “Young elegance summed up—black and white”
VOGUE SAYS: “Black chiffon, white organdie—young elegance”
VOGUE SAYS: “Velvet suit—satin collar-and-tie”

- **Accessories:**

VOGUE SAYS: “Late o’clock slipper—ruby-coloured”
VOGUE SAYS: “Textured corduroy bag—with leather frame, handle”
VOGUE SAYS: “Young glove elegance—cashmere-and-wool”
VOGUE SAYS: “Huge, hugely—dotted scarf”
VOGUE SAYS: “Brushed gilt pin—with ruby-coloured centre”
VOGUE SAYS: “Rhinestones and fake rubies—equal measure”

- **College lingerie:**

VOGUE SAYS: “Short nightdress—brushed nylon”
VOGUE SAYS: “Challis pyjamas—cut like a ski rig”
VOGUE SAYS: “Pyjamas with a Pierrot collar, matte black pants”
VOGUE SAYS: “Bouquet slip—bound in ribbon and lace”
VOGUE SAYS: “Calico nightdress—re-do of a child’s dress”

- **The college man’s wardrobe . . .**

VOGUE SAYS: “Blazer—single-breasted, with silvery buttons”
VOGUE SAYS: “Trans-season suit—equal parts Dacron and cotton”
VOGUE SAYS: “Natural whipcord jacket—grey flannel slacks”
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VOGUE SAYS: “Campus coat major—a camel’s hair polo coat”

- **80 new ways to wear colours . . .**

VOGUE SAYS: “Red—for burning”
VOGUE SAYS: “Red worsted flannel—more glow”
VOGUE SAYS: “Blue—clarified”
VOGUE SAYS: “Night blue tweed: a firmament of lighter blue nubs”
VOGUE SAYS: “Grey—in depth”
VOGUE SAYS: “Plaid suit all-of-a-colour—new darkened greys”
VOGUE SAYS: “Well-balanced green—unmuddied brilliance”
VOGUE SAYS: “Cleaving a straight green line—a belted suit”
VOGUE SAYS: “Brown vitalized—close to the colour of the year”
VOGUE SAYS: “First instance of the new brown—wool tweed”
VOGUE SAYS: “New suit look: almond-brown colouring”

- **Beauty . . .**

VOGUE SAYS: “Bright pink lipstick—sharpens black”
VOGUE SAYS: “With blue: misty-rose-red lipstick”
VOGUE SAYS: “A true lipstick red—with grey”
VOGUE SAYS: “The lipstick—red among red colours”
VOGUE SAYS: “Add to brown—toasted-red lipstick”

- **Shoes coming in . . .**

VOGUE SAYS: “Shoe—stretching from thin toe to a curved heel”
VOGUE SAYS: “Super-attenuated shoe—in a soft new leather”
VOGUE SAYS: “New sleight-of-suède—ribbed like corduroy”
VOGUE SAYS: “Standby for black—red tapestry shoe”

- **News in furs and fur touches . . .**

VOGUE SAYS: “Black mink—new mark on new coat looks”
VOGUE SAYS: “New coat—with overflow of black-dyed mink”
VOGUE SAYS: “New fur look—watching its length”
VOGUE SAYS: “Black-dyed Alaska fur seal—to wrap suits”
VOGUE SAYS: “New suit—edged with a ribbon of mink”
VOGUE SAYS: “Black dress—a collar of white mink”

- **Fashions in Living . . .**

VOGUE SAYS: “Underplayed excitement—warm colours”
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to the new costume colors with

just a hint

Your legs are lovelier in nylons . . . loveliest of all in fashion's newly tinted nylons that echo your costume from hem to heel. Try a suggestion of gray. A blush of pink. Perhaps, a faint whisper of blue. There's a heavenly new spectrum for your fashion choosing—*indeed, the softest spectrum ever.* Next time you shop, ask to see the new beauty tints in nylon—then accessorize

DU PONT MAKES FIBERS. DOES NOT MAKE THE HOSIERY SHOWN HERE. FURS BY BEN KAHN.

# of a tint

your clothes with the perfect nylon hose. True! There's just a hint of a tint. But in this heyday of the costume look, it makes *all* the fashionable difference.

DU PONT NYLON

DU PONT
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING . . . *THROUGH CHEMISTRY*

R&K

The girl who knows clothes says it again & again

R&K

R&K

R&K

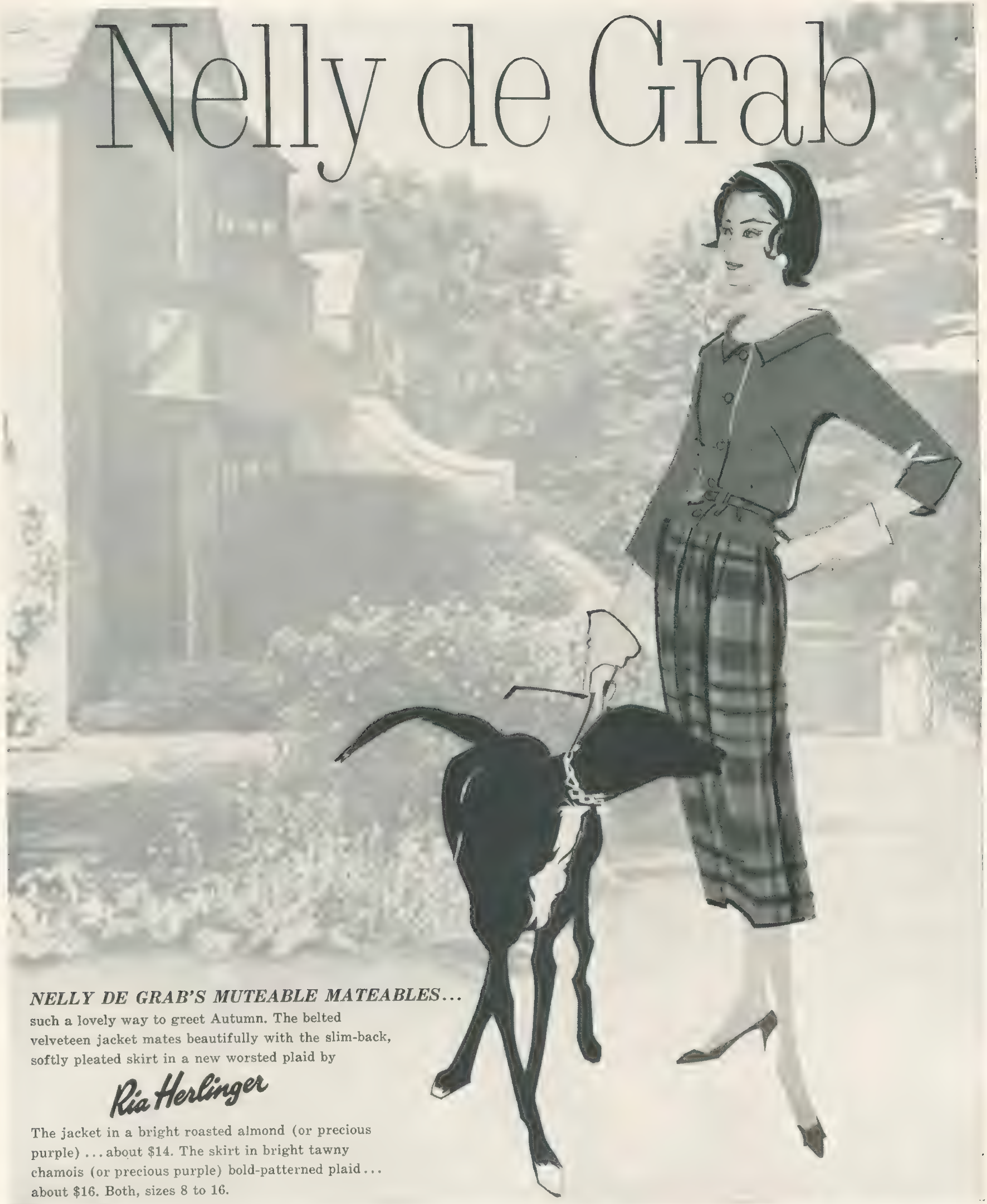
originals

R&K

Lined wrap-skirt dress in Talbott Mills' fine mixture of 80% wool flannel and 20% rabbit hair in smoke tones of grey, brown or blue. Sizes 10 to 18, 9 to 17. $25*. At fine stores everywhere or write to R&K Originals, Inc., 1400 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y.

*SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST   HAT: JOHN FREDERICS CHARMER

Nelly de Grab



NELLY DE GRAB'S MUTEABLE MATEABLES...
such a lovely way to greet Autumn. The belted velveteen jacket mates beautifully with the slim-back, softly pleated skirt in a new worsted plaid by

Ria Herlinger

The jacket in a bright roasted almond (or precious purple) ... about $14. The skirt in bright tawny chamois (or precious purple) bold-patterned plaid... about $16. Both, sizes 8 to 16.

At B. Altman & Co., all stores . . . and at these fine stores:
Asheville, N. C. – Ivey's Inc.
Baltimore, Md. – Stewart & Co.
Baton Rouge, La. – Dalton's
Buffalo, N. Y.– The Wm. Hengerer Co.
Charlotte, N. C. – J. B. Ivey & Co.
Charleston, W. Va. – The Diamond
Clayton, Mo. – Scruggs-Vandervoort-Barney
Dayton, Ohio – The Elder & Johnston Co.
Daytona Beach, Fla. – Ivey's of Daytona
Denver, Colo. – The Denver Dry Goods Co.
Fort Wayne, Ind. – Wolf & Dessauer
Greenville, Tenn. – Ivey-Keith Co.
Kansas City, Mo. – Emery-Bird-Thayer
Lexington, Ky. – Stewart Dry Goods
Little Rock, Ark. – Pfeifer's
Louisville, Ky. – Stewart Dry Goods
Milwaukee, Wisc. – Schuster's
Minneapolis, Minn. – Power's Dry Goods
New Orleans, La. – D. H. Holmes, Ltd.
Orlando, Fla. – Ivey's of Orlando
Raleigh, N. C. – Ivey-Taylor
St. Louis, Mo. – Scruggs-Vandervoort-Barney
Salt Lake City, Utah – Auerbach's
San Francisco, Calif. – The White House

Connaught creates a classic silk shirt vividly striped in light blue and saxe, pink and rosewood, fern green and pine, suntan and highland brown...about fifteen dollars...matching cashmere cardigan...about twenty-five dollars... deeper toned doeskin flannel skirt...about seventeen dollars...at TAILORED WOMAN, new york • J. L. BRANDEIS, omaha EVA-JON, la jolla • FOLEY BROS., houston • LEVY BROS., tuscon • LYTTON'S, chicago • MACINNES, worcester STROUSS-HIRSHBERG, [illegible] GHT, 111 fifth avenue, new york 3, n. y. . . . setting, estate carlton, st croix, virgin islands

Whatever happened to the little

Satin-banded
shirtwaist in a supple
crepe of acetate and
Avisco rayon by
Bloomsburg
with this year's
gentle, fluid lines.
Black, blue, taupe;
sizes 10 to 20,
about 20.00

crepe dress?

Some pretty wonderful things!
Nelly Don gives it this year's
fresh fashion approach . . .
plus all the wearable ways that
make "the little crepe dress"
so cherished. Here and on
the following pages
are four smart versions
of the little dress that's
big news again.

The pleated-skirt
dress in "Tasmania,"
a crepe blend of acetate
and rayon by
COHAMA
Pretty polka dot tie
is detachable. Black,
brown, avocado.
Sizes 8 to 20 and
custom sizes for the
shorter figure,
10C to 20C,
about 23.00

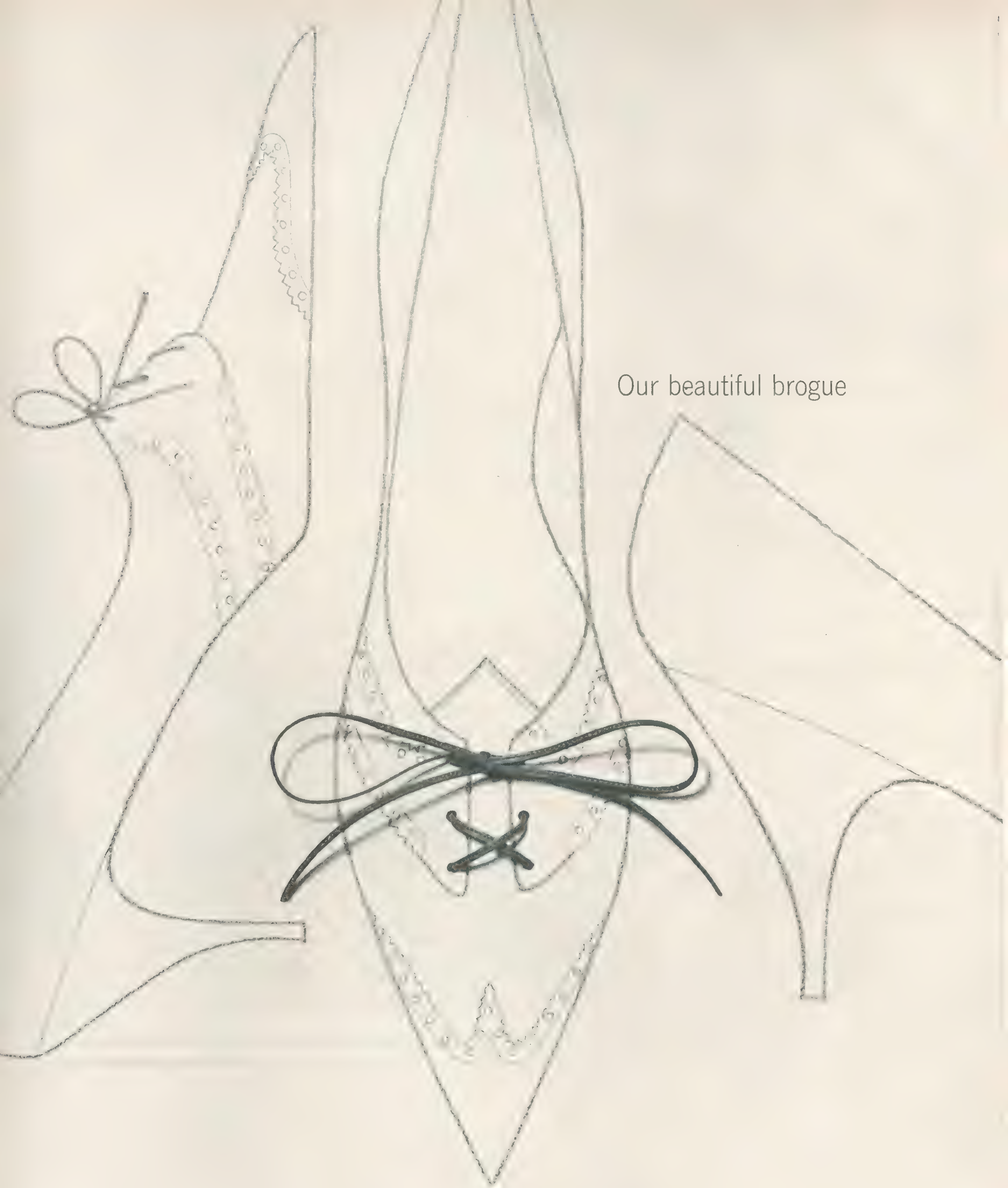
Nelly Don's dressmaker basic in a blend of rayon, acetate and silk with rich nubby surface by

FOLKER

Black, cigarette brown, navy. 12 to 40 and custom sizes for the shorter figure, 12C to 22C, about 18.00

For store nearest you, write Nelly Don, Kansas City, Mo.

Nelly Don's
soft city crepe cut
in Mallinson's "Contura",
a fine faille weave
of acetate and rayon by
TRIPLEX
Black, taupe, bright navy.
10 to 20 and custom sizes
for the shorter figure,
10C to 20C,
about 18.00


Our beautiful brogue

the fashion shoe

mademoiselle

About $19 (slightly higher Denver west). For store names write Mademoiselle Shoes, Empire State Building, New York 1.

A DIVISION OF GENERAL SHOE CORPORATION

Alamac knits special magic to create ribbed Thalspun® Jersey* — luxurious and permanently pleated. Here Thalspun becomes an expanse of minute accordion pleating . . . Nantucket Natural's choice for the woman who's the talk of the town. In Alamac's mellow coloring: Heather gray, Bonfire red, Domino black and Autumn navy. Sizes 10 to 18. About $65. Nantucket Naturals, 498 Seventh Ave., N.Y.

THE MADISON AVENUE LOOK

*80% Orlon, 20% wool

by NANTUCKET NATURALS

in ribbed THALSPUN by ALAMAC

Bonwit-Teller, *New York, N. Y.*/Julius Garfinckel & Co., *Washington, D. C.*/I. Magnin, *West Coast*/Montaldo's, *All Stores*/Neiman-Marcus, *Dallas, Texas*

QANTAS* IN A KORET OF

WHY WALK IN BEAUTY...

Foreword: One day someone had the plausible idea that since Qantas flies to the South Seas and Koret of California makes just the sort of fashion that any right-minded girl would wear while on such a junket, why not put them together in one big ad? A natural.

KORET OF CALIFORNIA: Now, fellows, here's the photograph—like it?

QANTAS: Ah...extremely pretty girls if a trifle thin. Perhaps were you to send them to camp. Now in Australia...

KORET OF CALIFORNIA: It features our new line. Notice how each of these garments strikes a different vacation note? Sun time, fun time, star time, just-because-you're-you time, etc.

QANTAS: Where's the plane? We had in mind maybe models on a ramp with a whacking great Qantas painted on it. Waving good-bye as they wing their way over the blue Pacific to the haunting, joyous lands of Hawaii, Fiji, Tahiti, New Zealand, Australia, and, by Qantas, perhaps on to...

KORET OF CALIFORNIA: Ah yes. Now, what you see here is really exciting. Soft, pampered flannels, striped MILLIKEN wools, Milano sweaters (DUPONT's orlon) and so on. The Qantas pilot is portrayed by TV's own John Bradford.

QANTAS: Quite so. Do you think he looks reliable enough? Our captains...

CALIFORNIA WORLD...

WHEN THEY CAN FLY? YOU MAY WELL ASK

KORET OF CALIFORNIA: Now about the copy. We'd like to squeeze in "at stores everywhere" and the "Koret of California ...because Americans want the best" bit.

QANTAS: Why not? Australians want the best, too. Like a luxurious, speedy Super-G with the girls peeping puckishly out of the windows.

KORET OF CALIFORNIA: But then we wouldn't be able to see their outfits, would we?

QANTAS: Or the bird cage. Suppose you're right, still...how about a world map with Qantas routes in luminous paint? The girls could be...

(curtain)

of Australia. And Asia and Africa and Europe and North America. See your travel agent or any Qantas or BOAC office. Or wire Qantas, Union Square, San Francisco. YUkon 2-3670. Don't lallygag. P.S. ...call **Western Union Operator 25** for details and whereabouts of all the Koret of California fashions.

(no more room)

The Blouse Beautiful Is Back

in washable jersey of
80% "Orlon", 20% wool

ORLON AND WOOL
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

*"Orlon" is Du Pont's registered trademark for its acrylic fiber. Du Pont makes fibers, does not make the fabrics or blouses shown here.

So talented, the new blouses that transform a skirt (or suit or slacks) into a brilliant costume. It's the new way of dressing—imaginative, versatile—and light, luxury jersey of 80% "Orlon"* acrylic fiber and 20% wool makes it carefree too. For "Orlon" brings lasting shape to jersey's soft drape—discourages wrinkles, welcomes washing, and makes ironing a sometime thing.

(Top left) Nicole's lanky torso in white, with black or brown print. Sizes 8-18. About $15. At Bonwit Teller; Garfinckel's; Roos Bros.; Best's Apparel; and other fine stores everywhere.

(Bottom) Jonbarry's bow-catcher in black, taupe or blue, with miniature white dots. Sizes 10-18. About $13. At Best & Co.; Marshall Field; and other fine stores everywhere.

(Right) Helitzer's ever-pleated blouson in burgundy, French blue, café au lait, tangerine, black. Sizes 10-18. About $20. At Lord & Taylor and other fine stores everywhere.

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING • • • *THROUGH CHEMISTRY*

DU PONT

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

if it's a
Milliken
fabric

it's a
material
success

HALPERN AND CHRISTENFELD fashions smart new playmates . . . of LORETTE®, Milliken's 55% ORLON*-45% Wool fabric beauty; always looks new after washing, won't wrinkle, poses no pressing problems. In a happy choice of plaids. Sizes 8 to 18. Slack, about $12. Bermuda shorts, about $8. Sweaters of MAZET®, Milliken's kitten-soft 100% ORLON* yarn.

MILLIKEN WOOLENS, INC.
1407 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y.

LORETTE is available by the yard at all fine stores

washable
LORETTE
by *Milliken*
55% Orlon* -45% wool
*DuPont's acrylic fiber

**DuPont's trademark for its acrylic fiber*

At these and other fine stores and branches:

Atlanta, Ga.	DAVISON-PAXON	*Los Angeles, Calif.*	THE MAY COMPANY
Boston, Mass.	JORDAN MARSH	*New York City*	BLOOMINGDALE'S
Chicago, Ill.	MARSHALL FIELD & CO.	*Philadelphia, Pa*	GIMBELS
Cleveland, Ohio	BAILEY CO.	*St. Louis, Mo.*	FAMOUS-BARR CO.
Denver, Colo.	THE MAY COMPANY	*Washington, D. C.*	HECHT'S

TINY TOWN TOGS

"in every little girl's world"

For the Amiable Child...Tiny Town's **Gentle-Mannered** look... nostalgic words, yet so right for these charming young fashions...in **Peter Pan's EVERGLAZE® French Provincial** cotton prints...in a choice of traditional colors.

Sizes 3 to 6x about $8, 7 to 12 about $9

At these and other fine stores throughout the country

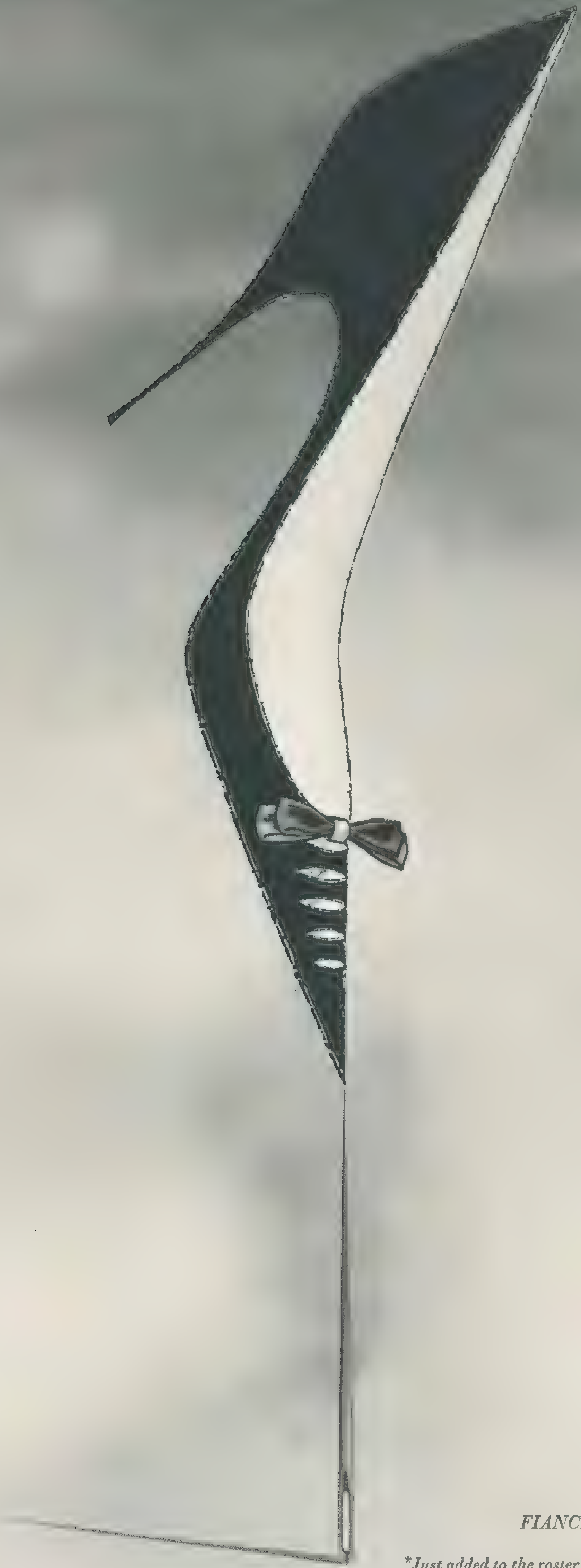
B. Altman & Co. • New York City and all branches

Woodward & Lothrop	Washington, D.C.	D. H. Holmes Co	New Orleans, La.	B. Siegel Co.	Detroit, Mich.
L. S. Ayres & Co., Inc.	Indianapolis, Ind.	Auerbach Co., Inc.	Salt Lake City, Utah	Richard's	Miami, Fla.
		Hutzler Bros. Co.	Baltimore, Md.		

Harry Frechtel
Anglo Fabrics
HAT: JOHN FREDERICS

HARRY FRECHTEL KNOWS THE IMPORTANCE OF A FUR-TRIMMED SUIT IN YOUR WARDROBE . . .
THIS ONE, OUTSTANDING IN ANGLO BLACK AND WHITE TWEED SHAWLED WITH BLACK BEAVER.

AT THESE FINE STORES OR WRITE: HARRY FRECHTEL CO., 205 WEST 39TH ST., N. Y. 18, N. Y.
LORD & TAYLOR, I. MAGNIN, MARSHALL FIELD, KAUFMANN'S, JULIUS GARFINCKEL CO.

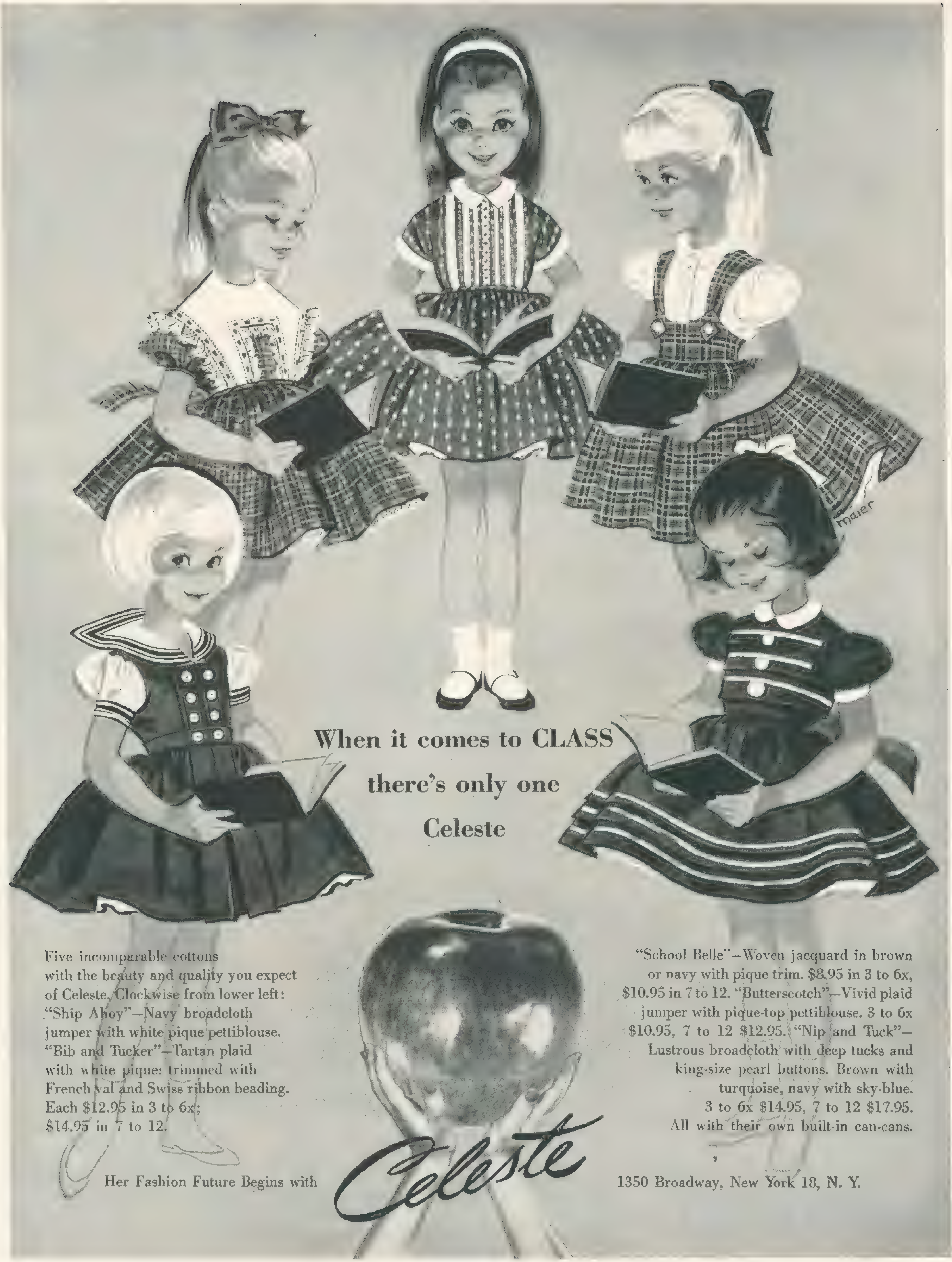


Conversation
point
…seen through
the eyes
of

Fiancées

Valli*…jet black suede,*
as clean cut as a quick retort. Its
talking point, a needle thin toe
and heel, precisely punctuated with
open work and a double bow of
satin and suede. The price,
alluring, at about $12.95.
At fine stores everywhere, or write*
FIANCÉES, Clark Shoe Company, Auburn, Maine

**Just added to the roster of these fine stores: Famous Barr, St. Louis, Mo.*

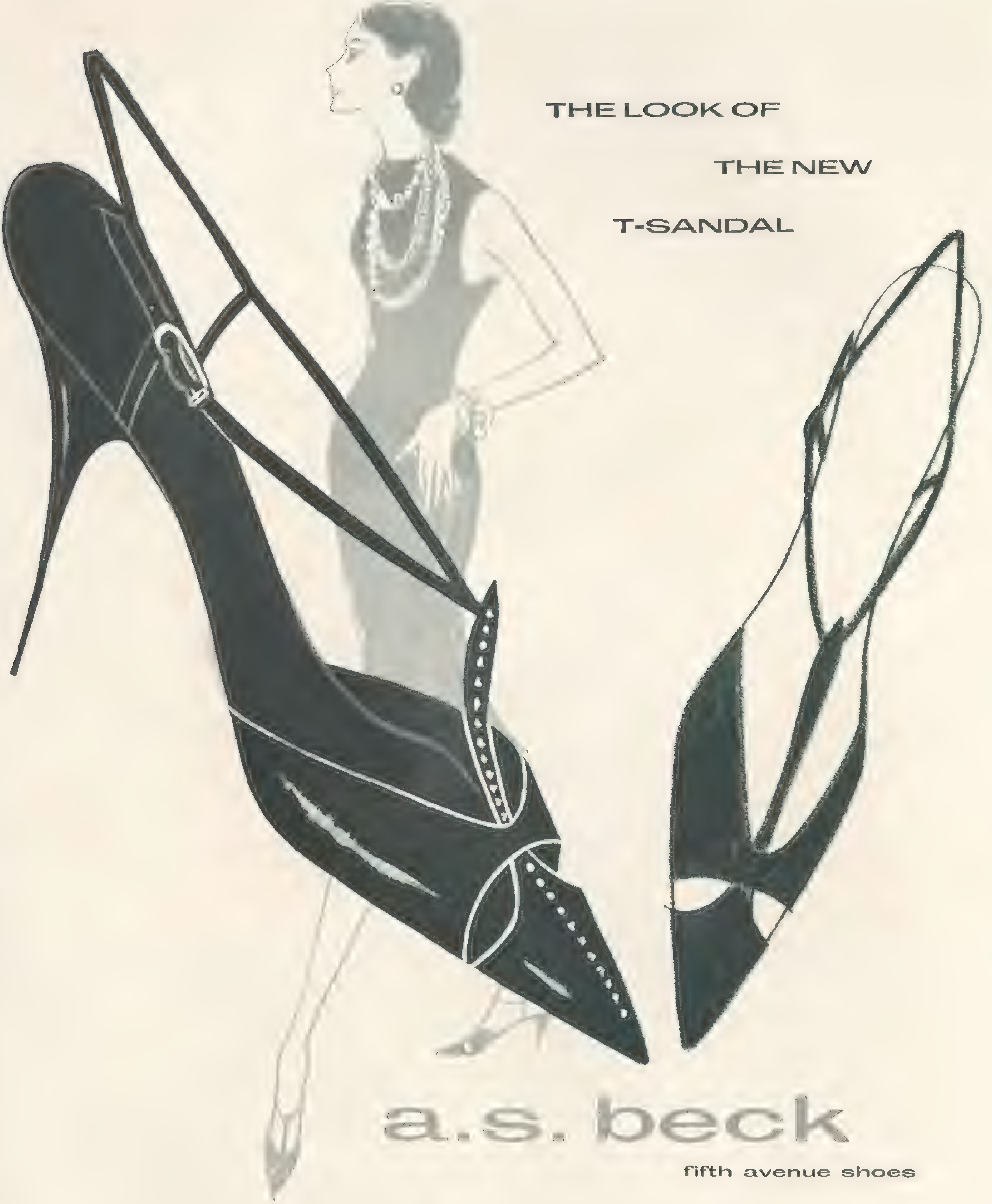


When it comes to CLASS there's only one Celeste

Five incomparable cottons with the beauty and quality you expect of Celeste. Clockwise from lower left: "Ship Ahoy"—Navy broadcloth jumper with white pique pettiblouse. "Bib and Tucker"—Tartan plaid with white pique: trimmed with French val and Swiss ribbon beading. Each $12.95 in 3 to 6x; $14.95 in 7 to 12.

"School Belle"—Woven jacquard in brown or navy with pique trim. $8.95 in 3 to 6x, $10.95 in 7 to 12. "Butterscotch"—Vivid plaid jumper with pique-top pettiblouse. 3 to 6x $10.95, 7 to 12 $12.95. "Nip and Tuck"—Lustrous broadcloth with deep tucks and king-size pearl buttons. Brown with turquoise, navy with sky-blue. 3 to 6x $14.95, 7 to 12 $17.95. All with their own built-in can-cans.

Her Fashion Future Begins with *Celeste* 1350 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y.


THE LOOK OF
THE NEW
T-SANDAL
a.s. beck
fifth avenue shoes

New shape of fashion: Beck's delicate T-strap arrangement on a deliciously feminine shoe—the *Rapier Toe so pointedly part of this season's silhouettes. Here, two delicacies: a black polished calf with a streak of cut steel, and a velvety black suède. Beck shoes from $6.99 to $12.95.

160 stores in 40 major cities including New York • Chicago • Miami • Palm Beach • Philadelphia • Washington • Detroit

*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. applied for

match your mood in Catalina sweaters

They're all you…sultry siren and young innocent, gay goddess or quiet listener! And to go along with each part you play…there are sweaters and sportswear from Catalina to match your mood!

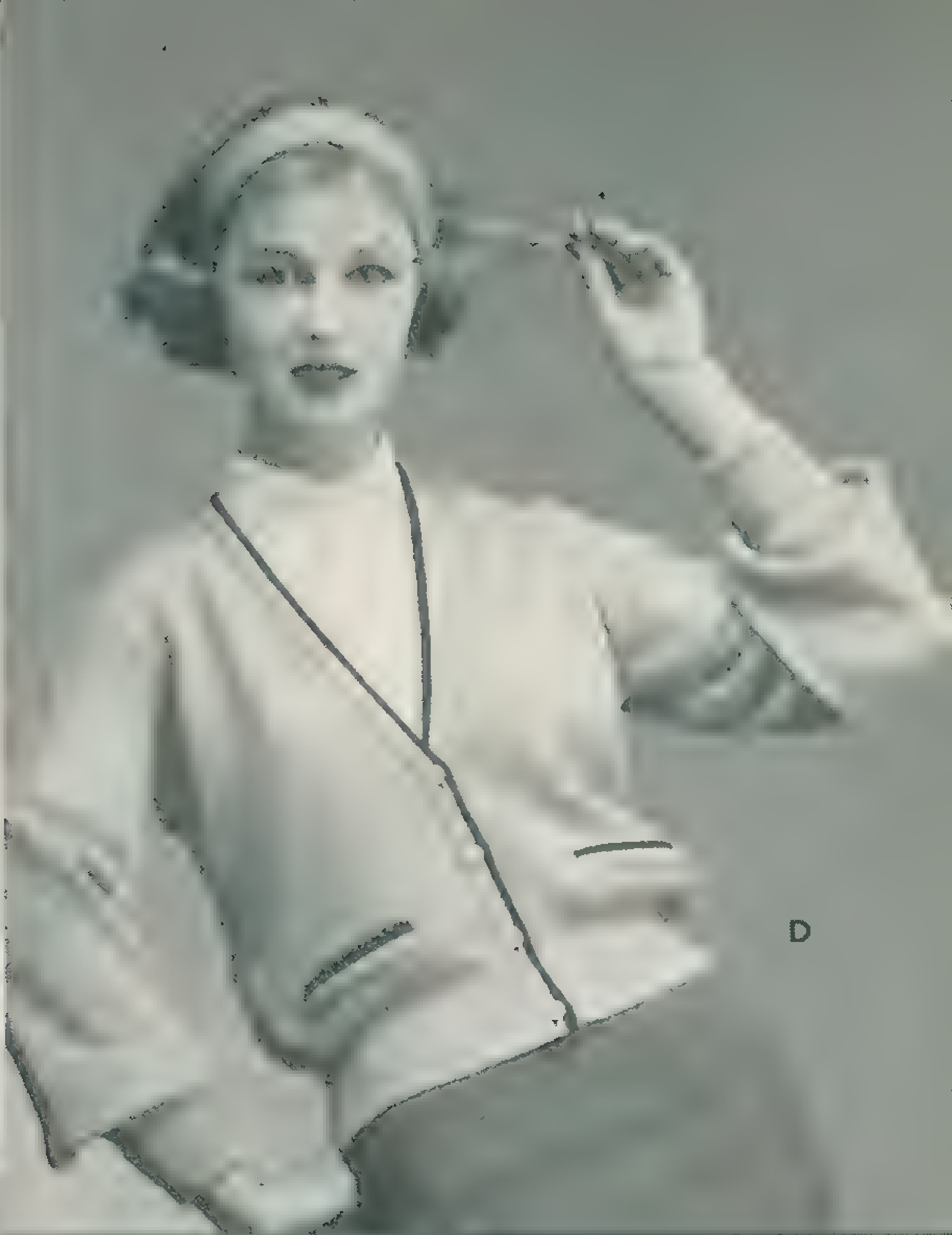
A "Cable Caprice" Lamora® fur blend cable trimmed cardigan, $15.98. **B** "Arrow Narrow" tunnel neck, long sleeve Jacquard slipon, 16.98; worsted knit leotard pants, 16.98. **C** "Passport" cable sweater coat in 100% zephyr wool, 39.98. **D** "Fairway" bell-sleeved cardigan in 100% imported Alpaca, 29.98. **E** "Socialite" rib stitched bulky cardigan, 14.98. **F** "Stripe Happy" Lamora® collared slipon with pushup sleeves, 12.98.

® Catalina, Inc., Dept. FS-4, Los Angeles 13
Creators of fine Swimwear, Sweaters and Play-Abouts®
A division of Julius Kayser & Co.

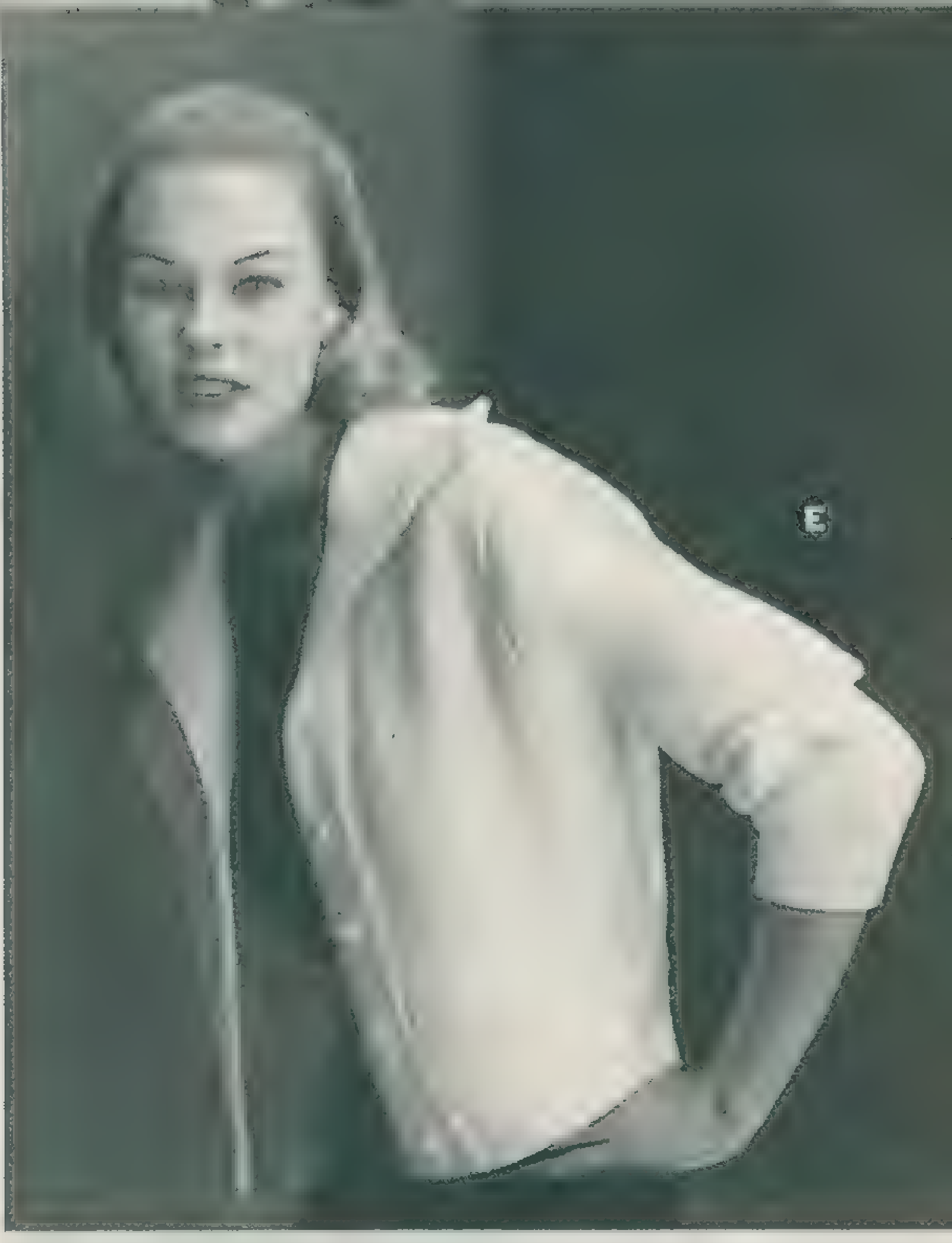
Catalina ®

SWEATERS
FALL SPORTSWEAR

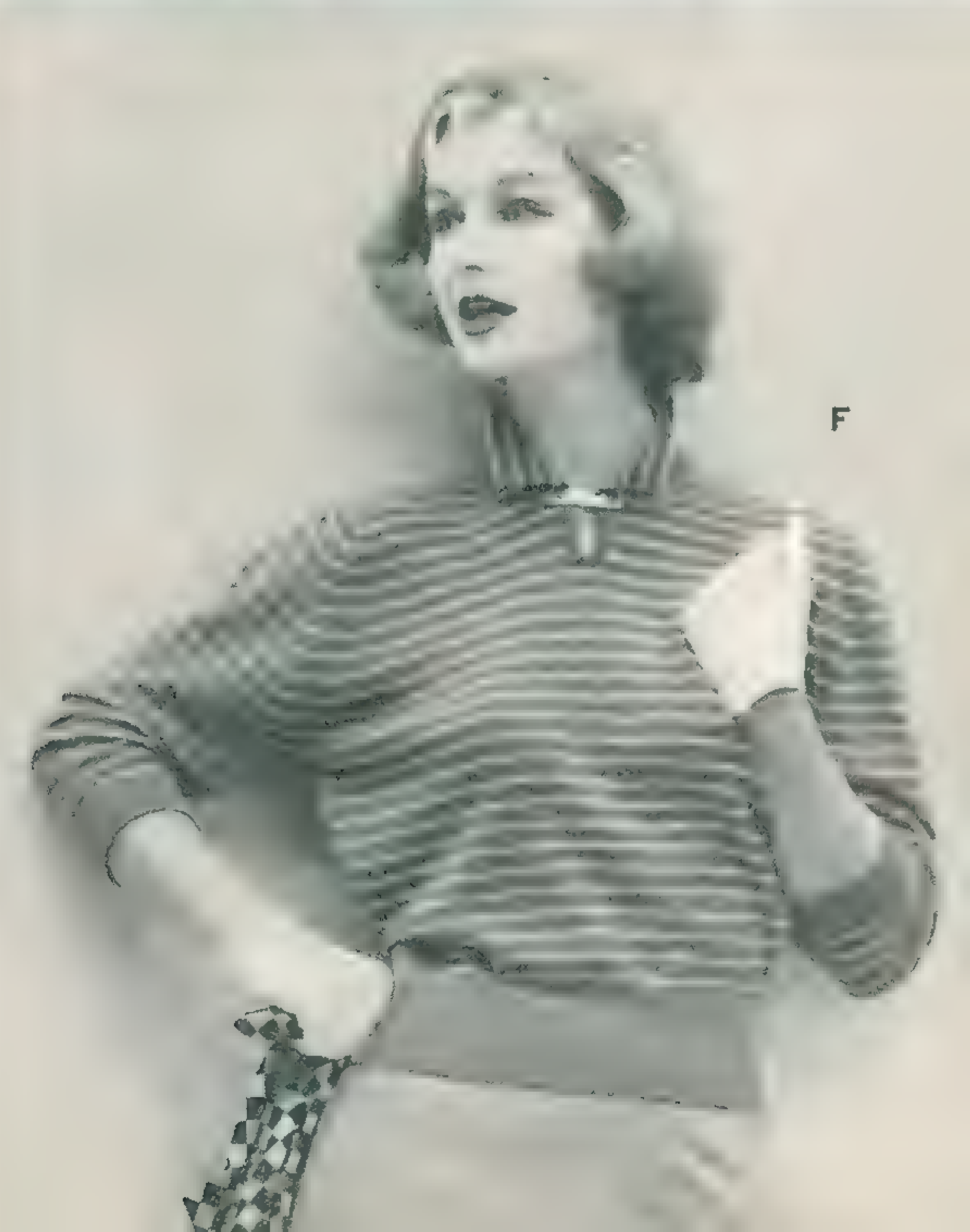
C



D



E



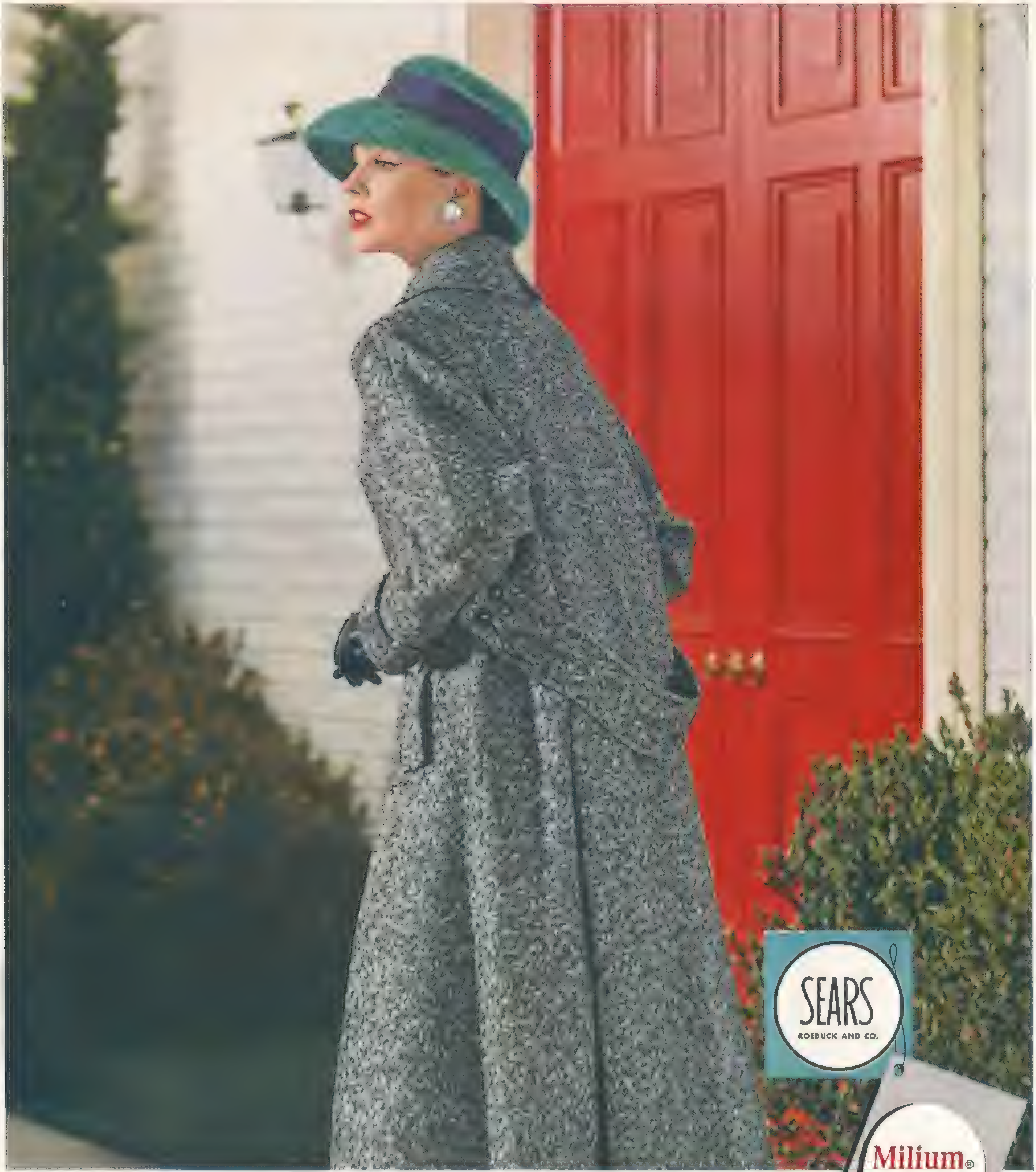
F

the happy sweater

An Elliot sweater has a happy affinity for the well-bred life, chosen by the girl who knows everything about winning form. First of class—the crew neck, long sleeve pullover in Elliot's **imported genuine Shetland.** Charcoal, heather grey, fawn, heather blue, white, red, navy. Sizes 34 to 40. About $11.00. At the nicest stores in your city or for the store nearest you, write Elliot Knitwear, Inc., 1410 Broadway, New York 18. Available in Canada from Elliot Knitwear (Canada) Ltd., Toronto 1, Ont.

Elliot

IMPORTERS OF FULL FASHIONED
SWEATERS FOR MEN AND WOMEN



SEARS
ROEBUCK AND CO.

Milium®
INSULATED FABRIC
for
All-weather Comfort
and Economy

our shadowplay tweed has *three season fashion scope*

Fall, winter and spring you'll favor Kerrybrooke's handsome donegal-type tweed for fashion, for function. Belted or not, it has the important new look of ease with its paneled back of fluid but carefully controlled fullness. Black, brown or blue. 8 to 18 . . . $32.90.

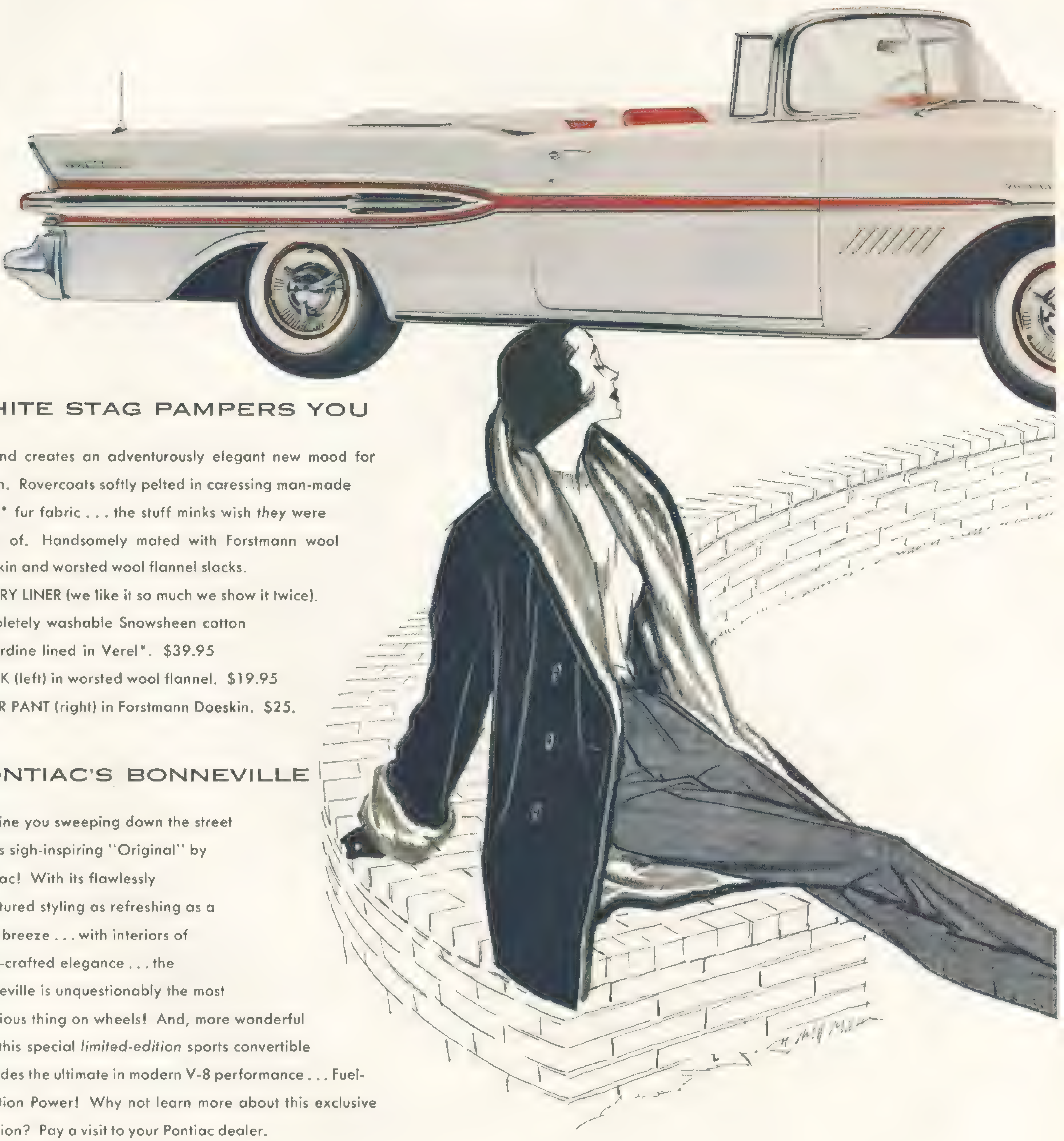
- **MILIUM**—warmer in cold weather
- **MILIUM**—cooler in the hot sun
- **MILIUM**—works like house insulation
- **MILIUM**—more style, less bulk

® MILIUM is the registered trade-mark of Deering, Milliken & Co., Inc.

MILIUM DIVISION of Deering, Milliken & Co., Inc., 1430 Broadway, N.Y. 18, N.Y.

BUY NOW ON SEARS EASY PAYMENT PLAN . . . Satisfaction Guaranteed or Your Money Back . . . SEARS, ROEBUCK and Co.—In Canada at SIMPSONS-SEARS LTD.
Prices slightly higher in Canada

THE LOOK OF LUXURY FROM Pontiac



WHITE STAG PAMPERS YOU

. . . and creates an adventurously elegant new mood for action. Rovercoats softly pelted in caressing man-made Verel* fur fabric . . . the stuff minks wish *they* were made of. Handsomely mated with Forstmann wool Doeskin and worsted wool flannel slacks.

LUXURY LINER (we like it so much we show it twice). Completely washable Snowsheen cotton gabardine lined in Verel*. $39.95

SLACK (left) in worsted wool flannel. $19.95

TAPER PANT (right) in Forstmann Doeskin. $25.

PONTIAC'S BONNEVILLE

Imagine you sweeping down the street in this sigh-inspiring "Original" by Pontiac! With its flawlessly sculptured styling as refreshing as a brisk breeze . . . with interiors of hand-crafted elegance . . . the Bonneville is unquestionably the most luxurious thing on wheels! And, more wonderful still, this special *limited-edition* sports convertible provides the ultimate in modern V-8 performance . . . Fuel-injection Power! Why not learn more about this exclusive creation? Pay a visit to your Pontiac dealer.

*Borg fabric of Eastman's Modified Acrilic Fiber.

At Lord & Taylor, New York; Marshall Field & Co., Chicago; Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D. C.; Frederick & Nelson, Seattle; Roos Bros., San Francisco, and many other fine stores.

AND *White Stag*

"SWEATER AND . . ." matching skirt, of course. The cream with the coffee in this case is Canterbury's cropped cardigan in Tycora,* custom-dyed to match Canterbury's fine wool flannel Mingler skirt. Perfect figure assets: the sweater thrives on a diet of wash and wear, maintains its rich body without shrinking, pilling or fuzzing. Never needs a blocking massage. Sizes 34 to 40, $8.95. The custom-dyed matching slim skirt, sizes 8 to 18, $10.95. In china blue, butternut, mauve, royal red, mist green. At fine stores everywhere or write Canterbury Knitters, Ltd., 1410 Broadway, New York 18.

Tableware – Georg Jensen

"among the better things"

CANTERBURY

full-fashioned sweaters in TYCORA® and matching Mingler skirt

The scene is America; the fabric is Chatham! It's the Chatham idea: Classic young coats that belong… belong to the way you live… the places you go… the fun you have together. Chatham gives fashion designers the right fabric… good woolen made in a great American mill… so you can get really smart coats at the prices you can pay. For example: coats like these by **Bambury**, left: 7-14, about $30, matching hat about $4; right: Pre-teen sizes, about $35.

At Best Co., N. Y.; Woodward and Lothrop, Washington; Marshall Field, Chicago; L. S. Ayres, Indianapolis; or write Chatham Fabrics, Inc., 112 W. 34 St., N. Y., N. Y.
Mills at Elkin, Charlotte, Spray, North Carolina, and Springfield, Tenn. Chatham Fashion Fabrics are made by the makers of famous Chatham Blankets.

Sleek, soft,
sumptuous...
and weightlessly warm
because it's
Orlon
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
DU PONT
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING . . . THROUGH CHEMISTRY

Handelsman & Raiffe go to new lengths, seven-eighths, to bring new luxury into your life . . . the heavenly-soft touch of luxury . . . the new lustrous look of luxury . . . all because it's a whisper-weight, deep pile of 100% "Orlon"* acrylic fiber. In black, brown. Sizes 8-16. About $95 at Lord & Taylor; Stix, Baer & Fuller; Wm. H. Block; Himelhoch Bros.; Best's Apparel.

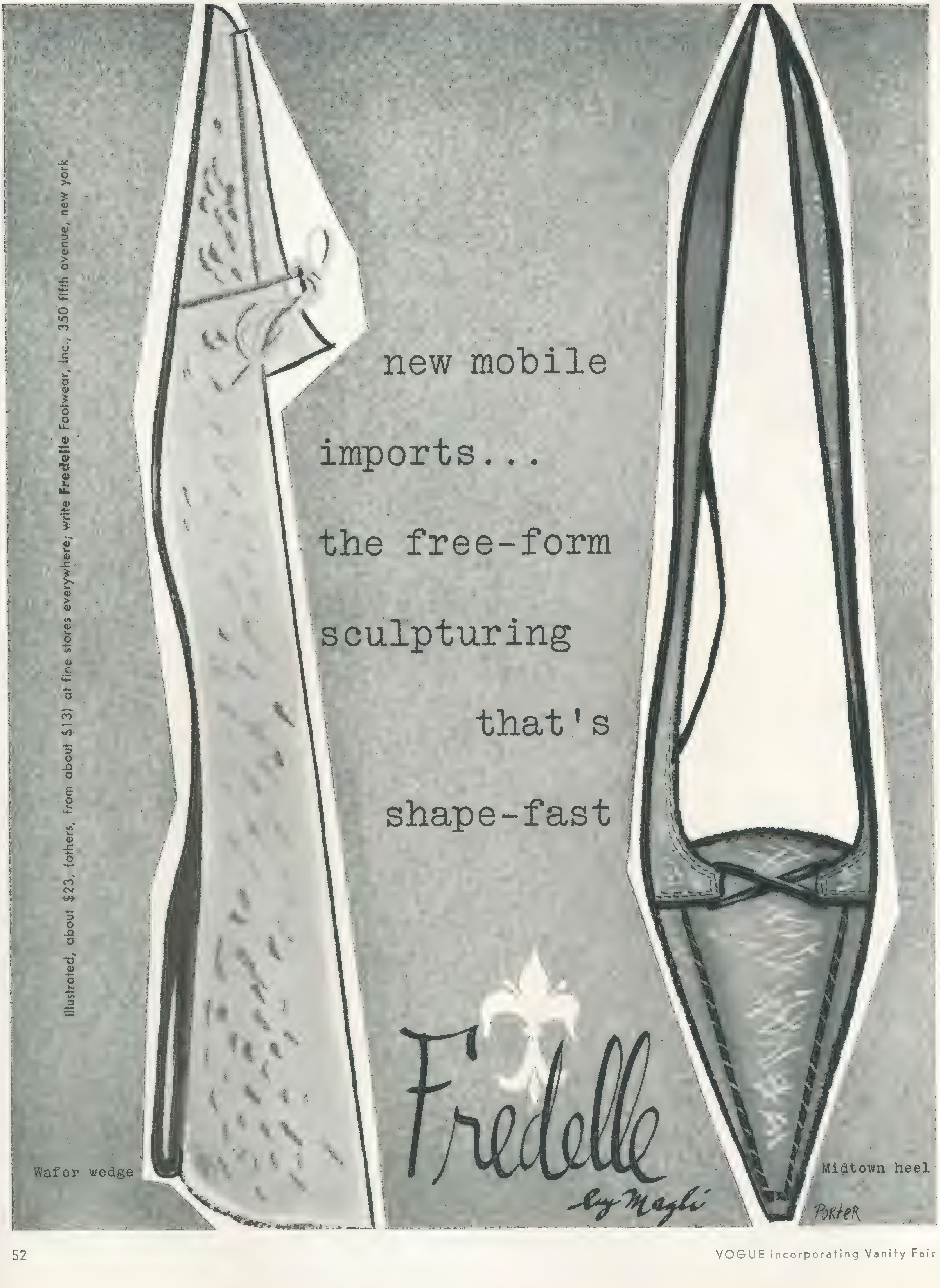
*"ORLON" IS DU PONT'S REGISTERED TRADEMARK FOR ITS ACRYLIC FIBER. DU PONT MAKES FIBERS, NOT THE FABRIC OR COAT SHOWN HERE. JEWELRY BY MARVELLA.

WINGATE PAINE

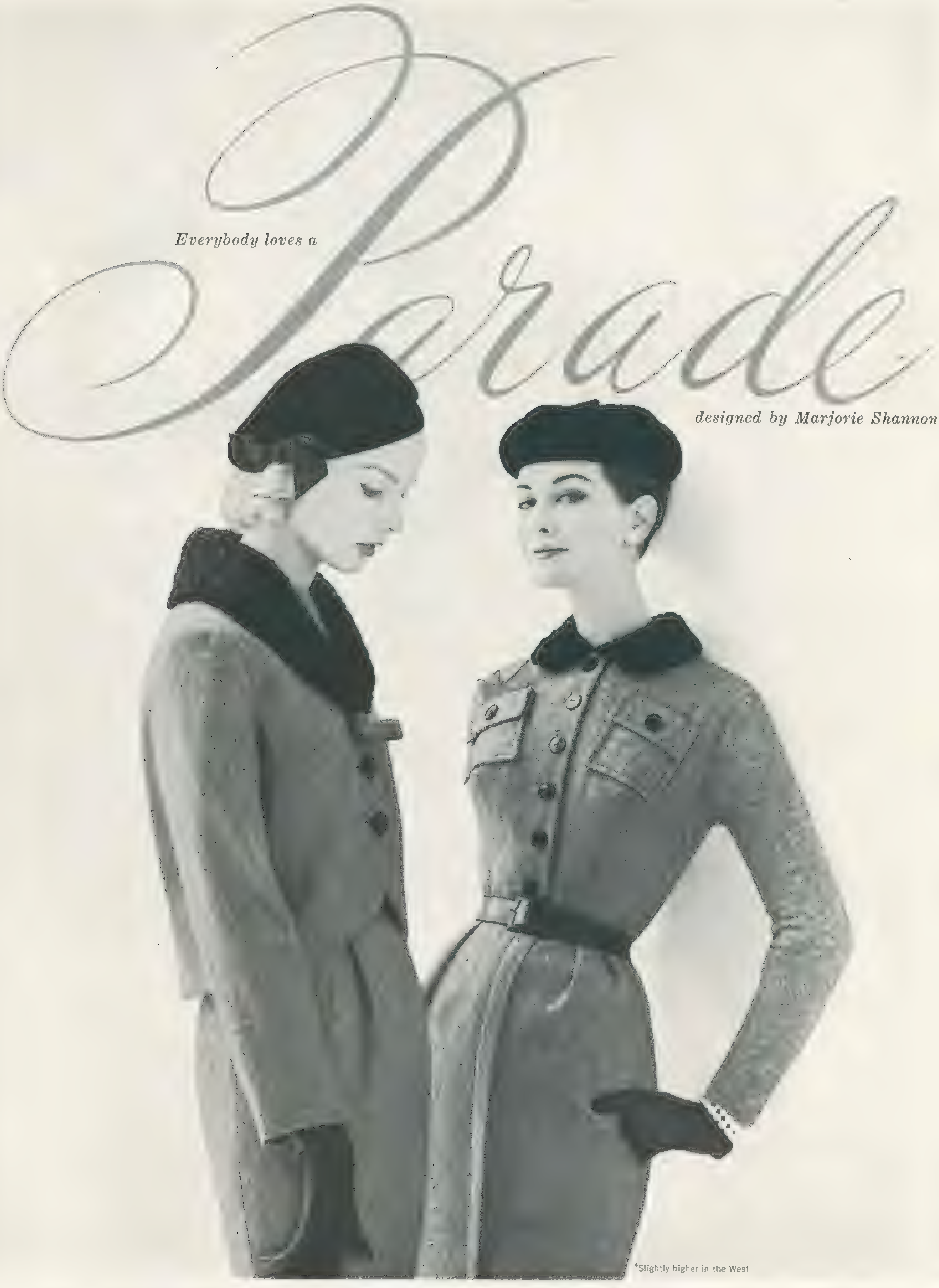
THIS IS A COLEBROOK CASHMERE SWEATER

Bergdorf-Goodman, Neiman Marcus, Kaufmann's, Joseph Magnin, Dayton Co., Best's Apparel and other exceptional stores.

Grey with white, beige with white, grey with yellow, beige with blue. About $27. Colebrook Cashmeres, 1407 Broadway, N. Y.


new mobile
imports...
the free-form
sculpturing
that's
shape-fast
Fredelle
by Magli
Wafer wedge
Midtown heel
Porter

illustrated, about $23, (others, from about $13) at fine stores everywhere; write **Fredelle** Footwear, Inc., 350 fifth avenue, new york


Everybody loves a
Parade
designed by Marjorie Shannon

*Slightly higher in the West

TWEED, COLLARED WITH PERSIAN, LINED WITH FORMITE. THE JACKETED DRESS, UNDER $50.* THE SHEATH, UNDER $40.* AT FINE STORES EVERYWHERE, OR WRITE PARADE DRESS CO., INC., 1400 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 18, N.Y.

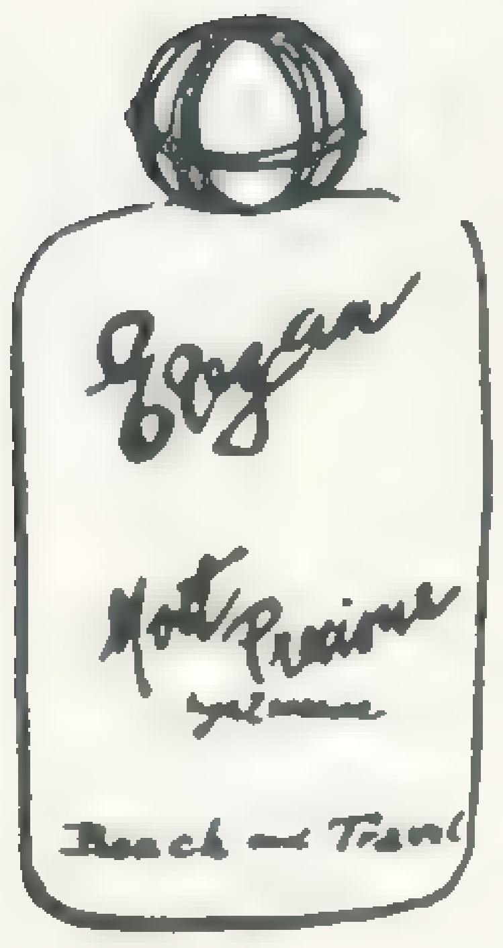
LADY LONG LEGS

Whispery-sheer and precious as fabulous Venetian lace! Slims hips, thighs, legs for lean sheaths, skirts, pants, yet leaves waist free. Non-bind legs stay put without nylons. White jacquard nylon **13.50**

Olga
CORSETRY

For nearest store and free 1957 booklet "Olga tells how to beautify your figure" write to Olga, Dept. V87, 2202 Beverly, Los Angeles 57.

Discoveries in beauty



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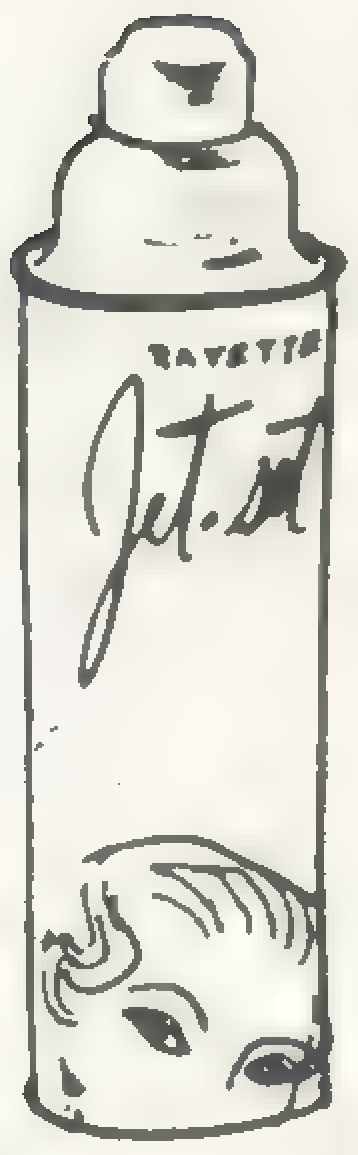
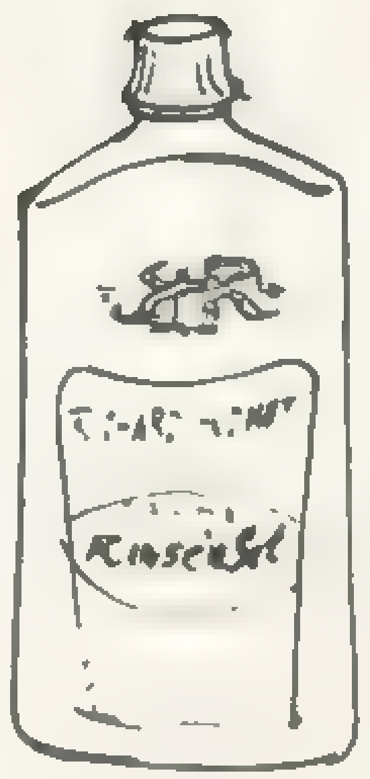


2

1. New spray-top bottle for Evyan colognes; won't leak, will travel.
2. "Jet Set" spray protects hair from sun, wind, salt air. By Rayette.
3. Richard Hudnut's "Creme Rinse N'Set." controls, conditions hair after shampooing.
4. No need to powder constantly on hot days, if "Velva Smooth" lotion is patted on before make-up. By Elizabeth Arden.
5. Country medicine-cabinets need this: "Ting" Antiseptic Medicated Cream. Wonderful for bites, rashes, et al.
6. Lady Esther's new "Dry Skin Cream"—rich, fluffy, easily absorbed.
7. Royal jelly in a super-helpful new form, to go under make-up: Lilly Daché's "Vitae" Queen Bee Moisture Emulsion.
8. Instead of hiding your feet in the sand, try this: "Pretty Feet," new lotion to smooth, freshen them.



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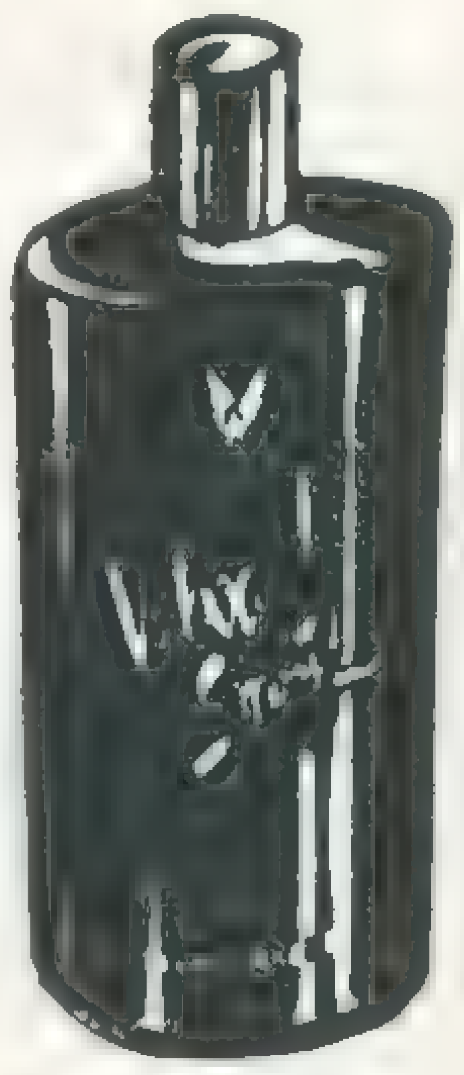

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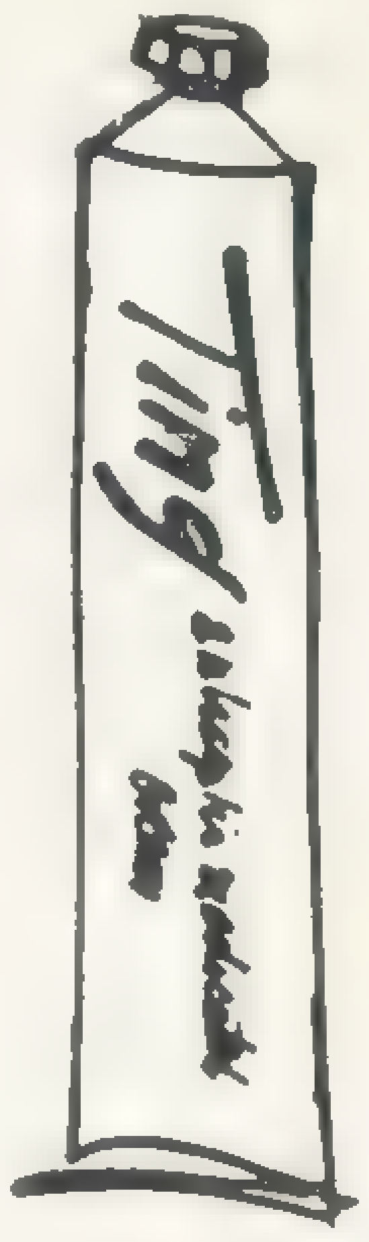

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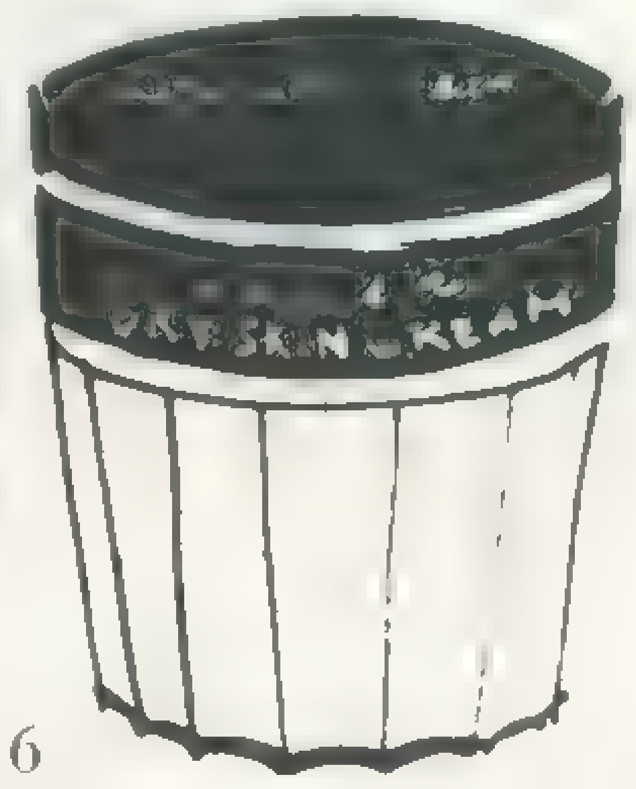

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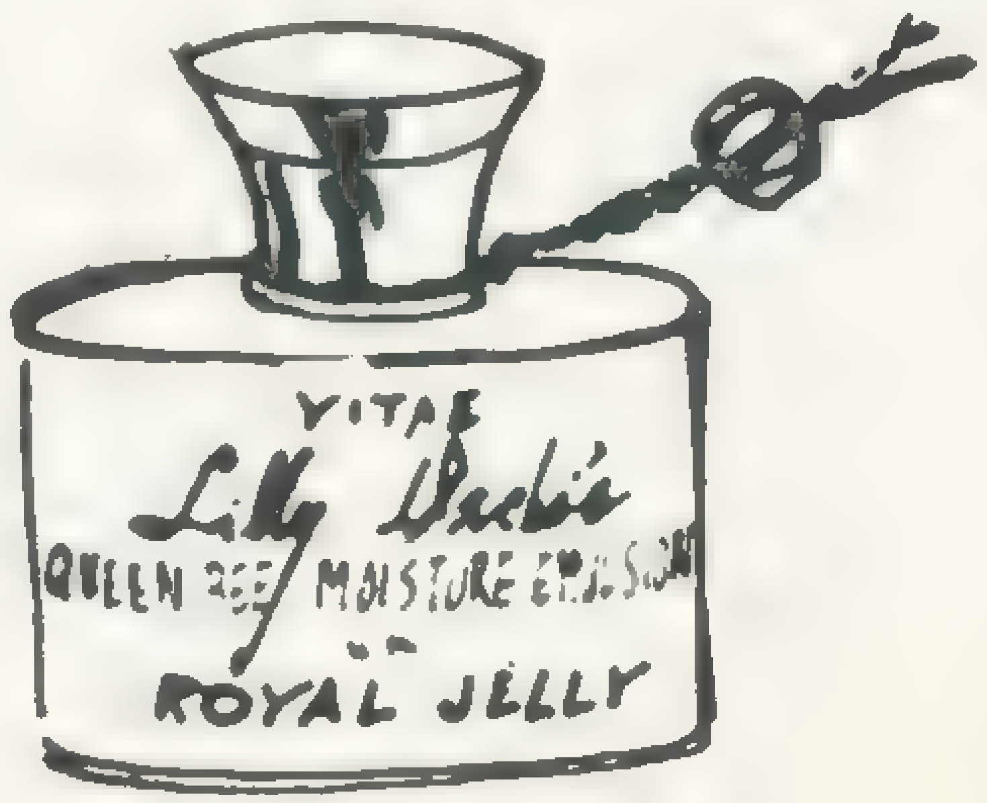

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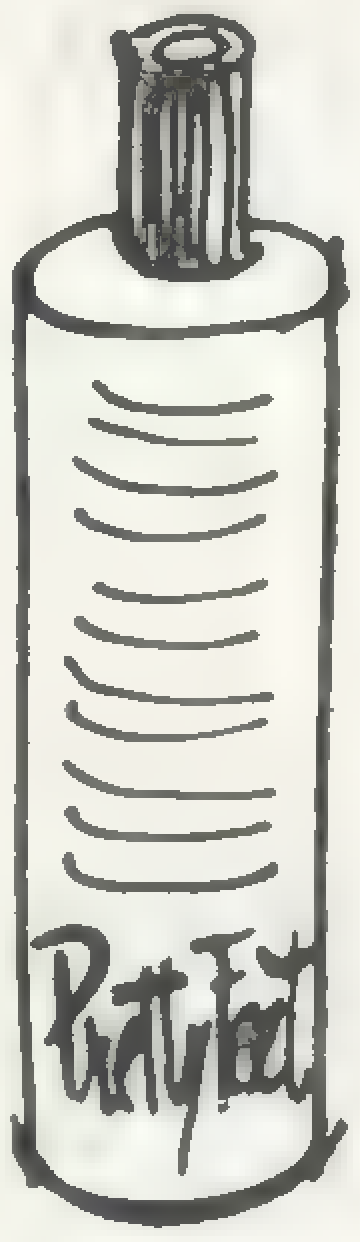

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DRAWINGS BY RAY PORTER

The BOBETTE-MORTON fashion in THALSPUN by ALAMAC, on the facing page, is available at these fine stores, or write to BOBETTE-MORTON INC., 5 E. 35th Street, New York 16, N. Y.

Martha West, *New York City*
Albany, N. Y., Honigsbaum
Albuquerque, N. M., Car-Lin Casuals
Allentown, Pa., Mr. Charles
Altoona, Pa., Simmond's
Anaheim, Calif., Mary Millerick
Asbury Park, N. J., Steinbach Co.
Atlanta, Ga., J. P. Allen
Atlantic City, N. J., Trousseau Shop
Baltimore, Md., Schleisner's Co.
Beaver Falls, Pa., Venger Shop
Bel Air, Md., Tilley's Fashions
Bennington, Vt., Vogue & Vanity
Binghamton, N. Y., Resnick's
Boston, Mass., Neals of California
Buffalo, N. Y., Joseph's
Canton, Ohio, Parisian Co.
Carmel, Calif., Anna Katz
Chicago, Ill., Charles Steven's Designer Shop
Cincinnati, Ohio, Gidding's
Clarksburg, W. Va., Broida's
Cleveland, Ohio, William Kitt
Columbus, Ohio, Milgrim
Dallas, Tex., Town & Travelwear
Dayton, Ohio, J. Thal
Denver, Col., Kate Feretti
Detroit, Mich., B. Siegel & Co.
De Witt, N. Y., Flah
Easton, Md., M. H. Oyster, Inc.
East Orange, N. J., Muir's "Eugene Mercy"
Edina, Minn., Jackson Graves
Elmira, N. Y., Gorton Coy
Englewood, N. J., Brooks Shop
Evanston, Ill., Edg. A. Stevens
Glens Falls, N. Y., Honigsbaum
Hackensack, N. J., Andrea Lawrence
Harrisburg, Pa., Wm. B. Schleisner
Hartford, Conn., G. Fox & Co.
Hot Springs, Ark., Vera King
Huntville, Ala., Harold's
Kansas City, Mo., Wolf Bros.
Lenox, Mass., Lido Shop
Lexington, Ky., Embry & Co.
Liberty, N. Y., Rozofsky's
Memphis, Tenn., Helen Shop
Miami Beach, Fla., Trousseau Shop
Millburn, N. J., Le Cloche
Milwaukee, Wis., Coplins
Minneapolis, Minn., Jackson Graves
Morris Plain, N. J., Silo Shop
Newark, N. J., Bamberger's "Mirror Room"
New Canaan, Conn., Martha West
Oklahoma City, The Mullers
Parkersburg, W. Va., Broida-Stone-Thamas
Pasadena, Calif., Draper's Studio
Pontiac, Mich., Bloomfield Fashions
Rochester, N. Y., Lita Shop
Sacramento, Calif., Ransahoff's, Inc.
St. Louis, Mo., Garland's
St. Paul, Minn., Jackson Graves
Salisbury, Md., Benjamin
Salt Lake City, Utah, Makoff
San Francisco, Calif., Ransahoff's, Inc.
Sarasota, Fla., Lido Shop
Savannah, Ga., Laurette's
Scranton, Pa., The Lido Shop
Seattle, Wash., Best Apparel
So. Bend, Ind., Frances Shop
State College, Pa., Charles Shop
Syracuse, N. Y., Flah
Terre Haute, Ind., Jame-Wolf Co.
Toledo, Ohio, Mark Klaus
Trenton, N. J., Stacy Shop
Tyler's, Tex., Style Lark
Upper Darby, Pa., Helen Caro
Virginia, Minn., Sapero's Style Shop
Washington, D. C., Raleigh Haberdasher
White Plains, N. Y., Martha West
Woodbury, Conn., Jean Hutchinson
Worcester, Mass., Ulian's
Wyomissing, Pa., Clothes Tree

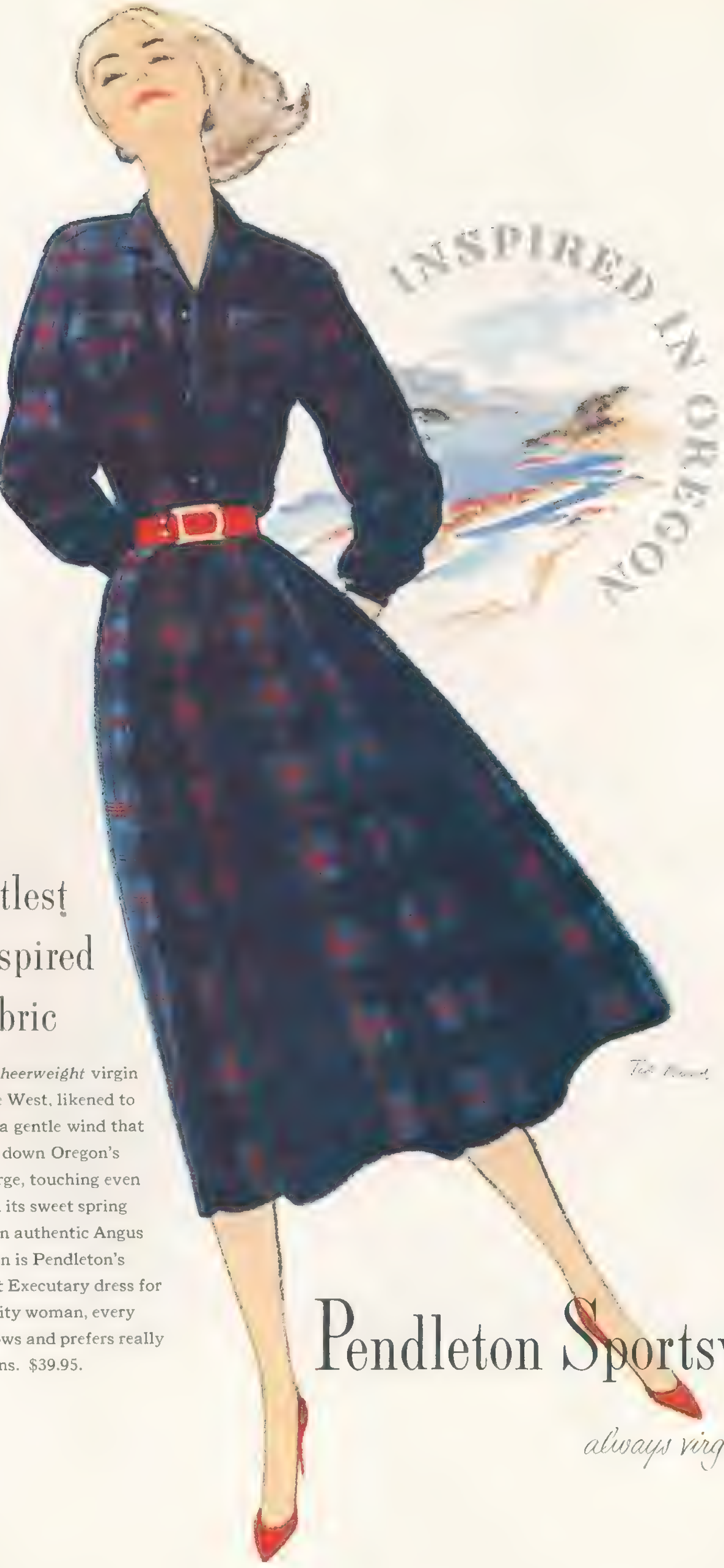
LANE BRYANT Stores in *New York, Manhasset, Millburn, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Chicago, Detroit, St. Louis, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Minneapolis, Beverly Hills, Panorama City, Calif., Milwaukee, Houston, Atlanta, San Francisco, Eastland, Trenton, N. J.*

Alamac knits special magic to create Thalspun® Jersey*—luxurious, washable and permanently-pleated. Here Thalspun becomes a knitted paisley . . . and Bobette-Morton's choice for her two-piece traveler. In Alamac's vibrating colors: charcoal grey with red, navy with ice blue, charcoal grey with cognac. Sizes 10 to 20. About $40.00. Bobette-Morton, Inc., 5 East 35th Street, New York, N. Y.

*80% ORLON, 20% WOO

LUGGAGE BY T. ANTHONY HAT BY JOHN FREDERICS PHOTOGRAPHED ABOARD THE FLANDRE

fashion becomes a fine art
when the fabric is **THALSPUN** by **ALAMAC**
when the design is by **BOBETTE-MORTON**



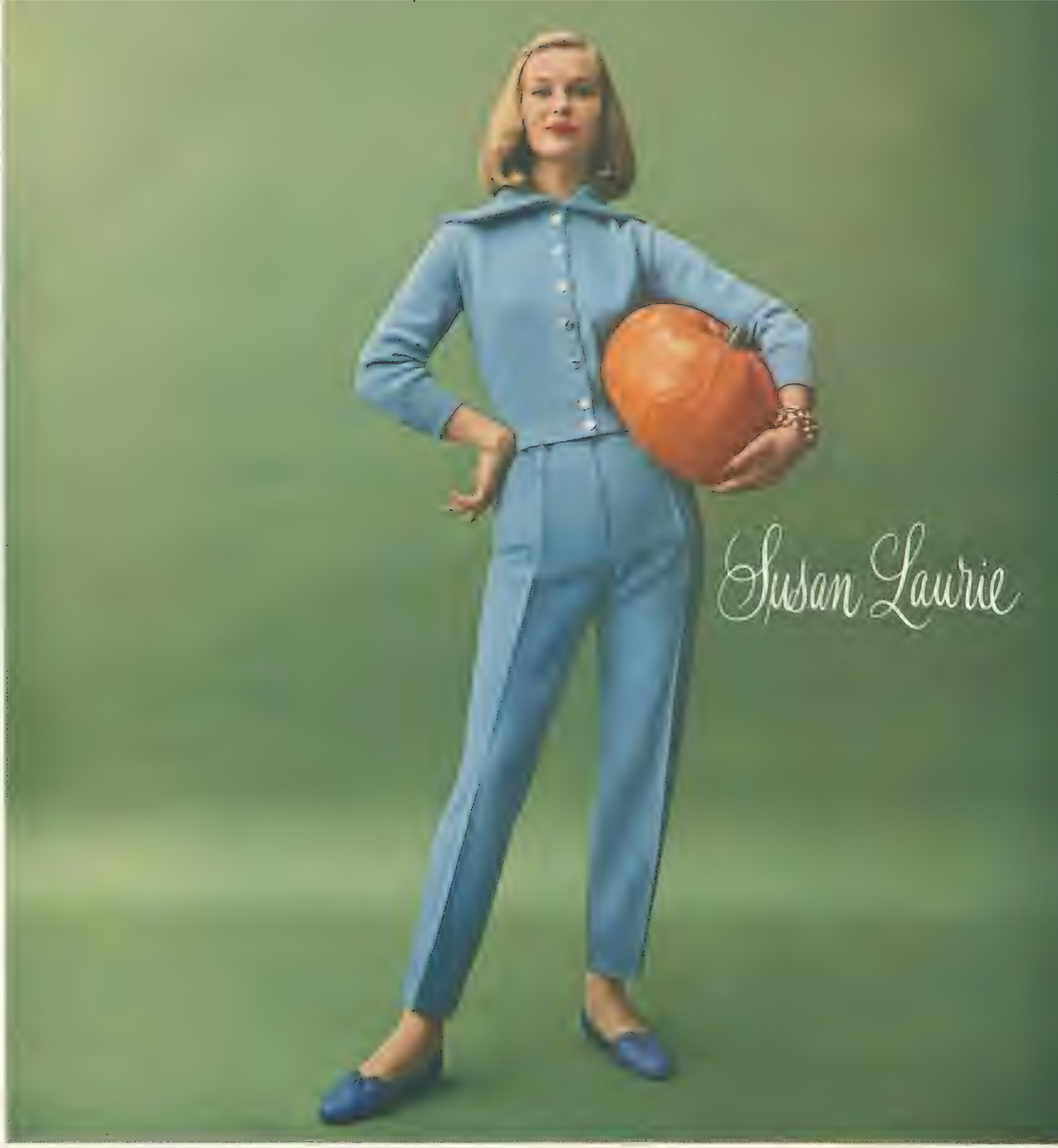
the gentlest breeze inspired this fabric

. . . it is Pendleton's *sheerweight* virgin wool fabric . . . in the West, likened to a chinook breeze, a gentle wind that wafts warm and soft down Oregon's Columbia River gorge, touching even wintry days with its sweet spring feeling. This pattern in authentic Angus tartan. The fashion is Pendleton's shirt-and-skirt Executary dress for country woman, city woman, every woman who knows and prefers really fine woolens. $39.95.

Pendleton Sportswear

always virgin wool.

For descriptive Pendleton Sportswear literature, in full color, write Dept. H8, Pendleton Woolen Mills, Portland 4, Oregon.



SHOES BY PAPPAGALLO

FAIRY TALE COLORS...DYED-TO-MATCH

Fabled dyed-to-match separates in: French Blue, Vicuna, Coral, and Black. Giant-knit sweater with outsized collar, sizes 34 to 40. Hand-detailed slacks of "Furanelle", a fur-blended flannel, sizes 10 to 16. Each about $15. (Sweater also available in white). At the stores listed, or write Susan Laurie, Inc., 1407 Broadway, New York 18.

BEST & CO., New York and Branches
Charles F. Berg, Portland, Oregon
Emporium, San Francisco, Calif.
Higbee Co., Cleveland, Ohio
Marshall Field, Chicago and Branches
J. W. Robinson, Los Angeles, Calif.

CONE
corduroy

SLIPPERS BY PAPPAGALLO

SAYBURY ROBES take to a life of leisure with fashionable aplomb in the elegance of CONE WASHCORD® The shawl collared coachman's robe in Rose or Peacock. Sizes 12 to 20 and 14½ to 24½. About $18. Button-front, lined robe in Rose or Peacock. Sizes 10 to 18. About $18. Lace trimmed, zip-front robe in Rose, Peacock, French Blue and Pink. Sizes 10 to 20. About $15.

At B. Altman & Co., New York • Bullock's Downtown, Los Angeles • Marshall Field, Chicago
Halle Bros., Cleveland • J. L. Hudson, Detroit • John Wanamaker, Philadelphia.

CONE®
CONE MILLS INC.

bright evening fashion: embroidered fleece! In Greta Plattry's skirt of 100% Acrilan®

Prettiest way to greet a date! And that fluffy fullness won't weigh you down: it's lightweight fleece of 100% Acrilan acrylic fiber by Chemstrand. Who chose this fleece? Who loved its luxury? Who *smothered* it in embroidery? Who else but greta plattry

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SKIRT: FLEECE OF 100% ACRILAN BY DeLAND. BLOUSE: JERSEY OF 100% ACRILAN. SKIRT (SHOWN IN REGULAR LENGTH) IN RED OR WHITE PREDOMINATING. AVAILABLE IN EVENING LENGTH IN BLUE OR WHITE IN SIZES 8-16. ABOUT $40 EACH. BLOUSE AVAILABLE IN BLACK (SHOWN) AND RED, SIZES 8-16, ABOUT $13.

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"They really understand the meaning of service on the s.s. United States," says Mr. Robert Ingersoll, President of Borg-Warner Corporation. Basking with him in the sun on the top deck are Mrs. Ingersoll and daughters Nancy and Lynn.

Blue Streak Crossing with a Gay Who's Who

Less than 5 days to Europe on the s.s. United States—world's fastest ship

Says Mr. Bennett Cerf, President of Random House..."Everything aboard this superb ship makes you proud the American flag is flying from her mast." Mr. and Mrs. Cerf relax in their apartment-size, individually "climate-controlled" stateroom.

S.S. United States World's fastest liner, completely air-conditioned, sails from N.Y. 12 noon: Aug. 23; Sept. 6, 19; Oct. 4, 18, 31*, regularly thereafter. Arrives Havre morning 5th day, Southampton, same afternoon. *First Class $355 up; Cabin $225 up; Tourist $177 up.* *Also arrives Bremerhaven 6th day

S.S. America . . . second largest American-flag luxury liner. Sails from New York Aug. 30, Sept. 20, Oct. 11, Nov. 2, Dec. 12, regularly thereafter. 5½ days to Cobh, 6½ to Havre, 7 to Southampton, 8 to Bremerhaven. *First Class $300 up; Cabin $205 up; Tourist $170 up.*

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The eminent art collector, Mr. Chester Dale, and Mrs. Dale praise the artistry of the chefs aboard the s.s. United States. A highly experienced staff of specialty cooks, bakers and confectioners are at your service. A dinner menu may well feature a choice of 100 items with specialties from five continents.

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Weekday required...or how to handle curves with ease! This one bra is all lift to all shapes because crescents are cleverly inset to shape you front, side *and* center. Ask for Petal Pusher.®

Weekend elective...and take note, please. This one bra is all things to all dresses...and more. A hidden elastic x holds your pretty shape precisely! Ask for backless strapless Petal Shells.

the wizard of bras

HOLLYWOOD V-ette®

Style 0050, white cotton broadcloth, $2.50

Style 8029, embroidered cotton, $8.95

Hollywood Maxwell Co., 6773 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood 28, California

Sue Brett

in a column
of wool jersey encircled
with satin and split
to the waist in back.
Colors: red, royal,
black, sand, emerald green.
Sizes 5 to 15. About $18.

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[illegible] Stevens/*Los Angeles, Calif.*, Bullock's
[illegible]/*New Orleans, La.*, D. H. Holmes
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[illegible] nearest you, write to: Sue Brett, Inc., 1400 Broadway, N. Y. 18.
Also available in Canada from Sue Brett of Canada.

if you're 5'4" or
under
you will look better in a
Cuddle Coat*

***and save a lot of money on alterations!** Backed by fashion rightness, this is the favorite coat of the season. In Stroock's Karez, loomed exclusively for Cuddle Coats. In four smart new Fall colors. About $90. Petite Miss sizes 6 to 16, Junior sizes 5 to 15. At fine stores everywhere, or write to Dept. V8, Petite Miss Company, 500 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.

higher west of the Rockies

hat by Sally Victor

Lanz

And the two-part wool
. . . a slim-line dress
and go-with jacket,
Austrian cotton lined.
Grey with red lining
or black with black.
Sizes 5 to 15, $69.95

Bonwit Teller • Garfinckel's
Woolf Bros.

Shoes by Capezio

Lanz, 6150 Wilshire Blvd.
Los Angeles 48, Calif.
1407 Broadway, N.Y. 18

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VOGUE'S 23rd PRIX DE PARIS

FIRST PRIZE PARIS . . . Like to find yourself Paris-bound for two wonderful weeks? Like to win a thousand dollars in cash? Like to open a career for yourself in fashion, writing, advertising, merchandising, decorating, or publishing?

Are you a college senior working toward a bachelor's degree? If you are, enter Vogue's Prix de Paris competition! Enrollments accepted through October 21, 1957.

1st PRIZE: two weeks in Paris, flying both ways, all expenses paid, or $1000 in cash.

2nd PRIZE: award of $500 in cash.

PLUS: Ten Honourable Mention Awards of $25 each.

In addition, all winners will receive top consideration for positions on Vogue, Glamour, House & Garden, Vogue Pattern Book. Other top contestants will be recommended for jobs to stores, advertising agencies, and other magazines.

CONTEST RULES

1. Each entrant must be graduated during the scholastic year 1957-1958 and must receive the B.A. degree or its equivalent from a college or university within the United States.

2. Each entrant must send in an entrance blank by October 21, 1957. (Fill in the one on this page and mail it immediately.)

3. As an entrant, you may not be, in any way, connected with The Condé Nast Publications Inc., nor related to any of its employees.

4. The 23rd PRIX DE PARIS contest consists of two quizzes to be answered by all entrants, and a 1,500-word thesis which those contestants who pass the two quizzes are eligible to submit. Each entrant who is eligible to submit a thesis will be notified by January 17, 1958.

5. Each quiz will consist of four questions—two based on fashion, two on non-fashion features (music, art, literature, the theatre, etc.)

6. The first quiz is published below. The answers are due November 4, 1957. The second quiz will be published in the December Issue; answers due January 10, 1958. Subject for the thesis will be published in the February 1, 1958 Americana Issue. The thesis will be due March 3, 1958. Although the material contained in the quizzes is editorial in nature and is based on material appearing in VOGUE, it is not necessary to subscribe to the magazine to enter the contest.

7. Papers will be graded on writing ability, grasp of subject matter, general intelligence, originality, and demonstration of special talents.

8. All material submitted must be typewritten in double space on one side of the page, on paper not larger than 8½ by 11 inches. All art work should not be larger than 8½ by 11 inches. Your name, plus the quiz and question numbers, must appear at the top of each page. All material submitted becomes the property of VOGUE magazine and will not be returned.

9. The judges of the contest will be a board of editors, and their decision will be final. The judges reserve the right to hold personal interviews with the finalists before selecting the winners. The winners of VOGUE's 23rd PRIX DE PARIS will be notified by May 15, 1958.

Vogue's 23rd Prix de Paris
FIRST QUIZ

based on the August 15, 1957 issue of Vogue
(Limit size of entries to 8½ by 11 inches)

FASHION (Answer two questions)

1. *Select an American designer whose clothes interest you, and in about 300 words give your reasons for choosing this designer and the kinds of clothes he or she creates.*

2. *Give your reactions and forecast the reactions on your campus to two new college fashions as featured in the August 15 College Issue.*

3. *What is your opinion of the accessories presented in the College Issue?*

4. *What do you feel is the student's usual attitude, on your campus, toward her appearance? Do you feel that she should be more or less "clothes conscious"?*

FEATURE (Answer both questions)

1. *Write a profile of yourself in approximately 600 words.*

2. *Write a short feature article on your reasons for deciding on your particular major.*

Answers to this quiz are due November 4, 1957
and should be mailed to:

Vogue's Prix de Paris Director
420 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, New York

VOGUE'S PRIX DE PARIS DIRECTOR, 420 LEXINGTON AVENUE, NEW YORK 17, NEW YORK

Please enroll me as an entrant in VOGUE's 23rd Prix de Paris.

NAME ______________________ HOME ADDRESS ______________________

CITY ______________________ ZONE ______ STATE ______________ DATE __________

COLLEGE ______________________ COLLEGE ADDRESS ______________ DATE OF GRADUATION __________

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Beaudrape crepe — woven of Enka
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by Dorothy O'Hara in a net-misted
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Sizes 10-20 in black only.
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as they say
in France: vive la difference!

Fashion, liveliest of the arts, changes
shape and suddenly the new shape is everywhere . . .
slender, lovely, feminine . . . a joy and a
comfort to wear everywhere!

Queen Quality Shoes

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QUEEN QUALITY SHOE COMPANY • DIVISION INTERNATIONAL SHOE COMPANY • ST. LOUIS

Close-up of Americana: the 32" jacket . . . double-breasted, flap-pocketed . . . alpaca lined . . . the reed of skirt . . . and gray flannel (oh yes!) or the texture of tweed. Sizes 8 to 16, 7 to 15. About $75. At fine stores everywhere, or write Lumay, 512 Seventh Ave., N.Y. 18.

HAT BY JOHN FREDERICS

PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER ON THE WEST COAST

the girl who meets the 5:15
wears a Lumay suit

norman
WIATT

Silk with that Beverly Hills Look!
About $30. Lord & Taylor, Julius
Garfinckel, Neiman-Marcus, Marshall
Field, Haggarty's, Frederick &
Nelson or write to Norman Wiatt Co.
127 E. Ninth, Los Angeles 15

VOGUE'S COLLEGE FASHIONS IN THESE SHOPS

For your convenience, we have listed below the names of shops across the country which have many of Vogue's College Fashions.

ALABAMA

Birmingham	Kessler's
Gadsden	The Town Shop

ARKANSAS

El Dorado	El Dorado House
Little Rock	The M. M. Cohn Co.

CALIFORNIA

Beverly Hills	I. Magnin
Corona Del Mar	O'Brien's Specialty Shop
Fresno	Bruckner's
La Jolla	I. Magnin
Long Beach	Schick's
Los Angeles	I. Magnin
Modesto	The Brown House
Oakland	I. Magnin
Ontario	Musette's
Palo Alto	I. Magnin
Pasadena	I. Magnin
Riverside	Hosch's
Sacramento	Ransohoffs
San Francisco	I. Magnin
San Luis Obispo	Lenore Smith
Santa Barbara	I. Magnin
Stockton	The Brown House

COLORADO

Denver	Neusteter's

CONNECTICUT

Hartford	G. Fox
Westport	Worth of Westport

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Washington	Julius Garfinckel

FLORIDA

Fort Lauderdale	Burdine's
Lakeland	Gladys'
Miami	Burdine's
Miami Beach	Burdine's
Panama City	Lillian Kilpatrick's
Tampa	O. Falk's
West Palm Beach	Burdine's

GEORGIA

Atlanta	J. P. Allen
Savannah	Town and Country
Valdosta	Whittington's

IDAHO

Boise	Carroll's

ILLINOIS

Chicago	Bramson
Decatur	Semmel's
Evanston	Bramson
Evergreen Plaza	Bramson
Geneva	The Little Traveler
Jacksonville	Emporium
Oak Park	Bramson
Rockford	Edith Parrish
Waukegan	Hein's

INDIANA

Evansville	de Jong's
Gary	Hudson's
Indianapolis	L. S. Ayres
Michigan City	Ohming's
South Bend	Frances Shop
Vincennes	Joseph's

IOWA

Davenport	Isabelle Ramey

KANSAS

Arkansas City	Bridges Style Shop
Hutchinson	Wiley's
Pittsburg	Seymour Dry Goods
Wichita	Lewin's

KENTUCKY

Hopkinsville	Arnold's
Lexington	Loom and Needle
Louisville	The Stewart Dry Goods Co.

LOUISIANA

Baton Rouge	Dalton's
Lafayette	La Parisienne
New Orleans	D. H. Holmes
Shreveport	The Fashion

MARYLAND

Baltimore	Hutzler's

MASSACHUSETTS

Boston	Jordan Marsh

MICHIGAN

Detroit	The J. L. Hudson Co.
Flint	Herbert N. Bush
Grand Haven	Reichardt
Holland	Jeane's
Lansing	The Style Shop
Ludington	Callighan's Town & Country
Midland	Callighan's Town & Country
Pontiac	Arthurs

MINNESOTA

Minneapolis	Dayton's
St. Paul	Frank Murphy

MISSISSIPPI

Greenwood	DeLoach's
Hattiesburg	The Vogue Shops
Indianola	Klumok's House of Fashion

MISSOURI

Columbia	Harzfeld's
Jefferson City	C. Gordon Price
Kansas City	Harzfeld's
Poplar Bluff	Chas. Miller
St. Louis	Stix, Baer & Fuller
Springfield	Savage Juliette

MONTANA

Billings	Doyle's
Butte	Weinberg's

NEBRASKA

Lincoln	Miller & Paine
Omaha	J. L. Brandeis & Sons

NEW JERSEY

East Orange	Doop's
Summit	Lillian O'Grady
Trenton	Griffith's
Westfield	Lillian O'Grady

NEW YORK

Albany	Honigsbaum's
Buffalo	L. L. Berger
Glens Falls	Merkel & Gelman
Rochester	McCurdy & Co.
Rye	Tina MacRae
Syracuse	Flah & Co.

NORTH CAROLINA

Charlotte	Montaldo's
Durham	Montaldo's
Greensboro	Montaldo's
Winston-Salem	Montaldo's

NORTH DAKOTA

Grand Forks	Griffith's

OHIO

Akron	M. O'Neil
Ashtabula	Carlisle-Allen
Cincinnati	Henry Harris
Cleveland	The Halle Bros. Co.
Columbus	Montaldo's
Dayton	Billy Lewis

OKLAHOMA

Bartlesville	Montaldo's
Enid	Newman's
Frederick	Marks
Lawton	Scotts
Muskogee	Susman's
Ponca City	Frohlich's Style Shop
Tulsa	Seidenbach's

OREGON

Eugene	Russell's
Portland	Meier & Frank
Salem	Meier & Frank

PENNSYLVANIA

Bethlehem	Sigal's
Harrisburg	Mary Sachs
Hazleton	B. Levin Furs
Lancaster	Mary Sachs
McKeesport	Katzman
Philadelphia	John Wanamaker
Pittsburgh	Joseph Horne
Reading	Jeannette Shop
Williamsport	Lynn-Hayes

SOUTH DAKOTA

Aberdeen	Marie O. Simmons Shop
Huron	Berg Style Shop
Mitchell	Baron Bros.

TENNESSEE

Chattanooga	Lovemans
Jackson	Holland's
Martin	Merry Lee Shops
Memphis	The John Gerber Co.
Oak Ridge	Lovemans
Union City	Merry Lee Shops

TEXAS

Abilene	Grissom's
Big Spring	Hemphill Wells
Dallas	Neiman-Marcus
El Paso	Popular Dry Goods
Fort Worth	The Fair
Houston	Neiman-Marcus
Marshall	Joe Weisman & Co.
McAllen	Ladies Supply
Midland	Grammer-Murphey
Odessa	Bateman's
San Antonio	Frost Bros.
Sherman	Elinor's

UTAH

Ogden	Fred M. Nye
Salt Lake City	Makoff

VERMONT

Burlington	Magrams The Fashion Shop

VIRGINIA

Richmond	Montaldo's
Roanoke	Smartwear-Irving Saks

WASHINGTON

Seattle	Frederick & Nelson
Yakima	Lou Johnson

WEST VIRGINIA

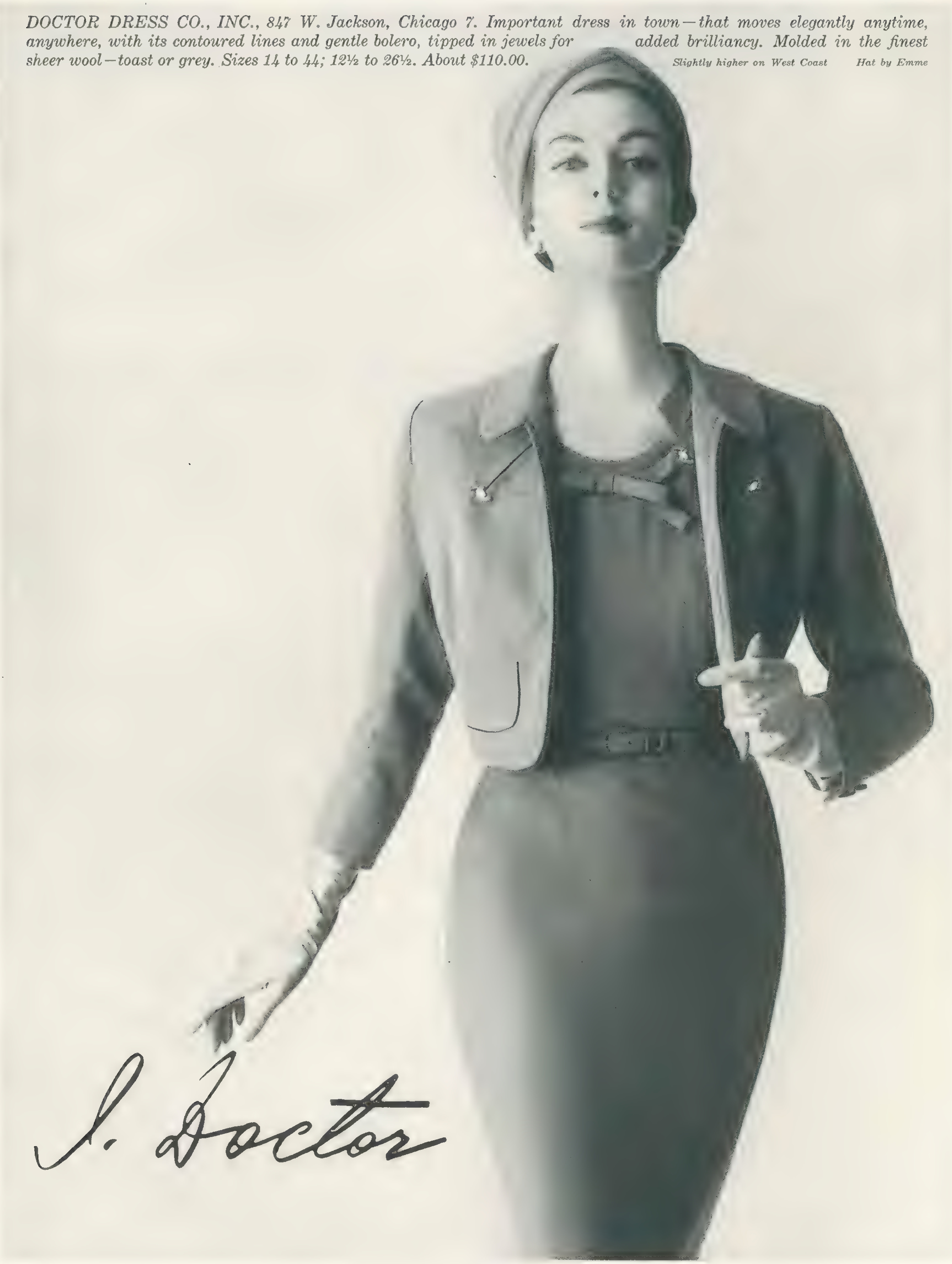
Clarksburg	Broidas

WISCONSIN

Kenosha	Lepp and Company
Milwaukee	T. A. Chapman
Wausau	Winkelman's

WYOMING

Casper	Kassis Dept. Store



DOCTOR DRESS CO., INC., 847 W. Jackson, Chicago 7. Important dress in town—that moves elegantly anytime, anywhere, with its contoured lines and gentle bolero, tipped in jewels for added brilliancy. Molded in the finest sheer wool—toast or grey. Sizes 14 to 44; 12½ to 26½. About $110.00. *Slightly higher on West Coast* *Hat by Emme*

I. Doctor

See the I. Doctor advertisement on page 155.

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BELGIAN SHOES

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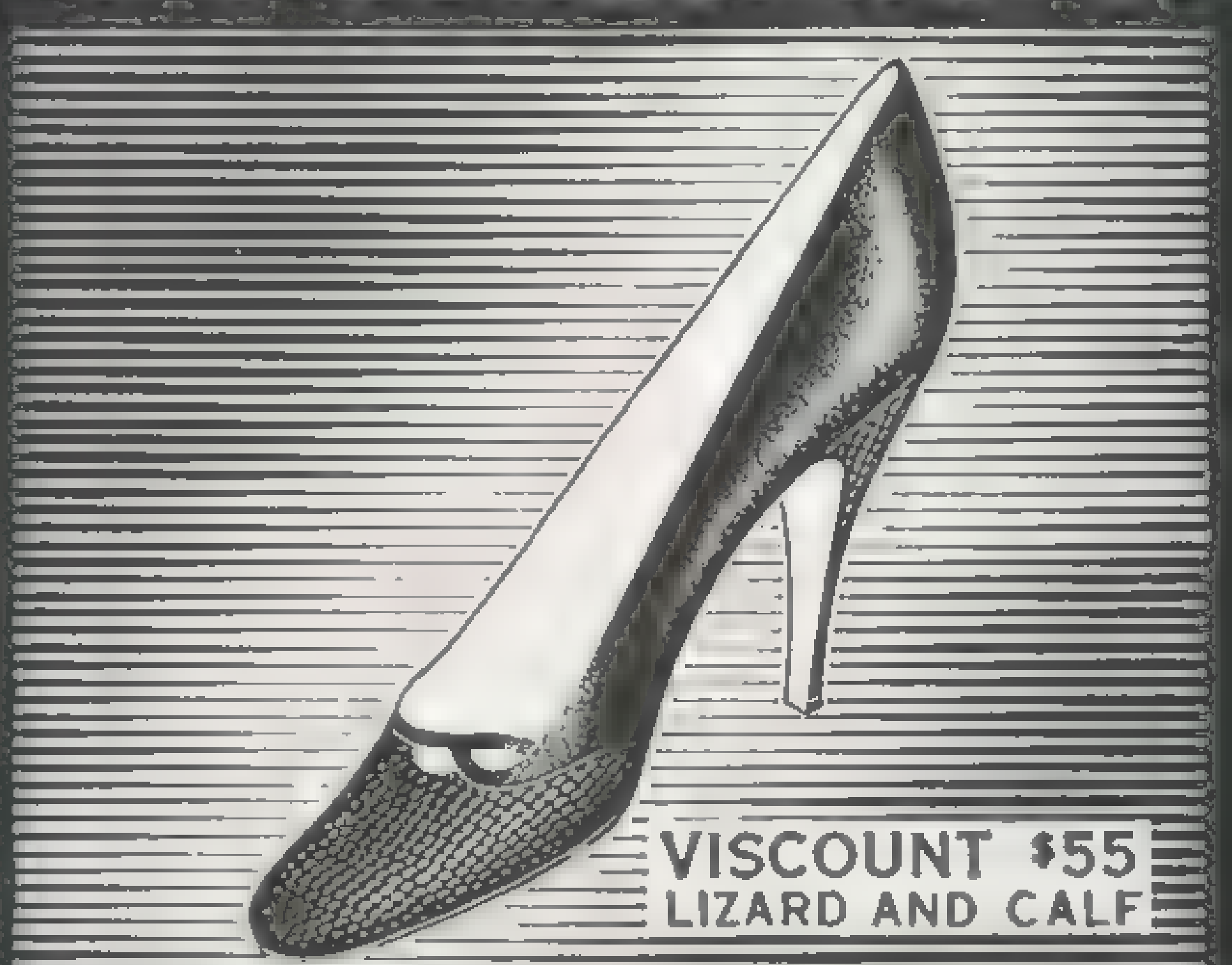

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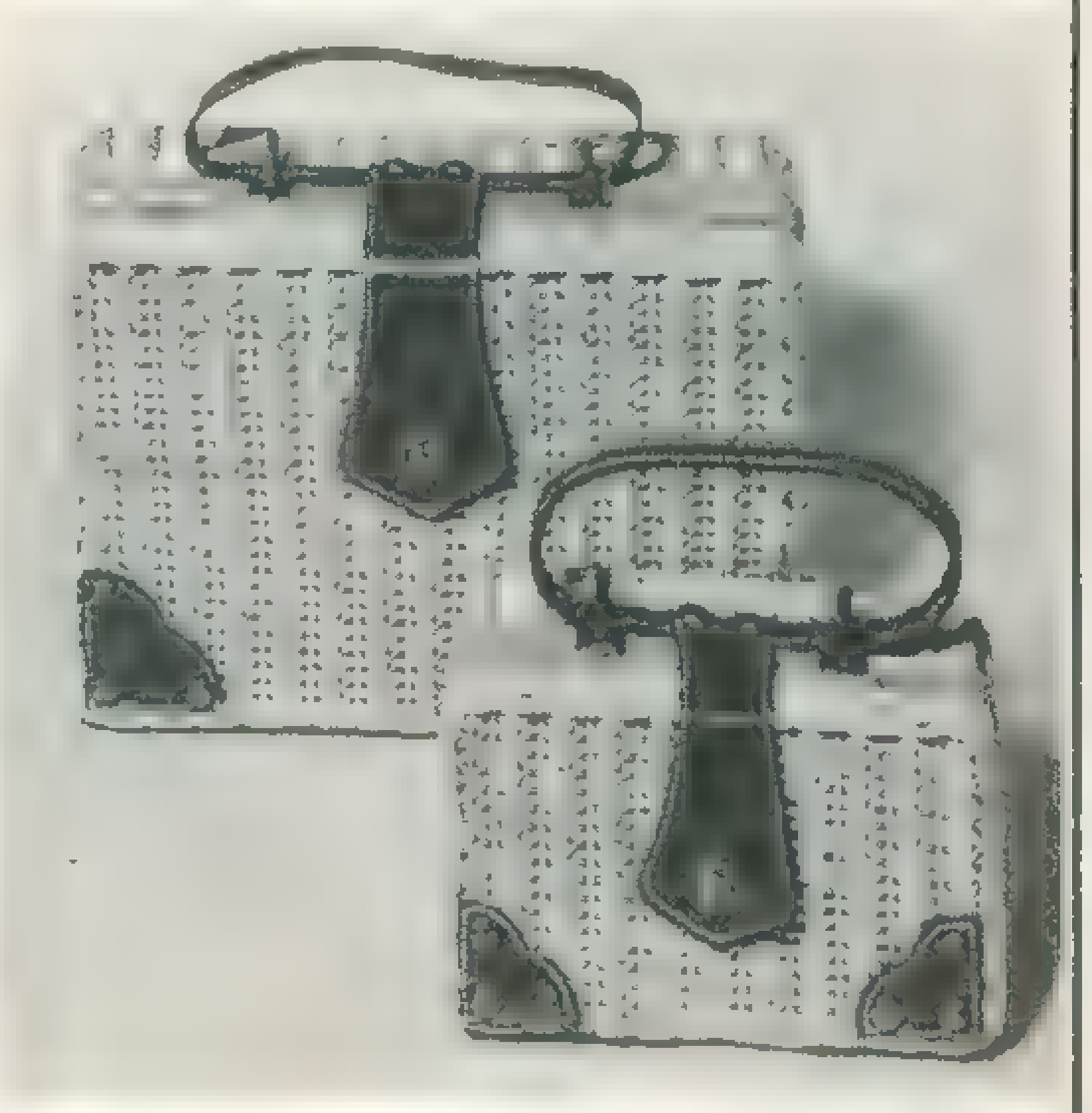

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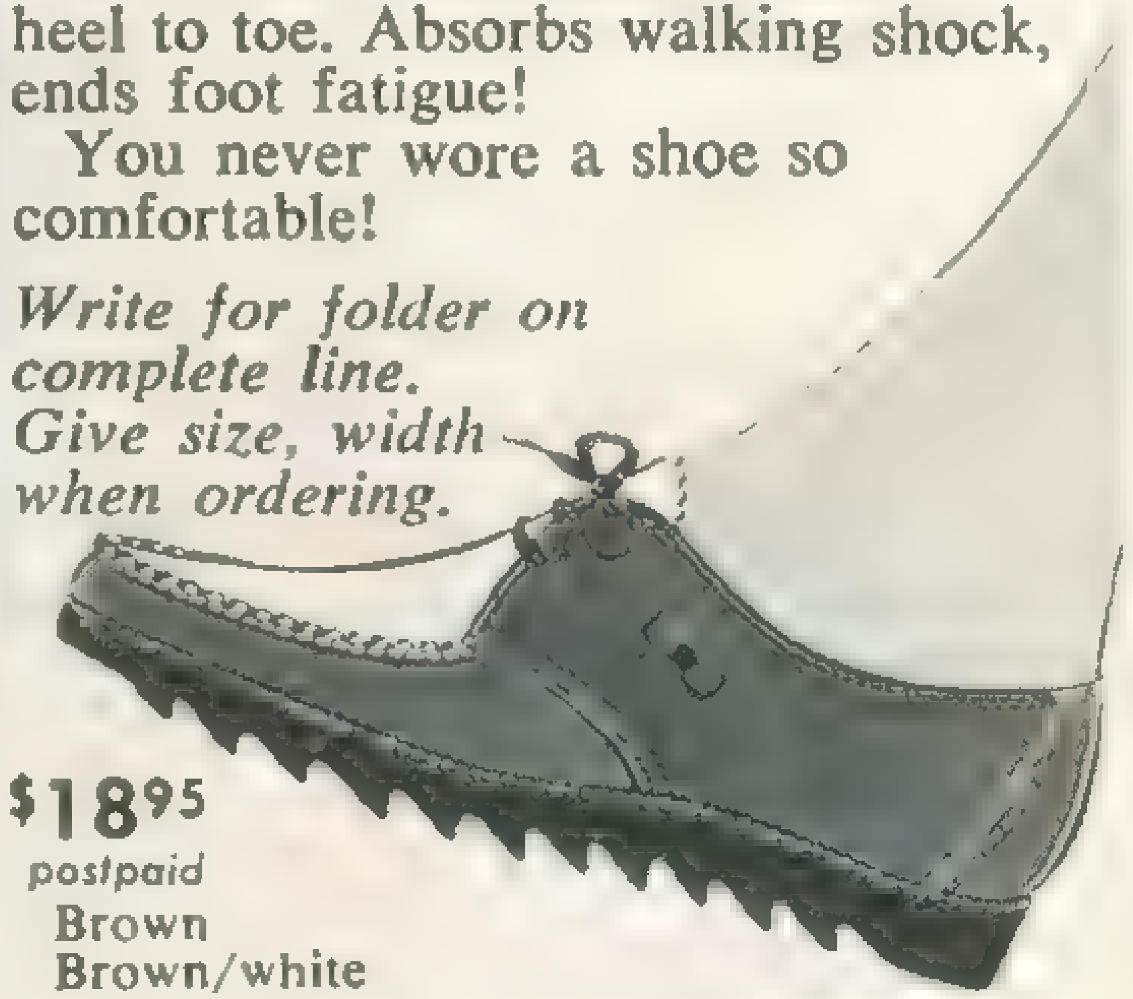

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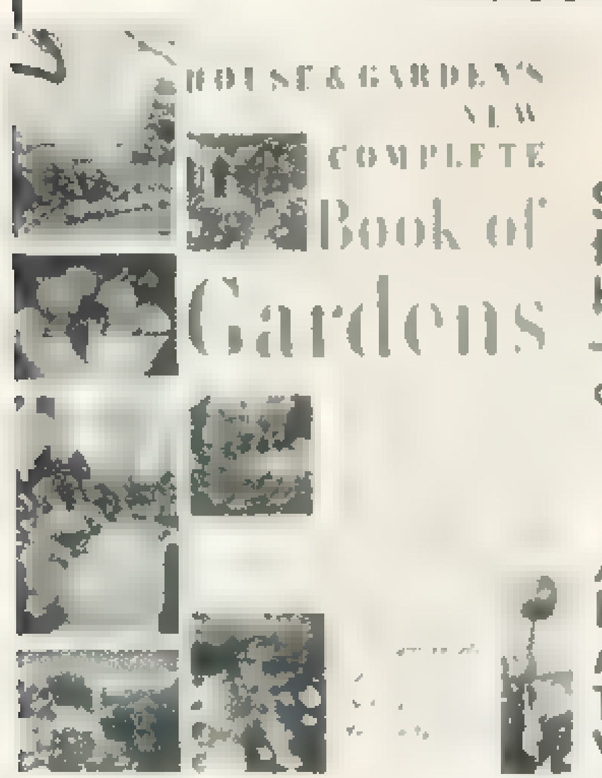

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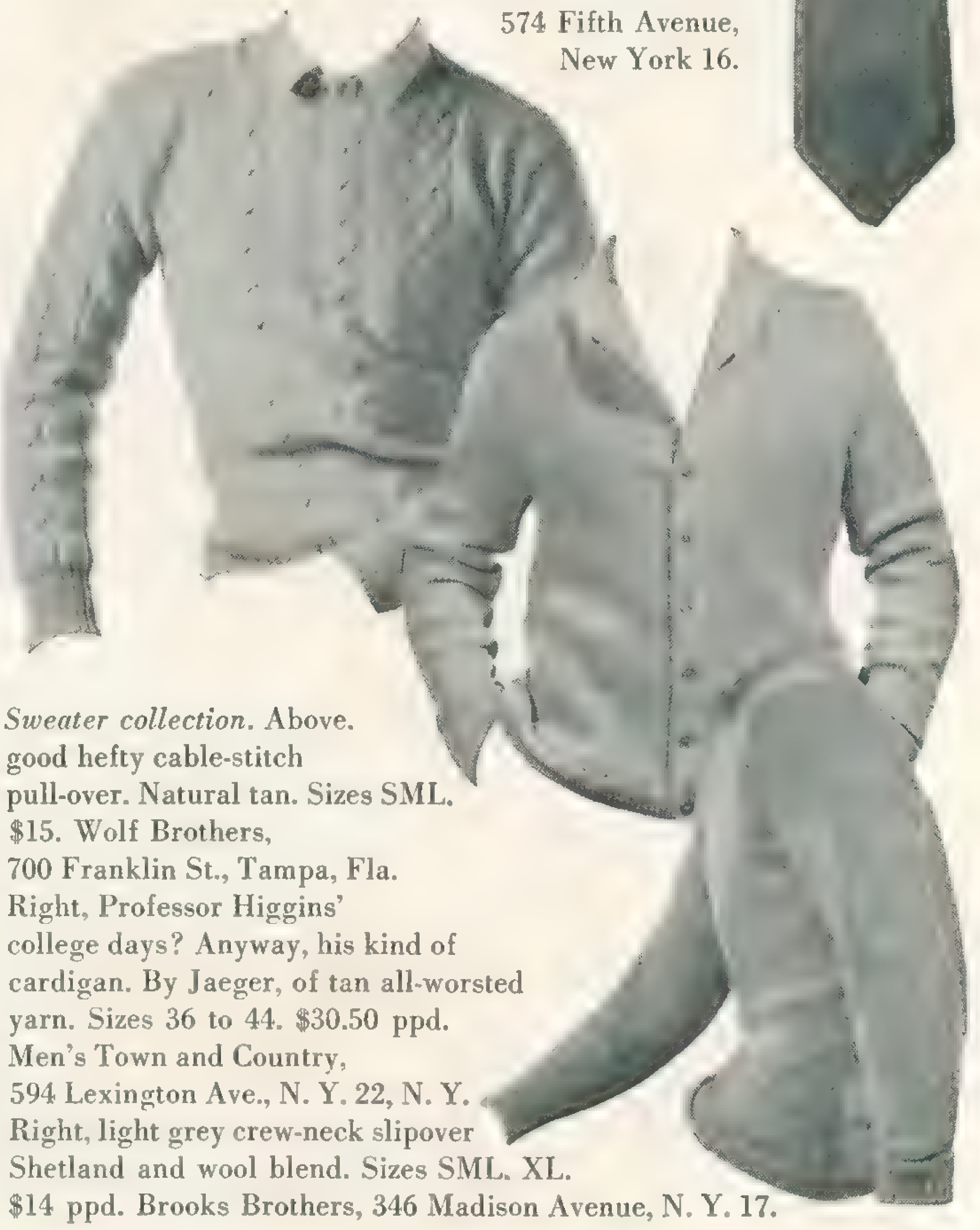
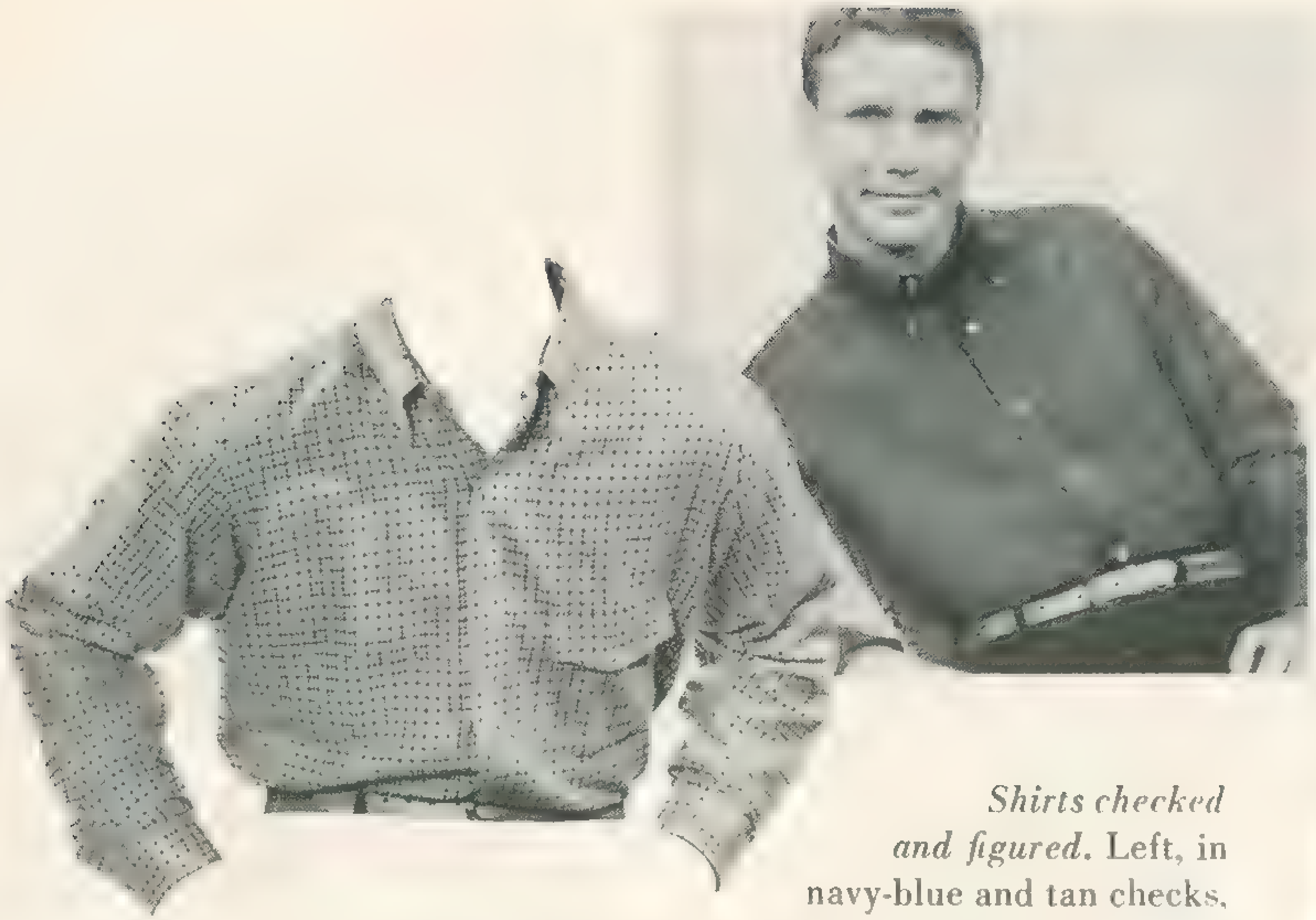
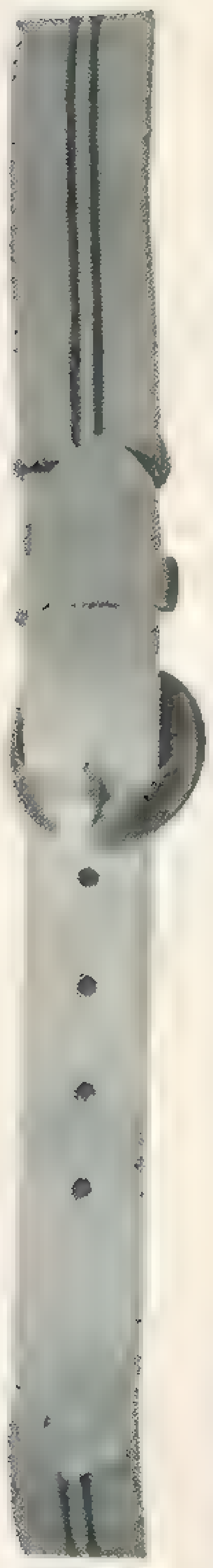


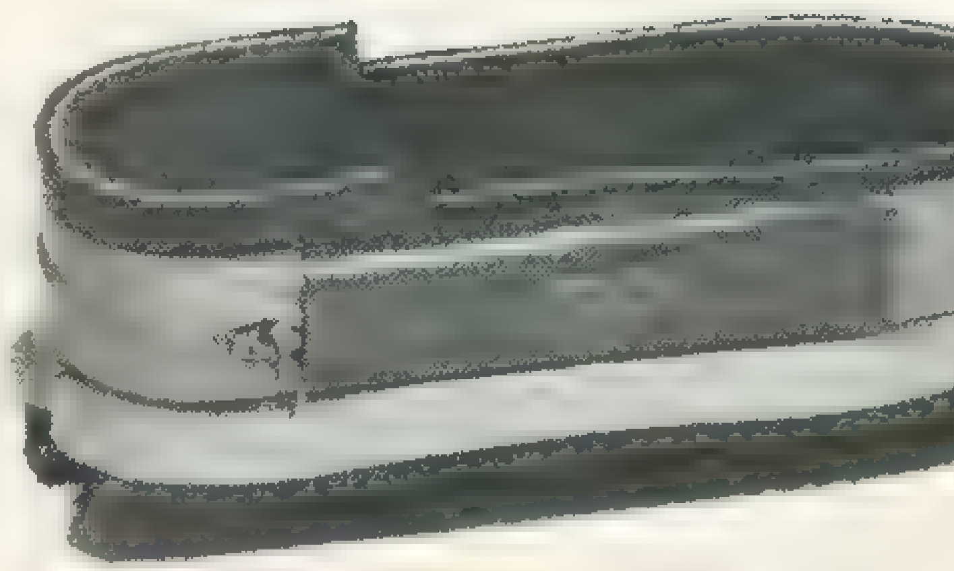
Sweater collection. Above, good hefty cable-stitch pull-over. Natural tan. Sizes SML. $15. Wolf Brothers, 700 Franklin St., Tampa, Fla. Right, Professor Higgins' college days? Anyway, his kind of cardigan. By Jaeger, of tan all-worsted yarn. Sizes 36 to 44. $30.50 ppd. Men's Town and Country, 594 Lexington Ave., N. Y. 22, N. Y. Right, light grey crew-neck slipover Shetland and wool blend. Sizes SML, XL. $14 ppd. Brooks Brothers, 346 Madison Avenue, N. Y. 17.



Shirts checked and figured. Left, in navy-blue and tan checks, on white. Button-down collar shirt, wool with cotton. Sizes: neck, 14½-16½; sleeve, 33-35. $13 ppd. J. Press, 341 Madison Ave., N. Y. 17. Right, silk-tie pattern applied to cotton Oxford shirting—madder print, on dark green. By Gant of New Haven. Neck-sleeve sizes, 14½-16½; 32-35. $9.30 ppd. Paul Stuart, 18 East 45th St., N. Y. 17. N. Y.



Slacks staple. Right, black-grey worsted flannel slacks with a lean plain cut (no pleats). Waist sizes 28 to 42. $24 ppd. Chipp, 14 East 44th St., New York 17. Left, bright red belt of super-weight elasticized webbing. Brass buckle, leather tab. Adjusts to waists 28 to 38 inches. $3.25 ppd. Fenn-Feinstein, 9 East 49th St., New York 17.



Shoe and shine. Above, brown leather blucher on a crêpe rubber sole. From England, built to last. Sizes 6 to 12, A to E. $19 ppd. Lefcourt, 400 Madison Avenue, New York 17. Right, shoe-shaped cowhide shoeshine kit—everything here but elbow grease. By C. F. Rumpp, $7.95. Lord & Taylor, Fifth Avenue and 38th Street, New York.

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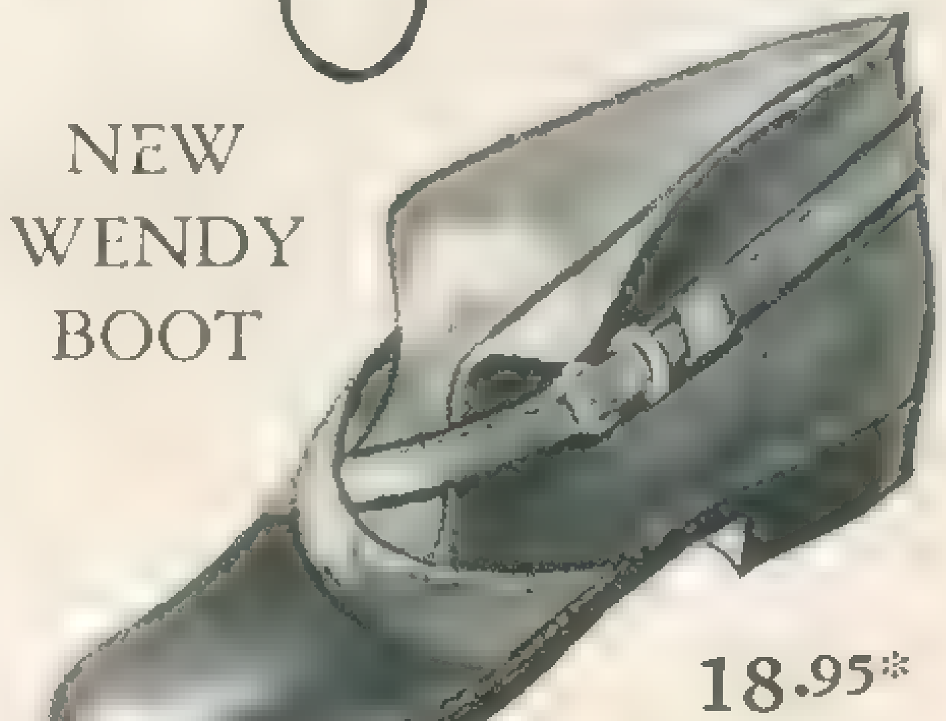

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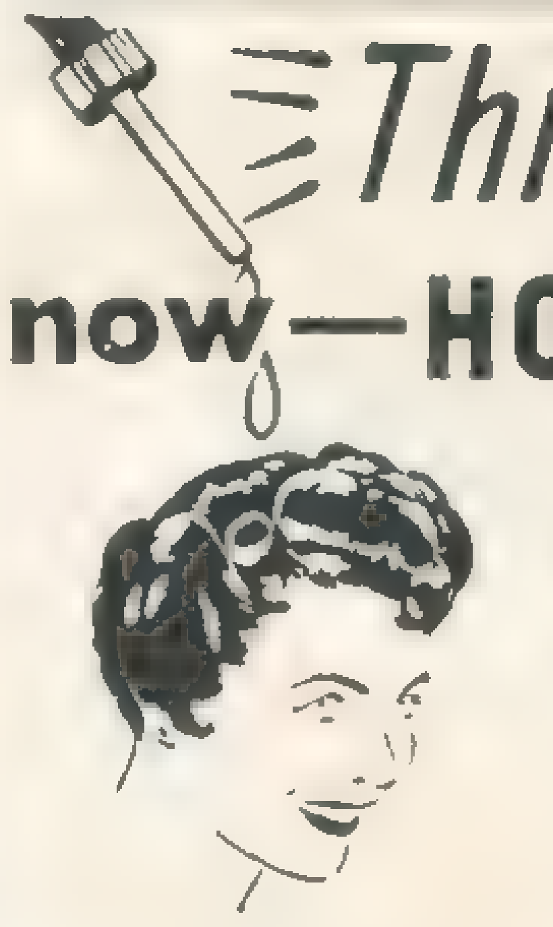

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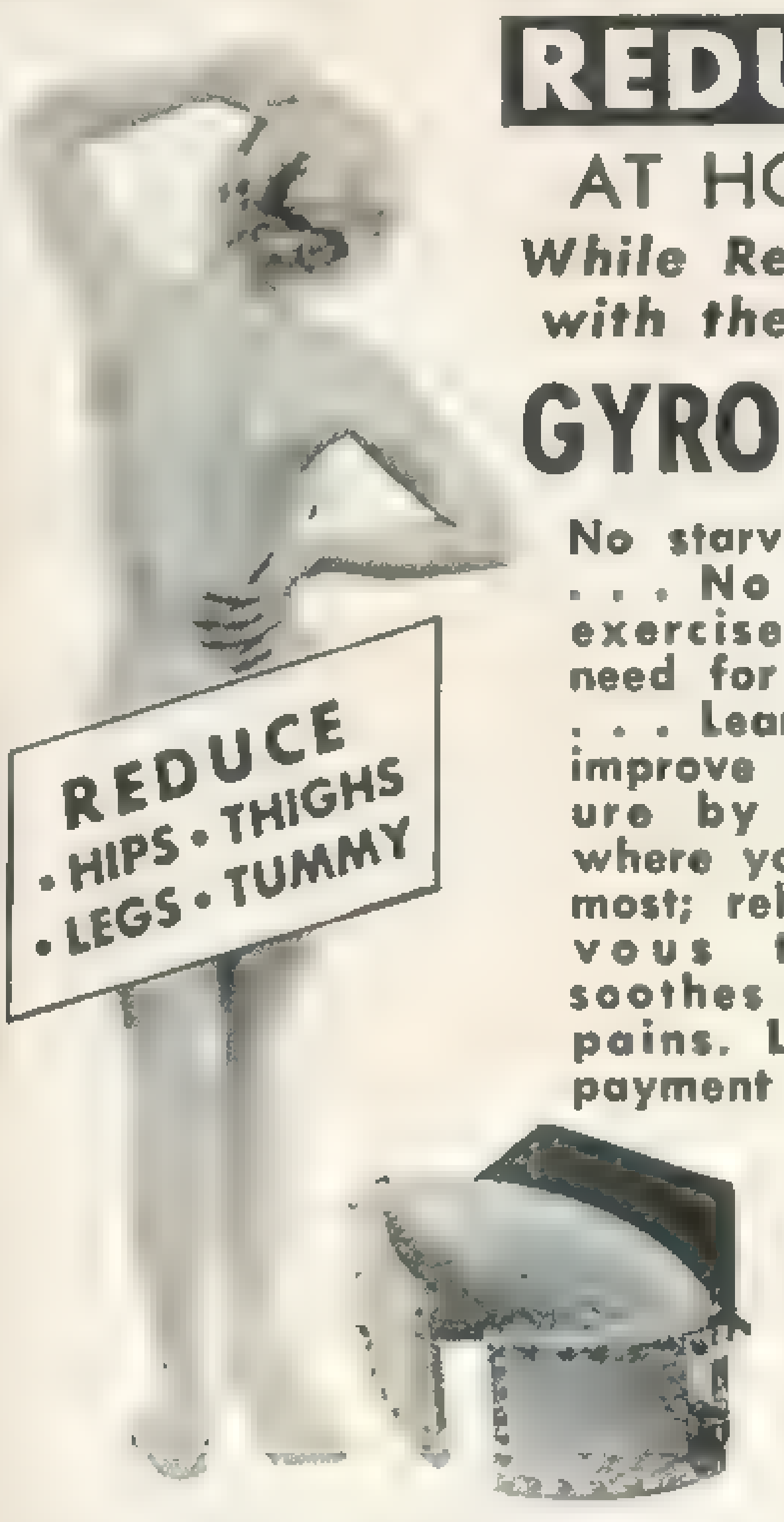

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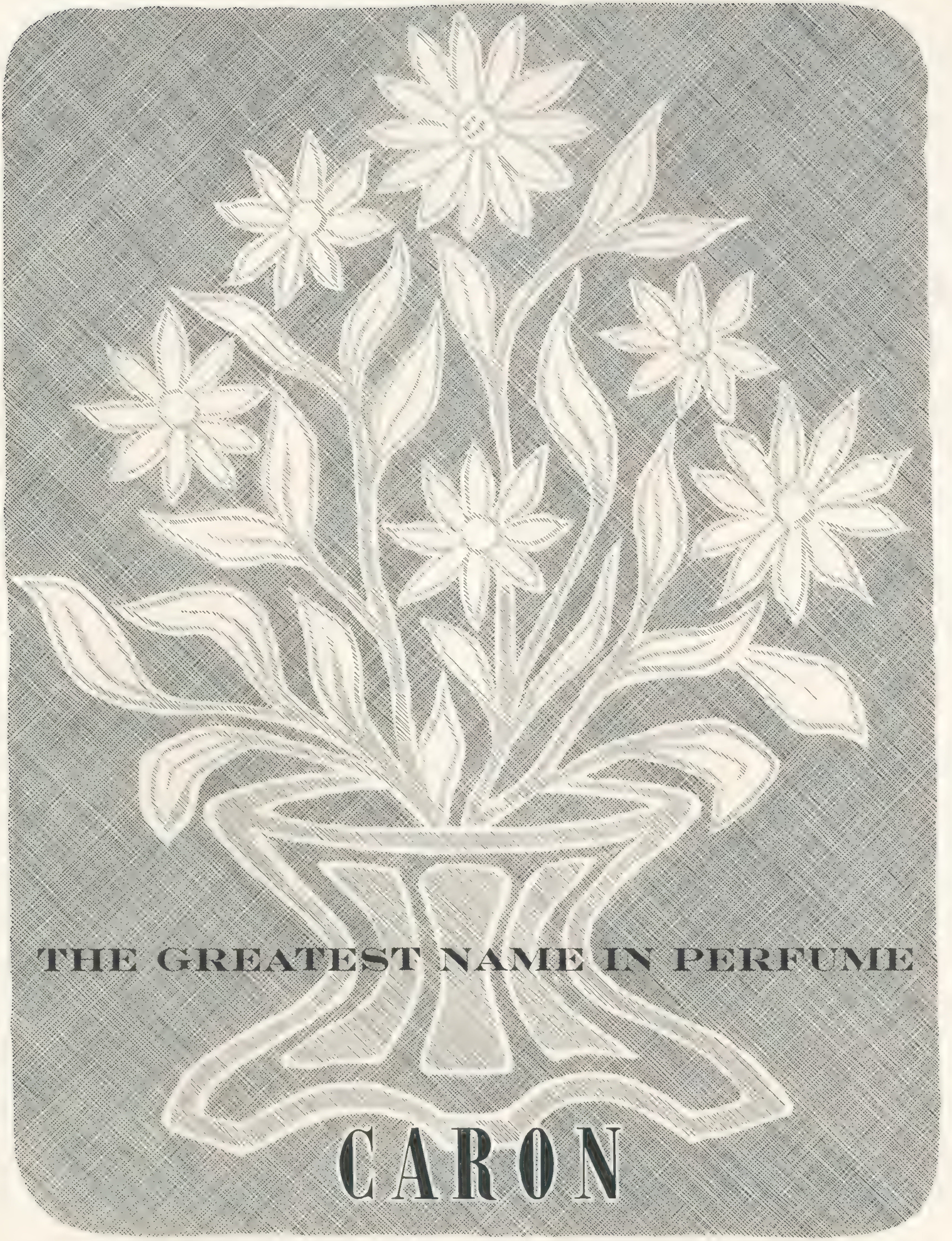
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VOGUE AUGUST 15, 1957

Vogue's eye view:

New word in young clothes talk

The word is elegance—reported in direct quotes from the young, who are using it now to designate the look they want. Charming without being self-conscious about it, organized without being young fogy about it, interesting but not *étrange*, this look has good manners. We're delighted. In the young fashion section of this issue, therefore, we've concentrated on a documentation of the new young elegance taking over. For the college-age reader reading this issue and finding that, yes, we have no Bermudas, let us explain. None of the clothes presented here are meant for an eight o'clock class (unless followed immediately by a New Haven train). In the August 1 issue of Vogue, we photographed the work clothes of campus life, as worn by fourteen members of the 1957 Vassar Daisy Chain. In the present issue are the clothes for the week end, the field trip off campus, the small whirl—clothes with no school ties at all.

How to make the best of being young

It happens that people who have been young all their lives wake up one significant morning to discover that they are thirty-five. One way of making this disquieting birthday bearable is to have enjoyed life at twenty. People should, if possible, make a point of doing just this.

That youth is not a period of unalloyed bliss anyone but the most unreconstructed sentimentalist will agree. But barring unusual circumstances, the young years of an adult can and should be happy ones. The dew and morning light are on the world—the dew may carry a chill; the morning may not be a perfect one, but it is your morning, your time to look about you and see, as it has never quite been seen before, a world you never made, but of which you are citizen and resident.

One of the first things that the world does to you when you are young is to embarrass you. The list of things that cause embarrassment to young people of all nations is as long as *War and Peace*. It is next to impossible to pick a way through the thorns of daily existence without falling into one of the shining traps concealed in interviews with the personnel department, a roomful of new people, and the hastily assembled bridge four.

The surest alleviation for the perpetual state of embarrassment is *time*. But time lags, so it is well to seek another anodyne: in other words something to take one's mind off oneself.

So take rule one to heart and forget that you're in the spotlight. It isn't really there.

A second rule—and a fine way to take one's mind off the spotlight: be curious. Curiosity has a bad name among cats, and the Elephant's Child in Kipling's *Just So Stories* had a nervous time with a crocodile because of it. The crocodile nearly ate him but not quite. This, however, was an extreme case. There is no record of a university professor or an employer ever having eaten anybody's child. If you enter college or take your first job in a spirit of healthy curiosity, you are almost bound to have fun and come to no harm in the process. Slack-jawed apathy is the shortest route to boredom and loneliness but who, what, when, where, how and why lead to relevant information and long views.

A third rule for enjoying your youth: do the things you like, quietly catering to your own tastes even if your "group" of the moment has other ideas. Take no notice, one way or another. Although the urge to conform is powerful in us all, it can be brought under intelligent control. People huddle together for warmth, forgetting that the huddling process can be stifling. But once you stop huddling and get out in the fresh air you are likely to discover that it will not be the end of a series of beautiful friendships if you spend an afternoon or an evening by yourself, unblushingly doing something that you thoroughly like to do. Privacy is lovely in itself. Genuine and legitimate pleasure is its own reward; let the by-products fall where they may.

Individuality of taste is not anti-social, and if you have sources of private happiness, you have something special to bring to those times when you feel definitely company-minded. More important, you will have banished early on the corroding fear of solitude.

Whether you are going to college, starting a career, or preparing yourself for domestic life *(Continued on page 155)*

Young elegance: the raging Siamese plaid and the unfearing wearer

Right: One of the new facing-East plaids that has no more compunction about showing itself off than it has illusions about being usual. It *is* extraordinary plaid and extraordinary measures are needed to wear it well (fur beret, almond-brown gloves, a sculptured look about the head). Donald Brooks sheath of Shamokin wool tweed. Junior sizes; $55. Sheath, burunduki beret (a John Frederics Charmer): Lord & Taylor; Dayton's; Frost Bros. Bartek bracelet, of unpolished gilt: Lord & Taylor. *For shops in other cities, see page 70.*

HORST

The put-over:

new shortstop top

Making a spare, elegant rig off campus, on week ends: this pared overblouse that just clears the waist, stopping short at the hipbones. Not a jacket, not a pull-over, it comes with its own skirt. Also in point, the plaid it comes in—big, bold, and Siamese-y; and the look of a back-of-the-head beret, of nicely premeditated grooming.
Left: The put-over looking intense in pink-and-red plaid wool, round-collared, buttoned back and front over a straight skirt. Gilden Juniors; about $23. Hat by Madcaps, a quickening lick of orange. Everything: at Best's; Hutzler's; I. Magnin. Revlon's Bravo lipstick.
Right: Put-over, buttoned at the back (about $16); skirt, box-pleated (about $23); Einiger fabric, cognac-and-wine plaid worsted. By Sportwhirl. Opossum beret, brown-and-beige; a John Frederics Charmer. All, at Peck & Peck; Neiman-Marcus; Meier & Frank.
For shops in other cities, see page 70.

HORST

More put-overs

with a clipped young chic

These clannish put-overs—bordering on tartans, naturally—take their special elegance from a look of clean cut and small flings of fur; here, one in hand, one on the back of the head. *Left:* Put-over and deep-pleated skirt of blue-and-green plaid wool squared off with white. By Sloat, of British woollen. Put-over, about $25; skirt, about $35. Bonwit Teller; Montaldo's; I. Magnin. Clipped rabbit beret: a John Frederics Charmer, also at Bonwit Teller. *Right:* Brass-buttoned put-over with high-rising pockets; worn over a straight skirt, also pocketed. The plaid this time, a bright geometry in red, blue, and green. By Empire Imports, of British woollen. $55. Bergdorf Goodman; Hudson's; L. S. Ayres. To make the sum of the parts: a magnified fur handbag by Greta; Monet bracelets; at Bergdorf Goodman. Red velveteen hat, slightly Medici, by Sally V, at Altman's.

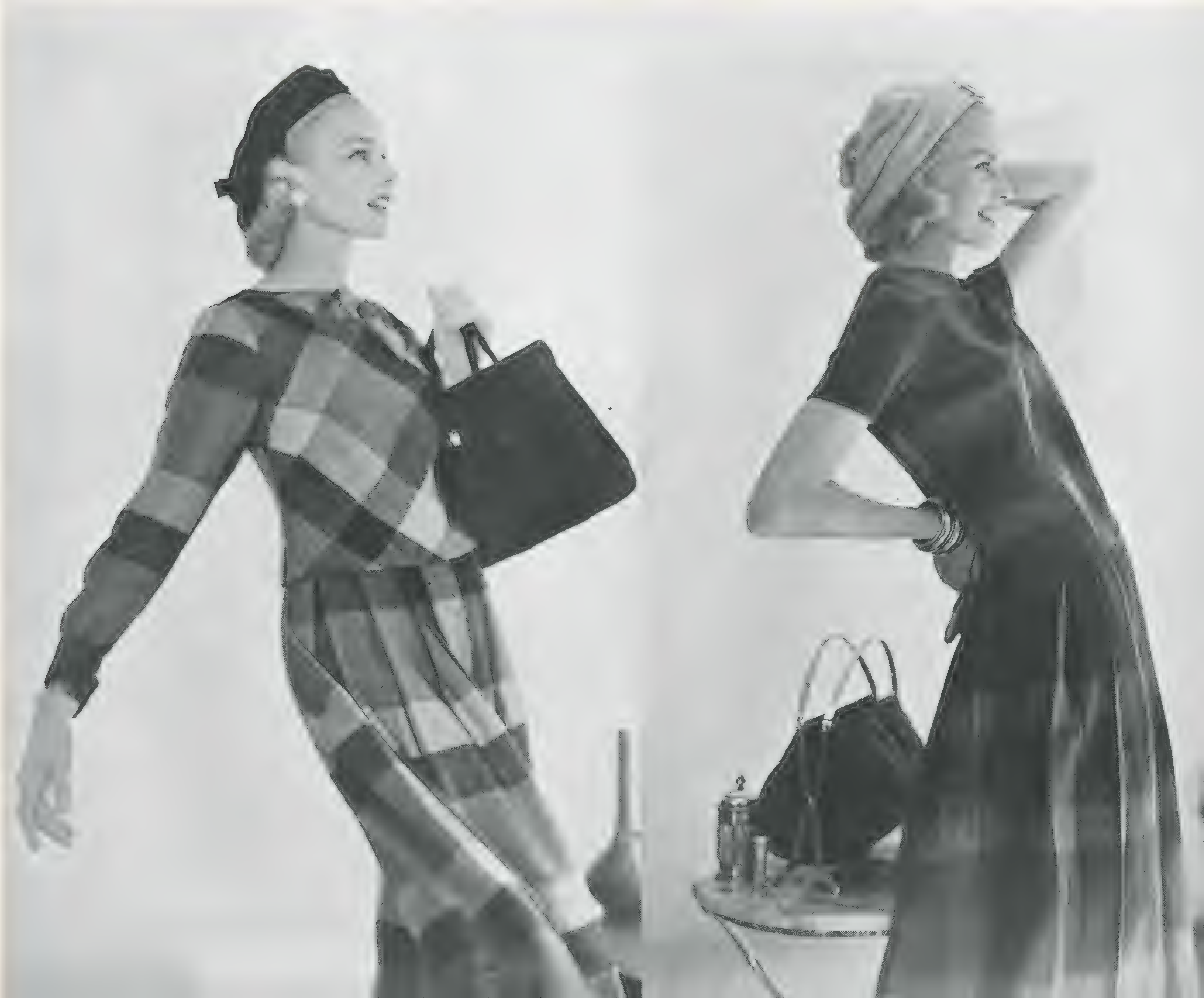
For shops in other cities, see page 70.

HORST

Put-overs again —in racing plaids

Like the racing plaid, the put-over aims for fine, careless elegance, a certain relaxed dash.
(Secretly, of course, this move is planned to the teeth.)
Here, three put-overs designed for observing, ornamentally—football, for instance.
Left: Self-hooded put-over; racing plaid, mustard-and-orange checked wool.
Put-over and skirt, by Mr. Mort, in junior sizes; $50. Capri pin. Roger Van S bag.
All, at Saks Fifth Avenue. Put-over and skirt, also at Julius Garfinckel; Harzfeld's.
Below, left: Block-checked wool put-over—the blocks, beige, black, and white; the skirt, many-pleated.
With this, a black velvet beret, edged well back to show a clear expanse of brow.
Put-over, $16. Skirt, $23. By Sportwhirl. Hat by Betmar. All, at Saks Fifth Avenue; L. S. Ayres.
Below, right: Short-sleeved put-over in a stopper plaid of mustard-and-red wool,
worn with a folded beret (back-folded, of course) of beige jersey.
Put-over, $14. Skirt, $25. By Sportwhirl. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Julius Garfinckel. Sally V hat.
For shops in other cities, see page 70.

HORST



How to AVOID EMOTIONAL MATURITY

BY SYLVIA WRIGHT

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Sylvia Wright's writing is mostly the reporting of small, entangling battles with a world in which she seems to occupy the classic W. C. Fields' position, "carving my way through a wall of human flesh, dragging my canoe behind me." Curiously, while sounding defeat in every syllable, she quite often emerges with the canoe. This article and two previous essays published in Vogue September 1, 1955 and June, 1956 appear in her book,* Get Away from Me with Those Christmas Gifts, *which McGraw-Hill will publish this autumn.*

The moment you open a newspaper or magazine these days, someone swarms all over you and asks a series of personal questions. Are you lovable? Tactful? Optimistic? Irritable? Disgruntled? Sorry for yourself? Do you keep up? How observing are you? Are you well-rounded?

Some people feel compelled to answer all the questions asked them, and others, more blessed, don't. I am one of those who must. "How do you fight a cold?" they ask. I put down the magazine and tell them. "Splitting nails?" No, but on my left little finger— In a radio speech during the 1956 election campaign, Adlai Stevenson asked, "Have the last four years been good for you?" "Yes and no, Adlai," I began eagerly, and I went on to tell him all about them, missing the rest of his speech.

This is an addiction. I realized I had it badly when, on a rainy day in a summer house, I took an intricate test which both a husband and wife were supposed to answer in opposing columns. I am neither, but I pretended to be both. We were incompatible.

Most of the question-askers are determined to prove to me that I am not whatever-it-is, so that they can tell me to re-examine and reshape myself. They succeed. I think I am well-rounded here and there, but I feel I had better make sure. I always turn out to be square.

Their tone is bland, but their technique is stealthy. There is always one right answer. Considering how inadequate I am, it is surprising that I can recognize it. Here is an example from a test to gauge one's independence. You are supposed to check one of the three statements, as being most like yourself.

A—Time often hangs heavy on my hands, especially if some certain person is away or unavailable.

B—My own duties and responsibilities, along with what I do for others, keep me busy and content.

C—Bored? Not unless I'm flat on my back. As long as I can kick up my heels and go, time flies.

A, who is in love, is over-dependent. As you will see later, this is what "in love" means. C is irresponsible. B is the head of the class, though I can think of almost no one who could honestly check it, aside from Beth in *Little Women,* who wasn't a bit independent.

Here is another series from the same test.

A—I'm not apt to think much about convention and dignity. I sort of follow the crowd in matters of propriety.

C—There are no rules that can't be broken if a matter is sufficiently challenging—especially silly customs.

B—My world is built on substance and convention, and I believe in living in it in a dignified, respectable manner.

Note how they try to trick me. Just in case I am getting into a habit and expect to find the right answer in the middle, they have stuck good old B down at the bottom. A is still the hat over the windmill character of the previous group, and C is the moony one.

I have checked A in the first group and C in the second, and I am getting good and mad. I see no reason why I can't, just once in a while, wander around thinking about some certain person. And I resent the implication that I am not respectable if I don't approve of silly customs.

When I finished the test, they told me I was "the personification of human variableness." This isn't true. While that smug B is all over the place being busy, dignified, and good, who is faithfully thinking about some certain person?

Often they arrange the test in such a way that, after I have taken it in a humble and cooperative spirit, they turn on me. "Is your mother-in-law an asset?" they asked me. I don't have a mother-in-law, but I obligingly made one up. She wasn't too bad, but she wasn't a terrific asset either. When I got to the end of the test, and totalled it up, they told me sternly that I should think seriously about my own behaviour and ask myself if I were a good daughter-in-law. This is backhanded. They asked me a straight question about my mother-in-law, not about me.

Never in the whole history of human endeavour have so many people been so busily engaged in pointing out to so many other people what is wrong with them, and how they can improve themselves. It makes me wonder. If there are many who get as low marks on these tests as I do, the country is in a bad way.

Owing to my addiction, I have discovered that most of my basic ideas are, if not off, a little awry. An example was a test called "How Lovable Are You?" I thought I knew what lovable meant, but I began to doubt that I did when they asked, "Are you honest and aboveboard about money, sex, religion, et cetera?" I certainly didn't know what they meant by et cetera, but I knew about honest and aboveboard. I gathered they wanted to know, for some obscure reason of their own, if I spoke my mind about money, sex, and religion. Frequently I don't, so I got a bad mark. I kept expecting them to ask me if I were affectionate, but they didn't. They asked if I were sloppy and carelessly groomed at home, and I got another black mark.

I was brought up on *Little Women*, and I have as much desire to become the right kind of person as the next one. In an article in the *Ladies' Home Journal*, I found a definitive list of the qualifications for a good wife, or what they call her basic personality factors. The list is too long to give it all here, but among other things, she is agreeable, responsible, thrifty, conservative, well-integrated, free from tension, foresighted, alert, basically religious, optimistic, and confident.

She is not a crusader or a reformer. She chooses friends who are honest, conservative, and who conform to accepted standards of behaviour.

She dislikes carelessness in dress and habitual tardiness.

She likes people older than herself, which will help her to be a good daughter-in-law.

She believes in doing right for its own sake. She seems to know exactly what it is; the *Journal* says she has always tried to do right and so has no worries.

After I had read the article, the good wife haunted me. I felt that I had known her somewhere, and after some thought it came back to me. I went to school with her, and we called her "Teacher's Pet."

The *Journal* didn't want to discourage me too much. They kindly remarked that a poor showing compared with this ideal shouldn't make me "give up hope of a happy marriage." But, deficient as I am in these basic qualifications, I must be thoughtful and deliberate in choosing a husband. I must work hard all the time to develop compensating virtues.

Even with a prefrontal lobotomy, I couldn't make it. I can't, and in school didn't, even classify to be a friend of the good wife. If I hadn't been trying so hard to keep up with what the press of America wants me to be, I wouldn't care. I didn't like her in school, and I don't think I would now. Anyway, she's older than I am. She sounds older than God.

The ultimate aim of all these writers is to make me and everyone else emotionally mature. I have made a bold decision: I have decided not to be it. If I do it their way, I have to accept the fact that there can be no satisfactions in life until I have reached emotional maturity. If I don't, I can imagine that I am enjoying myself as I go along.

If I do it their way, I must accept the fact that no one but the emotionally mature can be said to love. I hate to believe love is so aristocratic. With E. M. Forster, I think it is a republic. Love is not to be defined by how well and conventionally it works. Does a clock lose its name if it strikes thirteen?

I am not against emotional maturity. I think the emotionally mature person is quite all right in his place. It's a nice quiet place to visit, but I wouldn't want to live there. I wouldn't call it living.

So I have done some of what these writers call analytical research on the subject. I have studied all the descriptions I could find of the emotionally mature person in order to be able to avoid it. Here are my findings for anyone else who may feel the same way.

In general, the emotionally mature person gives everyone as little trouble as possible. It (as we go along, you will understand why I have a tendency to call it it) is always ready to cooperate, but even when it knows it is right, it never tries to impose its ideas on others.

It has no trouble making decisions, but it never makes them impetuously or quickly.

It is moderate in everything, and so never feels guilty. Guilt is so emotionally immature that even if you have a reason for feeling guilty, you are not supposed to.

It always takes a positive attitude toward life, and never, no matter how much life is jumping around, yelling and cursing, does it allow itself to feel that life is too much for it. It treats life like a nice, but temporarily naughty, child.

It keeps on an even keel emotionally. It does not become despondent, and never cries, even *lacrimae rerum*. On the other hand, it does not get joyous or euphoric, because that would be manic of it.

It always plans for the future. You mustn't call it up and suggest it do something on the spur of the moment.

It has a sense of humour, but wait. A sense of humour is not what you think it is. It is the capacity to laugh at oneself, but not at others.

It does things for others, but never in order to be appreciated. If it feels that it might be wanting to be appreciated, it would have to stop doing things for others.

It believes it will achieve success by cooperation, not individual effort.

There are no single people who are emotionally mature. But the emotionally mature person is very slow to fall into anyone's arms, and very particular about its mate. Once mated, it promptly accepts its mate as it is. It constantly asks itself if it is doing the right thing and saying the right thing at the right moment, and it never discusses problems with its husband when he is tired. If it is a husband, it expresses interest in its wife's housework. It is essential that both husband and wife be emotionally mature. Everyone is tiptoeing around being so considerate that, if one of them is not, he or she is likely to feel like a mental case.

It has a group activity and a hobby. It is not afraid of anything. It can eat everything.

A human being is perverse, passionate, and unexpected, impulsive, excitable, and full of dreams, hilarious and dolorous, irritating and inspired, dedicated and trivial and gets into a lot of trouble. I am going out to get a breath of air, to strike thirteen, and to see if there are any still around.

The red-letter suit

propelled by magnetic colour

Sound fashion. even for a mono-suit wardrobe: the wool suit in a shade that runs into the vermilions (red with a hint of yellow). The point: suits needn't be dull to be basic. Two are here; two more follow.

Left: Red suit with its blazer jacket open to frame a white silk shirt that might, another day, be a fine, strong Paisley. Suit of wool tweed, by H & E Shapiro; jacket, $30; skirt, $20, at Best's; Julius Garfinckel; Stix, Baer & Fuller.

Right: Red suit of basket-woven wool, with belted jacket, plunged neck—filled, here, with a windfall of beads. (This space could also be leased to a necklet of white fur.) By Nelly de Grab; jacket, about $20; skirt, about $23; at Peck & Peck; Frost Bros.; I. Magnin. Lipstick for these reds: Melon Red, by Barbara Gould.

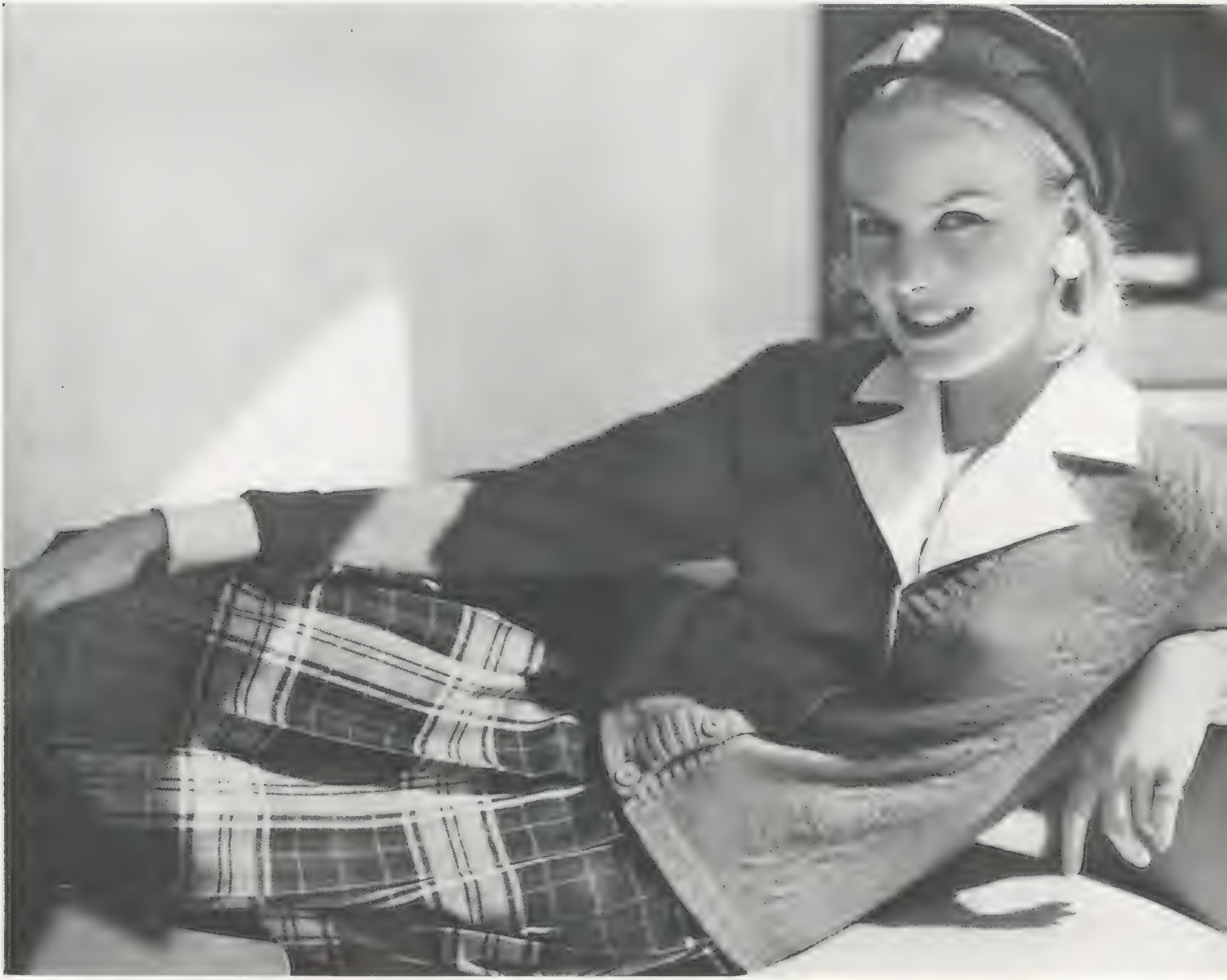
For shops in other cities, see page 70.

Red-letter suits

with a high energy level

Left: Suit of bright red jersey with brass buttons, sailor collar, wrapped skirt—and excitement. Requirements here: youth, a certain slimness. Suit by Duchess Royal, of Jasco worsted jersey, about $70. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Neusteter's; Frederick & Nelson.
Right: Red-and-cheetah suit that's part dress, emerging from a red wrapping of transportation, the BMW Isetta "300"—so small (7½ feet long) that it looks like a comma between other cars. Dress and cheetah-lined jacket, by Junior Sophisticates, of Shetland wool; about $135, at Bonwit Teller; Hutzler's; Neiman-Marcus. Jana handbag, also at Bonwit Teller. Hat by Madcaps. Alexette Bacmo gloves. *For shops in other cities, see page 70.*

BMW
ISETTA
300



The Henry Higgins jacket

The cue is: long and lean; outgoing collar and cuffs

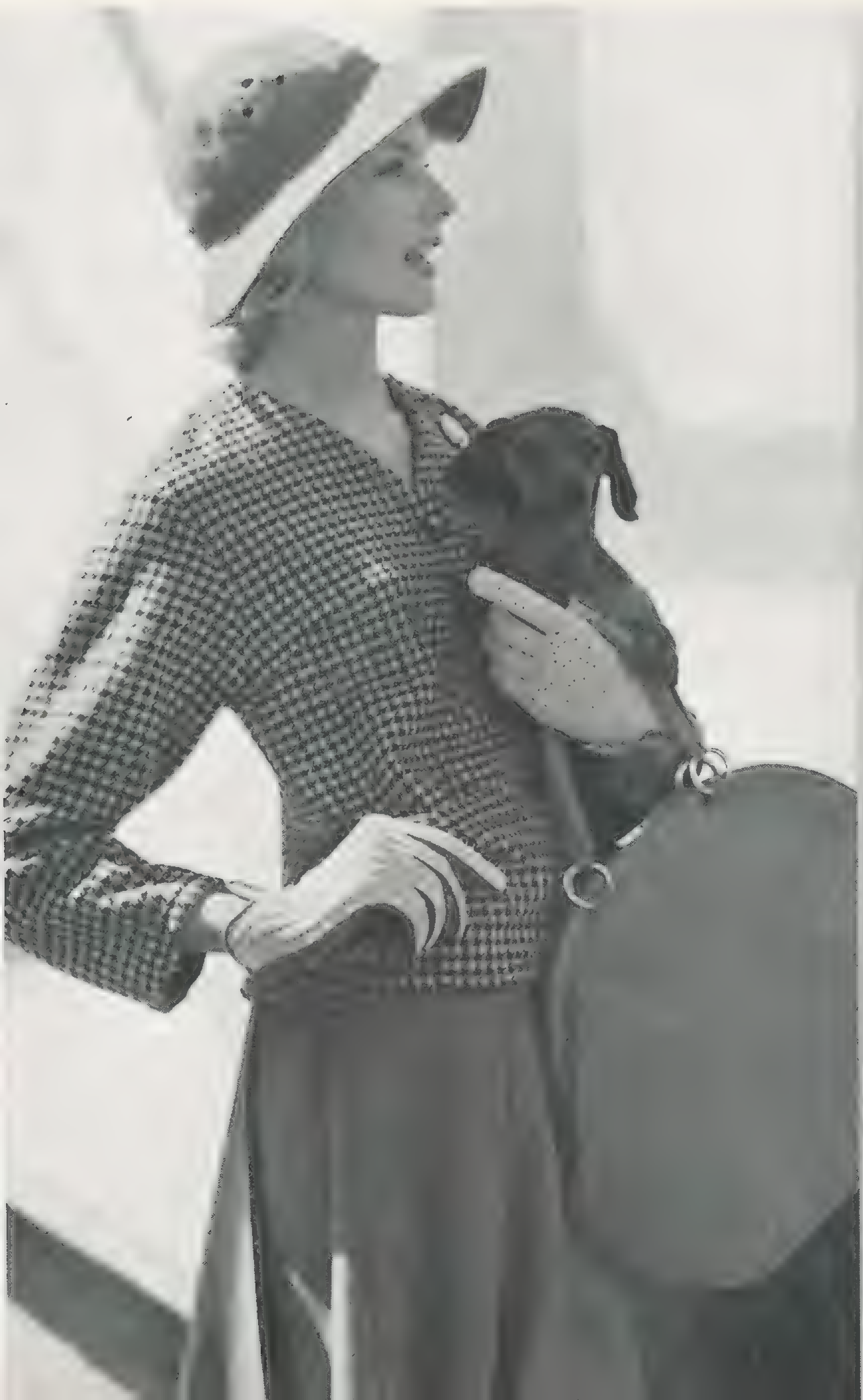
On these and the next two pages, a new young jacket shape with a speaking likeness to the spare, sweatered elegance of Rex Harrison's Professor (*without* the hands in the pockets). Here it's a lean, lengthened cardigan, V-necked, over beautifully turned out shirt collar and cuffs. For tweed and suède versions, turn the page.
Left: Henry Higgins jacket of man-sized Shetland wool over a glowing palette of shirt (latest silk-shirt form: Paisley foulard), a skirt that's a soft fall of pleats. For this look, the city-country applications are qualified by accessories. Cardigan-jacket, shirt, wool-and-fur skirt (Hockanum fabric), all by Greta Plattry. About $25 each. Best's; Hutzler's; I. Magnin.
Accessocraft gilt chain and pin, also at Best's. Indirect hair lighting: Roux's Ash Blonde Creme Colour Rinse.
Above: Red wool cardigan drawn to the new specifications—with visual length added by cable stitch.
This, showing the collar and cuffs of a white shirt; bright news over a green, blue, and white plaid skirt.
Cardigan-jacket, $12. Shirt of Dacron-and-cotton broadcloth, $6. Orlon-and-wool skirt (Milliken fabric), $15.
All, by Majestic at Altman's; Hudson's; Frost Bros. Madcaps back-pivoted red velvet beret, also at Altman's.
For shops in other cities, see page 70.

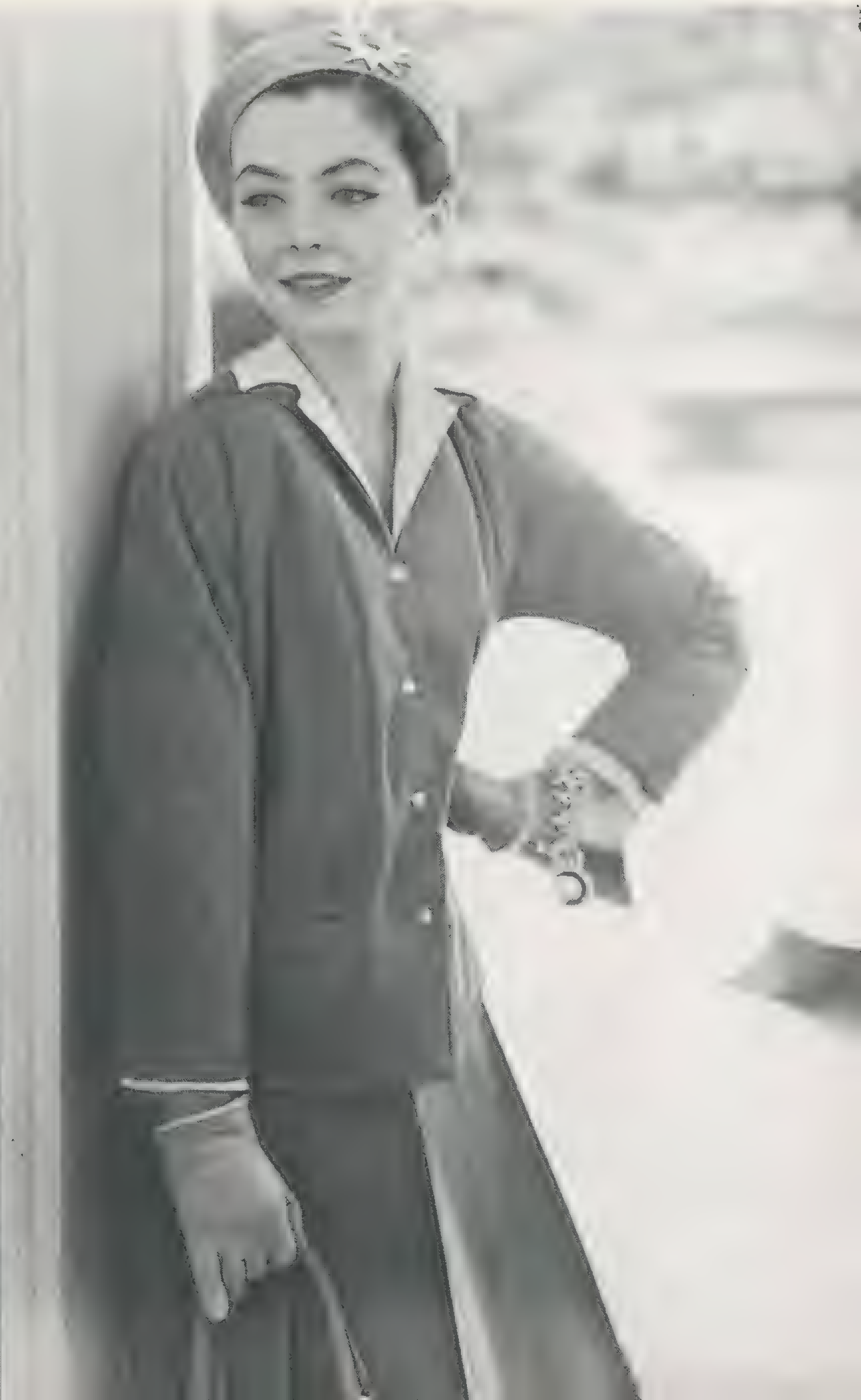
The Henry Higgins jacket:

city-country applications

Left: Natural-coloured mohair cardigan—long, lean, and handsome, with this news added on the way: gilt buttons and a V-neck that turns into a sailor collar. Here it's country or campus coverage over light brown worsted jersey pants tapered to ankle length. Cardigan, about $30. Pants, about $17. By Catalina, at Russeks; J. P. Allen; Bullock's, Los Angeles. Capri bracelet also at Russeks. *Below, left:* Henry Higgins jacket of checked worsted tweed—openly V-necked (it's news now, unadornedly open). The jacket, brown, beige, and black checks, over a brownish-grey skirt of low-slung pleats. Jacket, $19. Skirt, of Stevens wool flannel, $24. Both, by John Weitz in junior sizes. Betmar furry brown hat. All, at Lord & Taylor. Kislav gloves at Best's. *Below, right:* New jacket shape in citified taupe suède—V-necked *and* with a collar, to take another collar or not. The new line is straight and narrow—but with slits at the sides for ease. New young fashion delicacy: honey-coloured shirt of Avisco rayon and acetate faille, buttoned in brass. Jacket by Leathermode (Quilon-processed), $30. Adelaar shirt, $8. Bonwit Teller; Stix, Baer & Fuller. Madcaps grey knitted beret (we've added the pin), also at Bonwit Teller. *For shops in other cities, see page 70.*

HORST





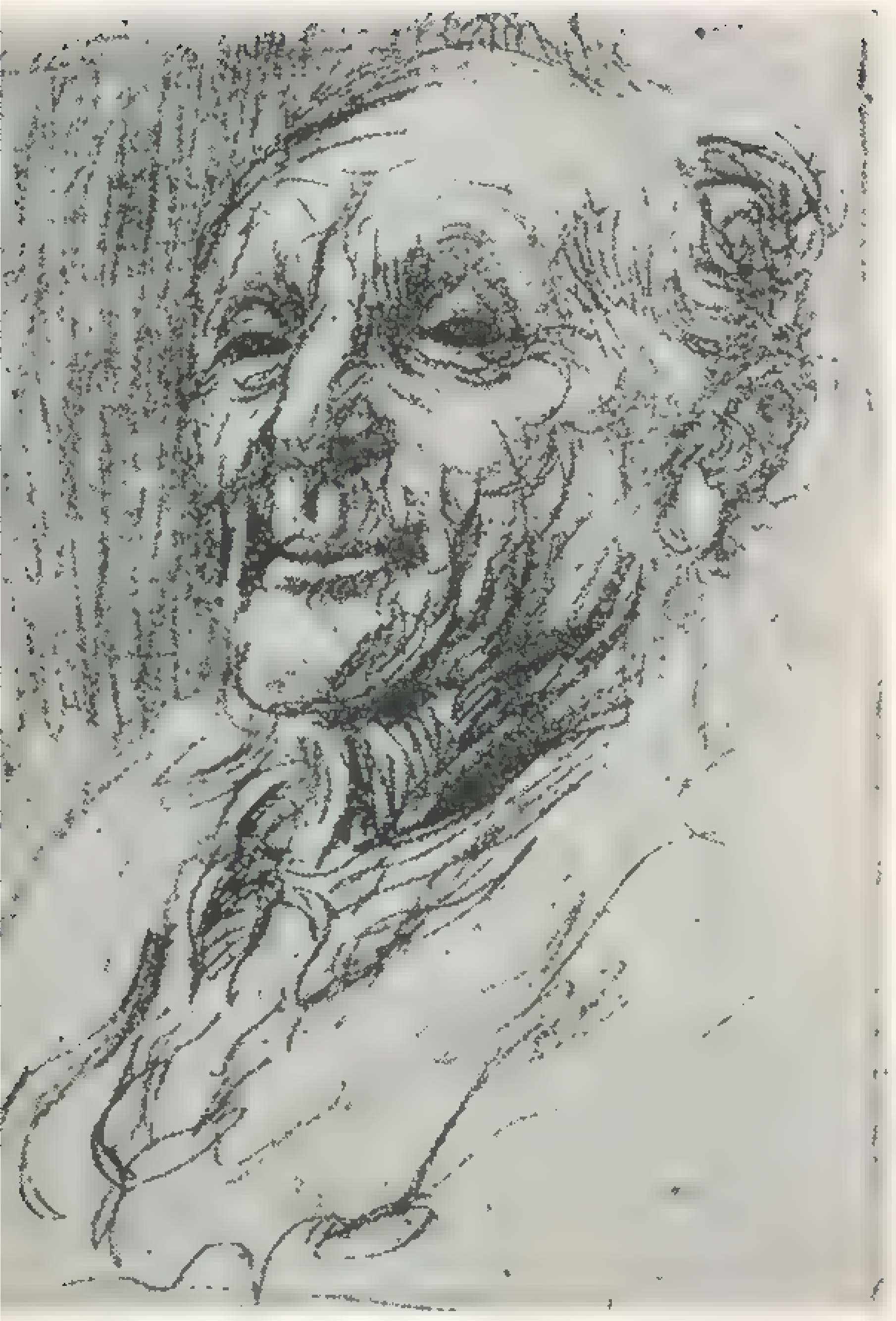
Upper register:

rampageous plaid, matched herringbone

Left: Put-over that could be like several extra jackets to a country wardrobe—fleecy blanket-plaid in grey, purple, and red, to top its own sweater collection. Here, it's worn with grey wool flannel slacks; it could change to a pleated skirt of the same. Put-over, about $25. Slacks of Stevens fabric, about $20. By Haymaker. Bergdorf Goodman; Wanamaker's, Phila.; Dayton's. Cashmere gloves by Hansen: Bonwit Teller. *Right:* Herringbone-printed sweater, handscreened and precisely matched to its herringbone tweed skirt. This, to wear over or under, but always *with*, the skirt. Orlon sweater, $17. Wool tweed skirt, $17. By Alex Colman. At Lord & Taylor; Halle Bros.; Marshall Field. Wear-Right gloves: Lord & Taylor. Sally V hat: Best's. *For shops in other cities, see page 70.*

HORST

Joyce Cary's LAST LOOK AT



EDITOR'S NOTE: *This evaluation of the times that spanned his life is the only one that Joyce Cary ever wrote. He wrote it after he knew that he was dying of progressive paralysis at his small gardened house in sight of Oxford University. Cary's quiet belief in man's fundamental resilience, reflecting a sense of realism crossed with wit, was a major thread not only in his two great trilogies, but in his own life. This is the sixth piece we have had the privilege of publishing from this distinguished and discerning writer. The exquisite Topolski drawing is reproduced from* Topolski's Chronicle.

We live by our ideas to realize our feelings. The fakir on his bed of nails is as happy as the Texan oilman in his Rolls; possibly much happier. His idea of life is more profound, and more satisfying. But they would not change places. Each looks upon the other with condescension, even some contempt. They serve different ideas of life and they haven't the least notion of what the other's idea means, what it feels like to live by it.

This age derides the idea of service; the word servant is a term of abuse. The old estate carpenter, in Vita Sackville-West's *The Edwardians,* brooding over his store of seasoned timber, is regarded simply as a fossil, or more often as the victim of an idea inculcated to make him the useful tool of a class society.

This, of course, is period nonsense. Subordination is necessary to every organized society; we are all subordinates, from the Queen, who accepts her vocation in duty, to the road sweeper; and that subordination can find quality, and therefore dignity, only in the idea of service. As for the notion that service belongs to a class society, it is the essential ideal of the Communist party, which took so much else from the Victorians, and from the old Russian Church.

Service as an idea was far stronger and deeper fifty years ago than anyone today can realize. In Ireland when I was growing up, our social framework was old-fashioned. Our servants were illiterate and would now be thought of as the humblest of their kind, pitiable in their inferiority. But this would be the stupidest kind of misconception. In fact, they had the strongest feeling of their worth and one completely justified by their sense of service; and with it went a personal dignity that often does not belong nowadays even to high office in the state.

When I was a boy I delighted most to be out with a certain Barney Magonagel, groom and dogman to my uncle, Tristram Cary, late of Ballybrack. Barney was illiterate and he had no idea of himself except as a servant to my uncle. He spent his whole life, from the age of twelve, in my uncle's household. But to be with Barney was to realize a new sense of dignity in man and in his work. This sense of function in society, of the essential dignity of work well done, ran through the whole of the social organism as I knew it. The relation between Barney and my uncle, and myself, too, was a double one, of duty and respect. He was, in the old Roman sense, a member of the family. This meant that he felt a strong sense of proprietorship in the family. He was quite as deeply concerned as we were in the loss of my uncle's Irish property. I've heard him exclaim with indignation that my uncle's overcoat was not fit for him to be seen in. And it was a personal indignation; Barney felt that my uncle was letting him down, as well as the family, by going out in such an overcoat.

This is a hierarchic relation, where master and servant both know their place in a social unity, which both, if more or less unconsciously, accept as a necessary situation. Such a relation, at the beginning of this century, was common even in factories, especially those small workshops and mills still the commonest type in Britain. Workers felt a personal allegiance to their firms.

I remember, not long ago, an old railwayman saying to me, quite innocently, "That was *my* railway, the Great Western." He was telling me about the fate of the broad gauge, with pride and grief. It had made *his* railway the finest in the world. To the modern economist or social historian this old man's talk of "my railway" would seem pathetic, another

HIS WORLDS

One of the last articles written by the great Anglo-Irish writer who died on March 29, 1957

piece of period nonsense. But it was not so. It expressed a truth of the man's actual existence, of the way he felt about his work, and his life. And this is a fundamental value. By such values we live. The old porter, like Barney, had the unbreakable dignity of vocation, of conscious and loyal service; the dignity of kings. This quality, almost ignored by historians, was probably the most important element in the climate of that time. It profoundly affected all relations of master and man, it made sense of rank.

The hierarchic society was dying and had to die, but it was not stupid, it was simply a form of the social organization necessary and inevitable in all states. It has been replaced by the cruder relation of the boss and the worker; of a battle for power controlled only by fear. Their mutual interests are the same, but that real community of interest is not expressed in the actual relation.

For us the sense of social duty went deep, yet we hardly noticed it. It explained, for instance, the position of women. To woman was allotted a special function in society, as daughter, sister, wife, mother, and this function, like that of a priesthood, carried its own obligation and its own sacrifice. Nowadays women are horrified at what they call the Victorian subjection of their sex. It didn't feel like subjection then. Then, as now, the majority of women married and the Victorian matron had formidable power in the home. She did not feel subjection, but duty, obligation to her task as a woman. And that was also a sacred vocation and a privilege.

It was this sense of vocation, of privilege, that made so many women fight against the suffrage. I remember the gloomy prognostications of wise men that the emancipation of women would destroy that sense of vocation and bring down civilization itself. They were ludicrously wrong. Women nowadays emphasize their sex as never before. The modern mother is even too nervously concerned for her children. Human nature, the character of the sex, has proved much too strong for politics. Women are probably not happier. They are burdened by new problems of choice and responsibility, new conflicts. But no modern girl could endure the old life again; it is not happiness that matters to her, but power, freedom to act, richness of life. And that new richness is all our richness. The gain to general society is immense.

It is the feel, the atmosphere, of a time which is forgotten, and yet it is the breath of history. You find it in novels, but not unless you are sensitive to fine shades of assumption. Wells and Galsworthy, so unlike in every other way, have the same assumption that good sense will cure all evils. They were fundamentally rationalist and so, I think, they were period novelists.

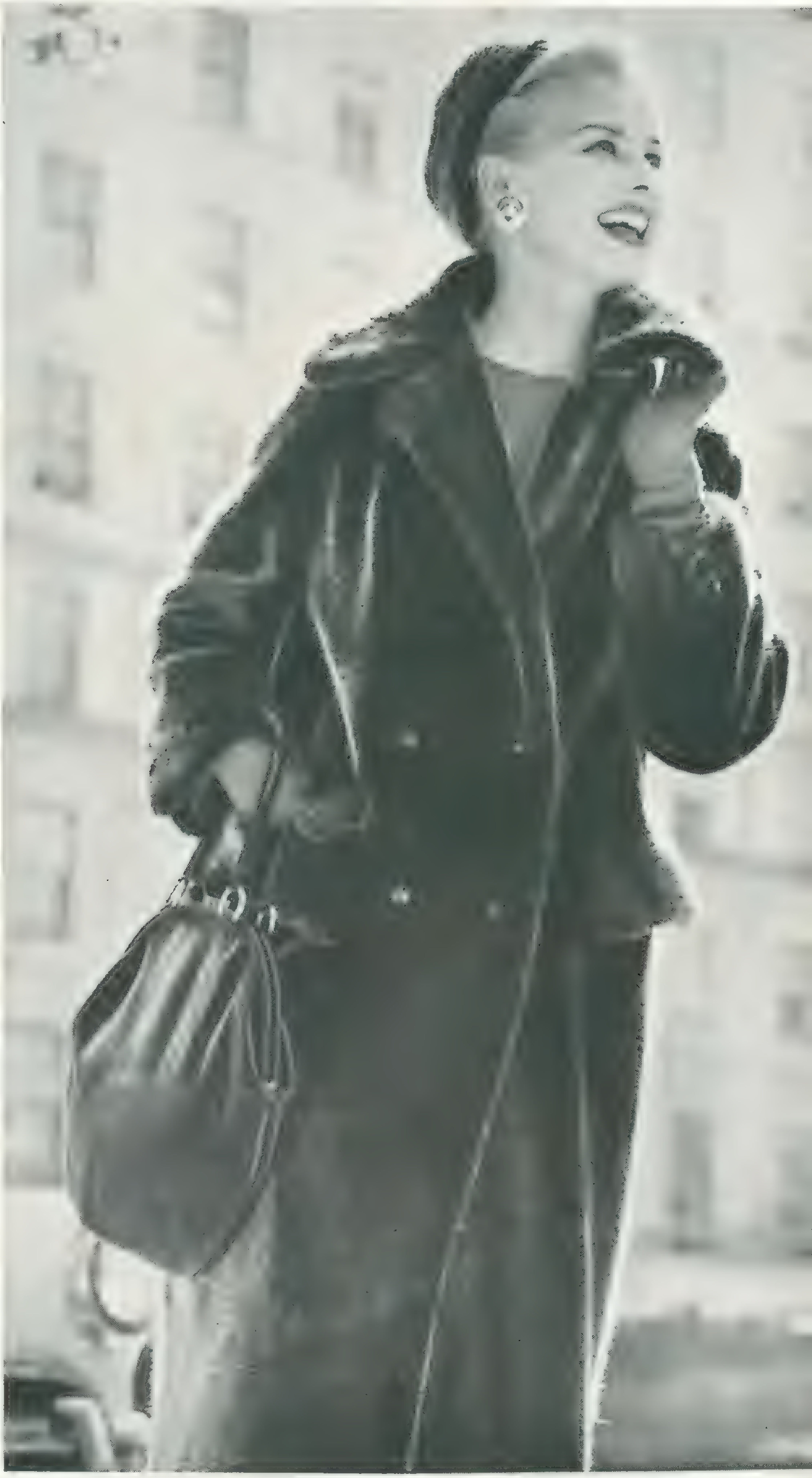
Hardy, Conrad, and James, with their deeper sense of fate, of the evil will, are greater than their time. They belong to it, of course, but they stand out of it. The period is there, but you won't notice it unless you look for it. It is not in the air, it is in the details, in the dialogue, in the characters. But, with Wells and Galsworthy, deeply immersed in their period, it is a climate that they accept as the natural state of things. And this is their special value as novelists—that they give us the feel of a time with the sincerity only possible to those who do not examine their own premises.

It is in this unconscious rationalism, I suggest, that you find a reason for that extraordinary calmness with which we faced a war that was actually the end of our liberal civilization. We assumed that the liberal world had the experience and the intelligence to cope with it. After all, it had taken the Crimea, the Italian War of 1859, the wars of 1861, 1870, in its stride. They were all quickly over, they were all localized, and they left no permanent scars. We imagined in 1914 that a new European war would be no worse—even the Germans expected it to be short as well as profitable.

But you won't find this argument stated anywhere in the press of the time, nor even, I think, in the novels. It was an assumption and assumptions do not get into print, they are deep in the subconscious. They are assimilated by children from their general experience, not only talk and reading, but the behaviour of all about them. The defeatism of the twenties, especially among the young liberals, was typical of neurotic frustration—their fundamental subconscious assumption about the nature of the world had suddenly proved delusive.

Personally, I escaped that collapse of faith. As an Anglo-Irishman I had lived from childhood in the climate of agrarian war, the most cruel and unjust of wars. For it ruins just those landowners who have tried to do their duty, the residents who have put their money into their native land. I knew something about violence and nationalist passion. But also I had seen, as I thought, the Irish land war concluded by a reasonable settlement. Home Rule was in sight. Why shouldn't I believe that liberal good sense *(Continued on page 150)*

New overcoating furred or furry



The two coats here: mobile examples of a new young dash in overcoating. They purr along beautifully, day or night. *Left:* Plaid with startling dimensions that's not content to leave the news at that—an opossum collar is added, in depth. (Semi-precious fur on coats is taking the unlikeliest coats out in the evening—this one, for instance, with a black sheath, white gloves, semi-precious earrings.) Donald Brooks coat, of brown-grey-white wool, in junior sizes. $160. John Frederics Charmer cloche. Both: Lord & Taylor. Valentine shoes. *Right:* Furry coat like a polo coat—in fact, we call it solo coat; it could be the one and only coat of a young wardrobe. Very clipped, very glossy—a new "raccoon" coat without rah-rah. By Lumay of frosted black Dynel (Princeton fabric), lined in red wool jersey. $135. This, the bag: Lord & Taylor. Coat, also Julius Garfinckel; Bramson's. Sally V hat. *For shops in other cities, see page 70.*

KAZAN

New overcoating:

solo coats, a solo suit

Left: Solo coat (one-per-wardrobe is a coat wardrobe) with a rangy cut not *too* rangy for a city. By Lassie Maid; grey British woollen lined in red Orlon fleece. $50. Altman's; Wanamaker's, Phila.; Hudson's. Roger Van S handbag-hood: Altman's. *Directly right:* Coat of natural-colour heavy cotton twill—to solo in those parts of the country where the temperature doesn't nose-dive. By Main Street; Zelan-processed twill. $35. This, Madcaps hood: Bonwit Teller; Montaldo's. *Far right:* Solo suit, two-part overcoat—it depends on how you look at it. And if you look at the red wool tweed freshly—you can see it as a solo coat: no colour or plaid is too outrageous to wear with it. By Finger & Rabiner. $85. Lord & Taylor; Joseph Horne. Lynx Ingber bag: Lord & Taylor. *For shops in other cities, please see page 70.*

KAZAN

CAT

The Long-cat

BY COLETTE

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Colette, the great French writer, died in August, 1954, at the end of a decade which brought her a gratifying procession of distinctions, among them the Legion of Honour's insigne of Grand Officer, the highest rank ever attained by a woman. In 1945, she became the first woman ever elected to the Académie Goncourt, and in 1949, she became its president. In his admiring and affectionate biography,* Close to Colette, *her husband, Maurice Goudeket, commented with a measure of awe, "What is normally referred to as 'love of animals' has certainly nothing in common with the veritable connivance that existed between them and Colette." For her readers, the miracle lies in the surprise of the animal stories, the quick pleasure of finding there Colette's abundant style, her feeling for creating touch and smell as well as a richness of imagery. In animals she accepted sin and savagery with tolerance, condemning only hypocrisy and bad motives. "The Long-cat," one of a collection of stories, is from* Creatures Great and Small, *to be published here in October by Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. "The Long-cat" is the second Colette that Vogue has published.*

A short-haired black cat always looks longer than any other cat. But this particular one, Babou, nicknamed the Long-cat, really did measure, stretched right out flat, well over a yard and a quarter. If you did not arrange him properly, he was not much more than a yard. I used to measure him sometimes.

"He's stopped growing longer," I said one day to my mother, Sido. "Isn't it a pity?"

"Why a pity? He's too long as it is. I can't understand why you want everything to grow bigger. It's bad to grow too much, very bad indeed!"

It's true that it always worried her when she thought that children were growing too fast, and she had good cause to be anxious about my elder half-brother, who went on growing until he was twenty-four.

"But I'd love to grow a bit taller."

"D'you mean you'd like to be like that Brisedoux girl, five-foot-seven tall at twelve years old? A midget can always make herself liked. But what can you do with a gigantic beauty? Who would want to marry her?"

"Couldn't Babou get married, then?"

"Oh, a cat's a cat. Babou's only too long when he really wants to be. Are we even sure he's black? He's probably white in snowy weather, dark blue at night, and red when he goes to steal strawberries. He's very light when he lies on your knees, and very heavy when I carry him into the kitchen in the evenings to prevent him from sleeping on my bed. I think he's too much of a vegetarian to be a real cat."

For the Long-cat really did steal strawberries, picking out the ripest of the variety called Docteur-Morère which are so sweet, and of the white Hautboys which taste faintly of ants. According to the season he would also go for the tender tips of the asparagus, and when it came to melons his choice was not so much for cantaloupes as for the kind called Noir-des-Carmes whose rind, marbled light and dark like the skin of a salamander, he knew how to rip open. In all this he was not at all exceptional. I once had a she-cat who used to crunch rings of raw onion, provided they were the sweet onions of the South. There are cats who set great store by oysters, snails, and clams.

When the Long-cat went off to poach strawberries from our next-door neighbour, Monsieur Pomié, he went by way of the wall, which was covered with such dense ivy that the cats could walk along under cover, their presence revealed only by the quivering of the leaves, the mist of yellow pollen, and the golden cloud of bees.

He loved this leafy tunnel but, do what he would, he had to come out of it at the end since Madame Pomié kept the top of the wall bare where it overlooked her garden. Once out in the open, he adopted a very offhand manner, especially if he met Madame de Saint-Aubin's beautiful cat, who was black, with a white face and belly. I found this wall a good place to study tomcats, not so much their habits as their ceremonial procedure, governed by a kind of choreography. Unlike the females, they are more noisy than warlike and they try to gain time by palavers. Hence all the snarling preambles. Not that they do not know how to fight cruelly once they come to grips; but as a rule they are far removed from the silent and furious grapplings of the females. The she-cat we had at the same time as the Long-cat literally flew into battle if a female ventured into her haunts. Barely touching the ground, she would pounce on the enemy, even if it were her own offspring. She fought as a bird does, going for her adversary's head. I never saw her chastise a male, except for a few cuffs, for as soon *(Continued on page 152)*

DOG

Dogs that have known me

BY JEAN KERR

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Jean Kerr's unsinkable prose rides, like Robert Benchley's, mainly on a gift for making herself the bewildered, put-upon target of life in all its more pulverizing aspects—children, car keys, household maintenance, and in this case, dogs. With her husband, Walter Kerr, firm-treading drama critic for the New York* Herald Tribune, *she has written the book for* Goldilocks, *a musical comedy to be produced this season, with music by Leroy Anderson. This article and three of her previous pieces for Vogue will appear in Mrs. Kerr's new book,* Please Don't Pick the Daisies, *to be published in the autumn; its title came from the second article, which appeared July 1, 1954. "Dogs That Have Known Me," however, has the extra virtue of illuminating a previously inscrutable sentence in the notes of a Vogue editor who once interviewed her: "The Kerrs have a dog named Kelly who is medium size, off-white, shaggy, and barks continuously."*

I never meant to say anything about this, but the fact is that I have never met a dog that didn't have it in for me. You take Kelly, for instance. He's a wire-haired fox terrier and he's had us for three years now. Actually, he is a very well-bred dog. I'm speaking here of lineage, not deportment, which in his case is beneath discussion.

Kelly was sired by Bombardier, the son of a bitch, Springtime. That's a fact I often make reference to. I recall one morning when he chewed the case off the pencil sharpener and swallowed one nylon glove, and I said, "Oh, that little son of a bitch Springtime," or something like that. It was meant in the spirit of fun, but Kelly overheard me, and, while we have patched things up all right, it's never been quite the same.

Ever since, he's been eating things I know he doesn't even like—just to get even. I don't mean things like socks and mittens and paper napkins, which of course are delicious. Lately, he's been eating plastic airplanes, suède brushes, and light bulbs. Well, if he wants to sit under the piano and make low and loving growls over a suède brush just to show me, okay. But frankly I think he's lowering himself.

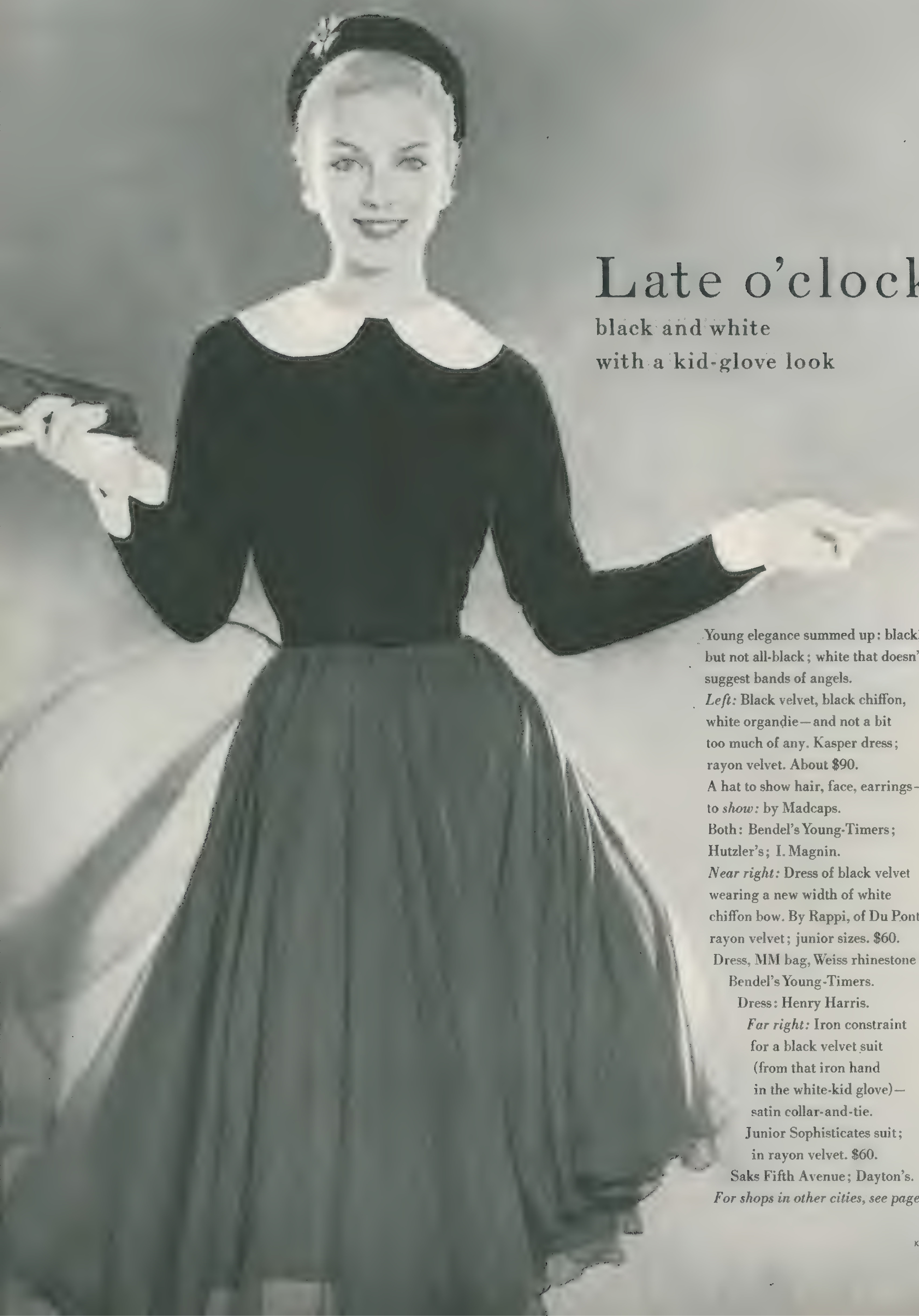
Time and again I have pointed out to Kelly that with discriminating dogs, dogs who are looking for a finer, lighter chew, it's bedroom slippers two to one. I have even dropped old, dilapidated bedroom slippers here and there behind the furniture, hoping to tempt him. But the fact is, that dog wouldn't touch a bedroom slipper if he was starving.

Although we knew that as a gourmet he was a washout, we did keep saying one thing about Kelly. We kept saying, "He's a good little old watchdog." Heaven knows why we thought so, except that he barks at the drop of a soufflé. In fact, when he's in the basement a stiff toothbrush on the third floor is enough to set him off into a concerto of deep, murderous growls followed by loud hysterical yappings. I used to take real pleasure in imagining the chagrin of some poor intruder who'd bring that cacophony upon himself. Last month we had an intruder. He got in the porch window and took twenty-two dollars and my wrist watch while Kelly, that good little old watchdog, was as silent as a cathedral.

The first dog I remember well was a large black and white mutt that was part German shepherd, part English sheep dog, and part collie—the wrong part in each case. With what strikes me now as unforgivable whimsy, we called him Ladadog from the title by Albert Payson Terhune. He was a splendid dog in many respects but, in the last analysis, I'm afraid he was a bit of a snob. He used to pretend that he was just crazy about us. I mean, if you left the room to comb your hair, he would greet you on your return with passionate lickings, pawings, and convulsive tail-waggings. And a longer separation—let's say you had to go out on the front porch to pick up the mail—would set Ladadog off into such a demonstration of rapture that we used to worry for his heart.

However, all this mawkish, slobbering sentiment disappeared the moment he stepped over the threshold. I remember we kids used to spot him on our way home from school, chasing around the Parkers' lawn with a cocker friend of his, and we'd rush over to him with happy squeals of "Laddy, ole boy, ole boy, ole boy," and Ladadog would just stand there looking slightly pained and distinctly cool. It wasn't that he cut us dead. He nodded, but it was with the remote air of a celebrity at a cocktail party saying, "Of *course* I remember you, and how's Ed?"

We finally arrived at an elaborate explanation for the whole thing. We decided that Ladadog didn't see very well, that he could only recognize us by smell, and that he couldn't smell very well in the open air. However, one day my mother met Ladadog in front of the A & P. *(Continued on page 147)*



Late o'clock

black and white with a kid-glove look

Young elegance summed up: black, but not all-black; white that doesn't suggest bands of angels.

Left: Black velvet, black chiffon, white organdie—and not a bit too much of any. Kasper dress; rayon velvet. About $90. A hat to show hair, face, earrings—to *show:* by Madcaps. Both: Bendel's Young-Timers; Hutzler's; I. Magnin.

Near right: Dress of black velvet wearing a new width of white chiffon bow. By Rappi, of Du Pont rayon velvet; junior sizes. $60. Dress, MM bag, Weiss rhinestone pin: Bendel's Young-Timers. Dress: Henry Harris.

Far right: Iron constraint for a black velvet suit (from that iron hand in the white-kid glove)—satin collar-and-tie. Junior Sophisticates suit; in rayon velvet. $60. Saks Fifth Avenue; Dayton's.

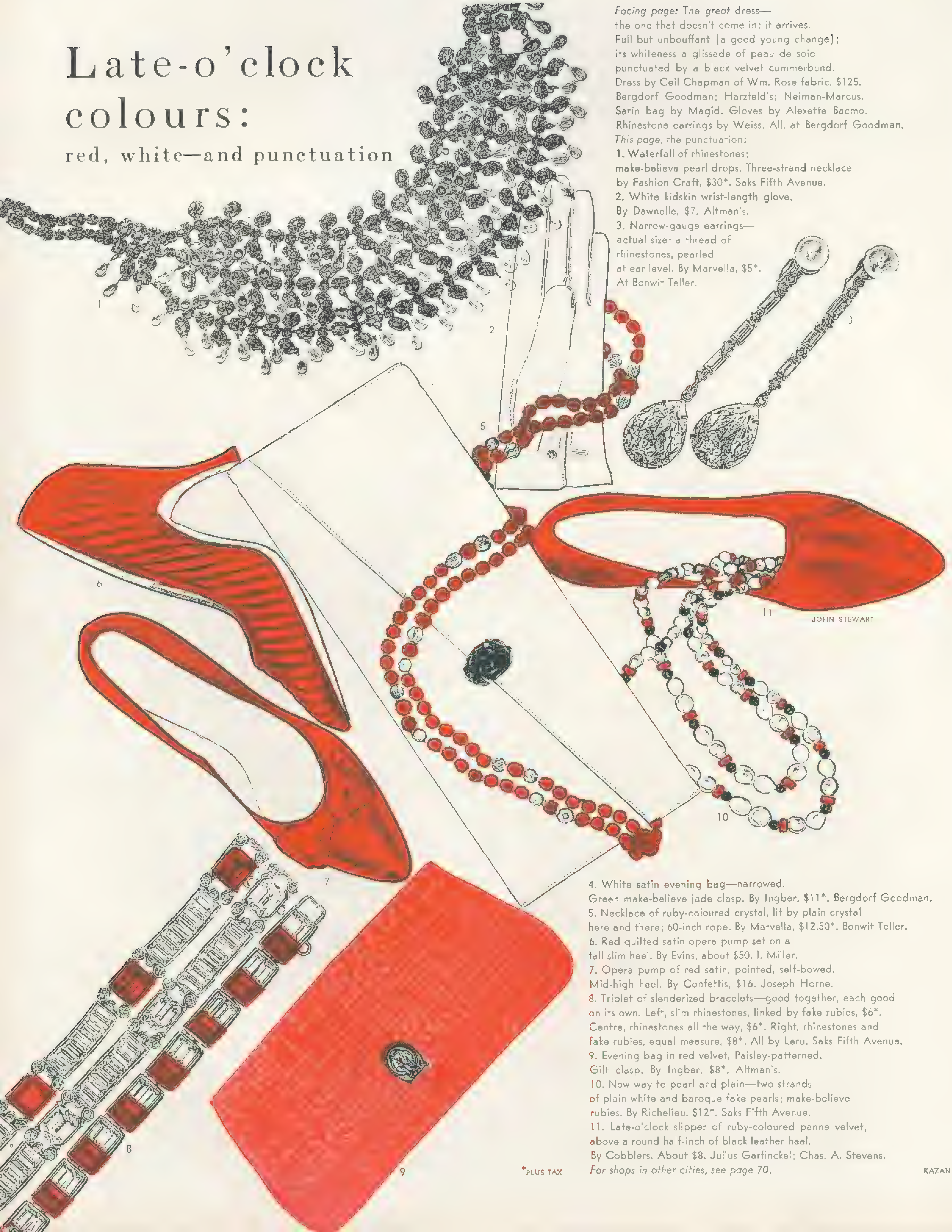
For shops in other cities, see page 70.

KAZAN

Late-o'clock colours:

red, white—and punctuation

Facing page: The *great* dress—
the one that doesn't come in; it arrives.
Full but unbouffant (a good young change);
its whiteness a glissade of peau de soie
punctuated by a black velvet cummerbund.
Dress by Ceil Chapman of Wm. Rose fabric, $125.
Bergdorf Goodman; Harzfeld's; Neiman-Marcus.
Satin bag by Magid. Gloves by Alexette Bacmo.
Rhinestone earrings by Weiss. All, at Bergdorf Goodman.
This page, the punctuation:
1. Waterfall of rhinestones;
make-believe pearl drops. Three-strand necklace
by Fashion Craft, $30*. Saks Fifth Avenue.
2. White kidskin wrist-length glove.
By Dawnelle, $7. Altman's.
3. Narrow-gauge earrings—
actual size; a thread of
rhinestones, pearled
at ear level. By Marvella, $5*.
At Bonwit Teller.



JOHN STEWART

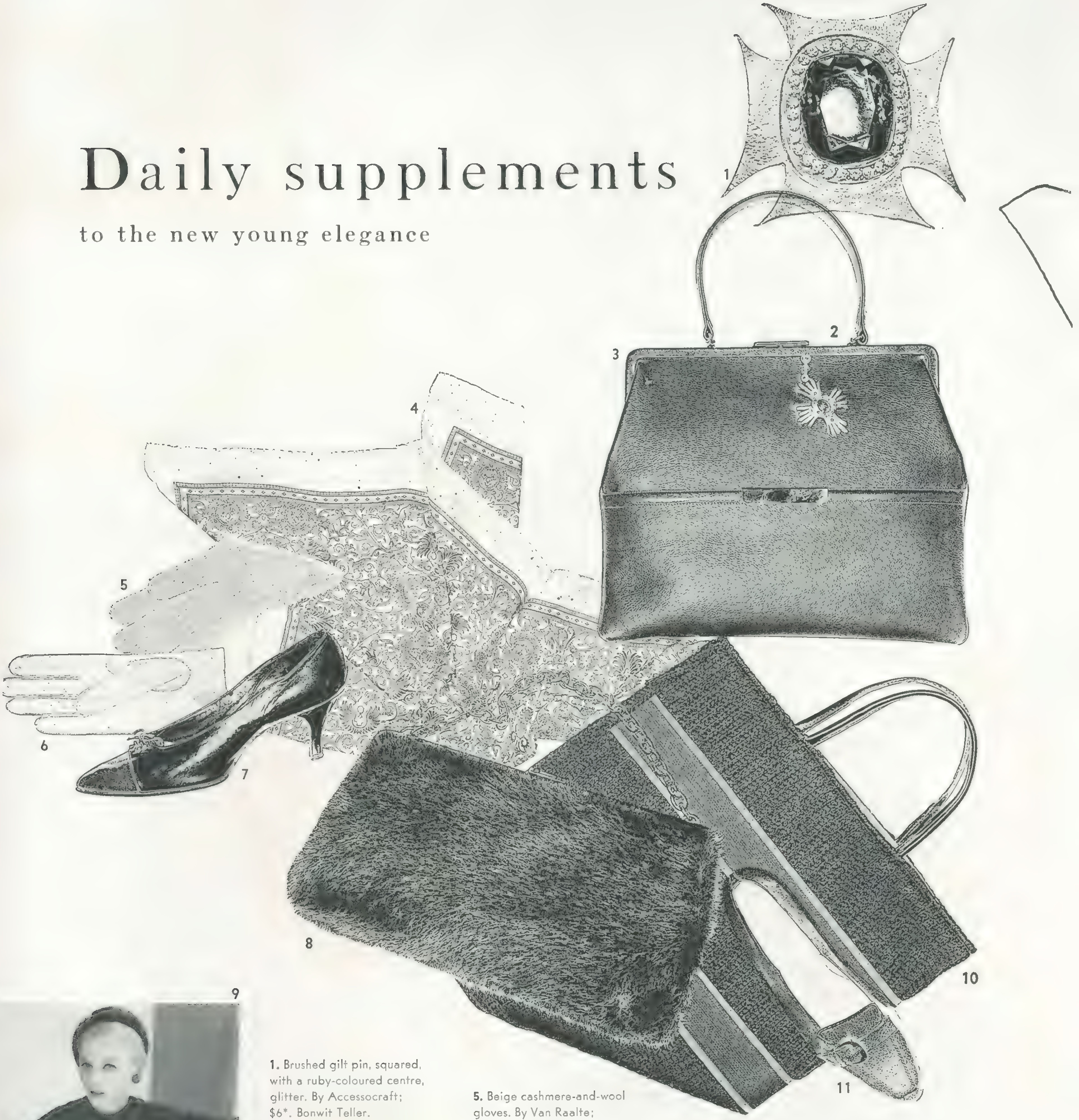
4. White satin evening bag—narrowed.
Green make-believe jade clasp. By Ingber, $11*. Bergdorf Goodman.
5. Necklace of ruby-coloured crystal, lit by plain crystal
here and there; 60-inch rope. By Marvella, $12.50*. Bonwit Teller.
6. Red quilted satin opera pump set on a
tall slim heel. By Evins, about $50. I. Miller.
7. Opera pump of red satin, pointed, self-bowed.
Mid-high heel. By Confettis, $16. Joseph Horne.
8. Triplet of slenderized bracelets—good together, each good
on its own. Left, slim rhinestones, linked by fake rubies, $6*.
Centre, rhinestones all the way, $6*. Right, rhinestones and
fake rubies, equal measure, $8*. All by Leru. Saks Fifth Avenue.
9. Evening bag in red velvet, Paisley-patterned.
Gilt clasp. By Ingber, $8*. Altman's.
10. New way to pearl and plain—two strands
of plain white and baroque fake pearls; make-believe
rubies. By Richelieu, $12*. Saks Fifth Avenue.
11. Late-o'clock slipper of ruby-coloured panne velvet,
above a round half-inch of black leather heel.
By Cobblers. About $8. Julius Garfinckel; Chas. A. Stevens.
For shops in other cities, see page 70.

*PLUS TAX

KAZAN

Daily supplements

to the new young elegance

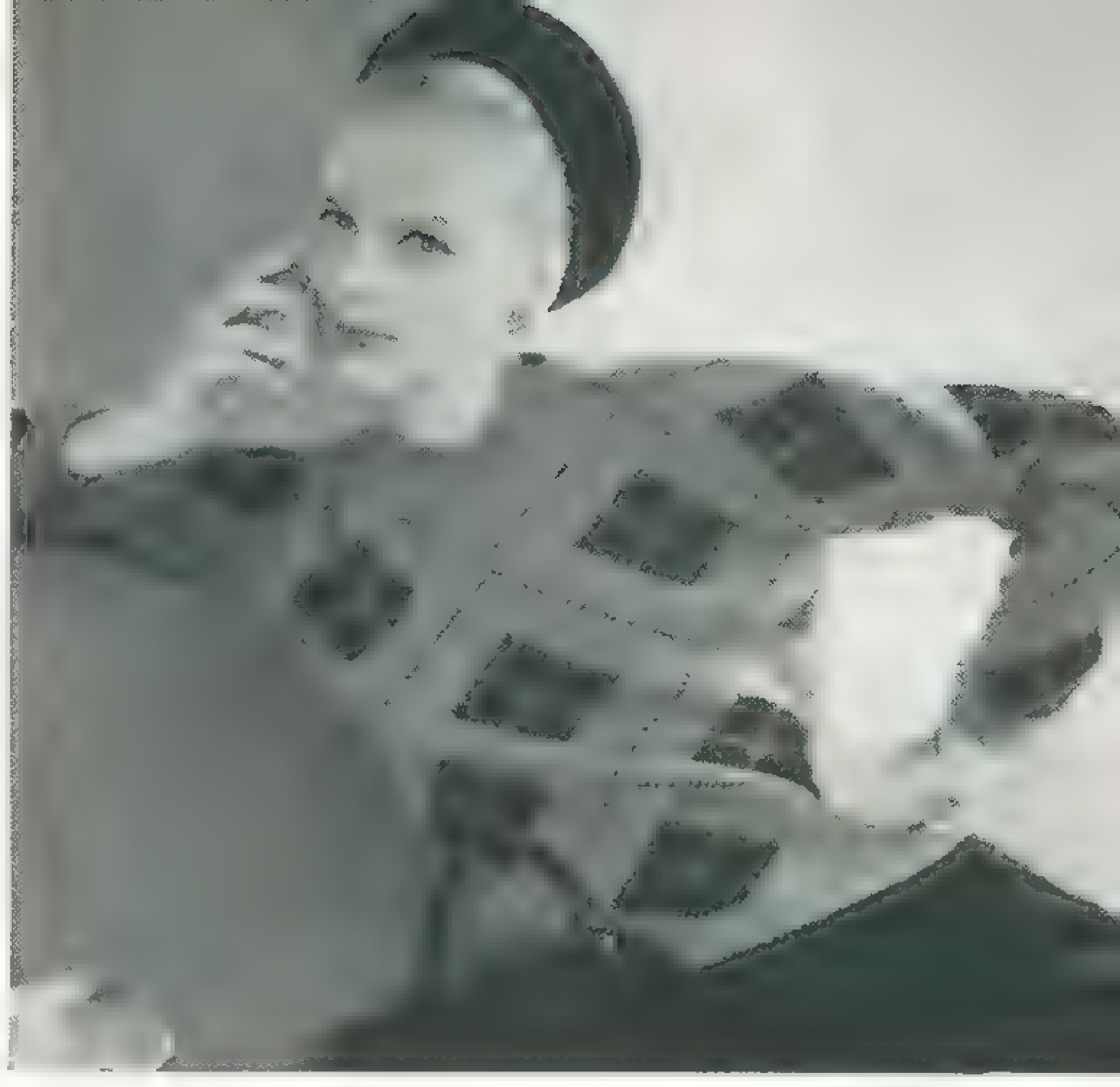


1. Brushed gilt pin, squared, with a ruby-coloured centre, glitter. By Accessocraft; $6*. Bonwit Teller.
2. Pendant pin—gilt and a fake ruby. By Castlecliff; $6*. Bonwit Teller.
3. Sized up, slimmed down bag. By Jana, of grainy brown calfskin, with an outside pocket; $15*. Best's.
4. Ivory and green Paisley square of Italian silk. By Echo; $4. Saks Fifth Avenue.
5. Beige cashmere-and-wool gloves. By Van Raalte; $2. Bloomingdale's.
6. Cork-coloured pigskin gloves. By Superb; $7. Lord & Taylor.
7. Oxford of black kidskin, laced over a red toe. By Capezio; $17. Lord & Taylor.
8. Furry grey Dynel bag, gilt-chained (fabric by Princeton). By MM; $25*. Saks Fifth Avenue.
9. Wool dress in a purple, blue and olive-green Siamese wool plaid. By Arkay; junior sizes. $45. Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman.
10. Packable bag that packs a lot of news: knitted black wool, red stripes. By Roger Van S; $15*. Altman's.
11. City moccasin, flat-heeled. Grainy beige calfskin. By Fredelle; about $19. Macy's.

*PLUS TAX

FOR SHOPS IN OTHER CITIES, SEE PAGE 70.

12. Argyle wool sweater—black, tobacco, red—worn over a skirt of pleated black Heller worsted jersey. By Glen of Michigan; put-over, $23; skirt, $25. Lord & Taylor.
13. Huge, hugely dotted white and brown cotton scarf. By Burmel; $1. Bonwit Teller.
14. Black felt bag with a red handle, red frame. By Ingber; $15*. Best's.
15. Opera pump of black Calcutta lizard. By Mademoiselle; $23. At Lord & Taylor.
16. Red lizard opera pump, with flat black heel and buckle. By Evins; $60. To order. I. Miller.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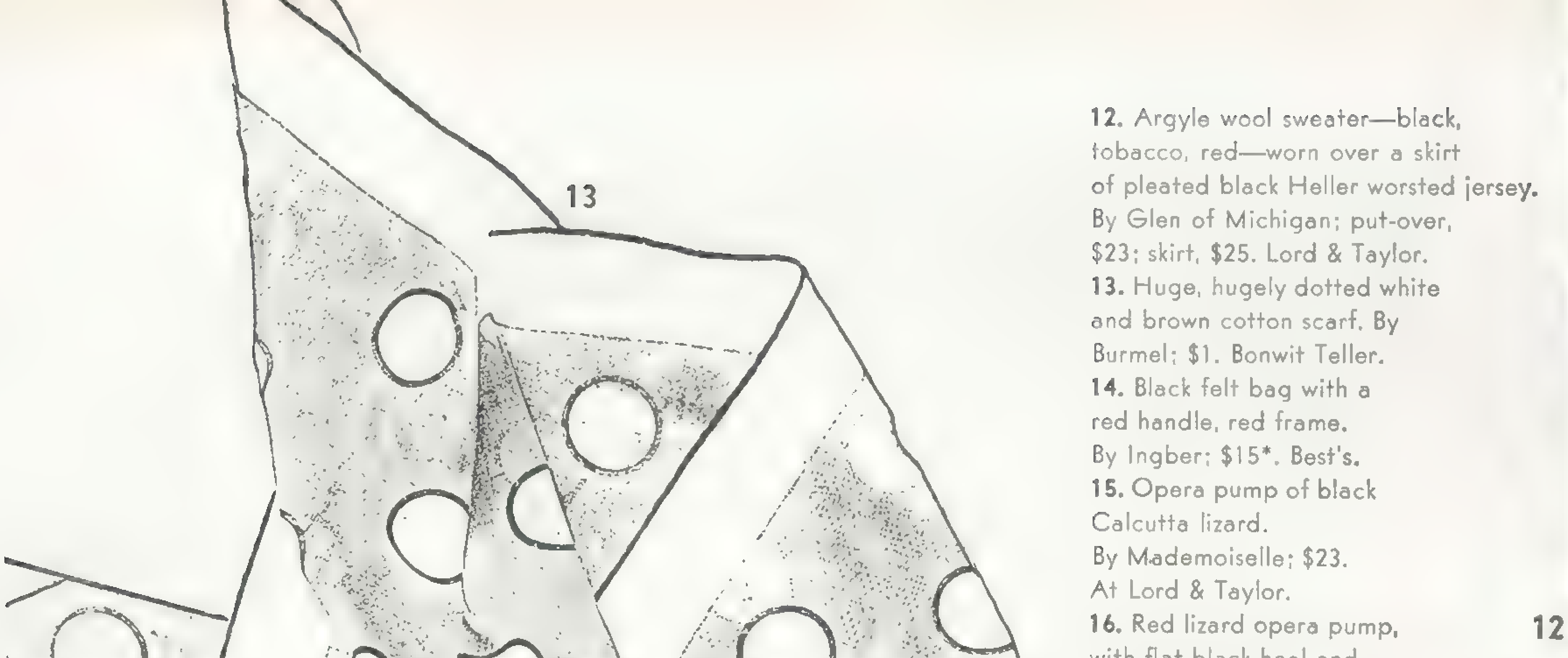
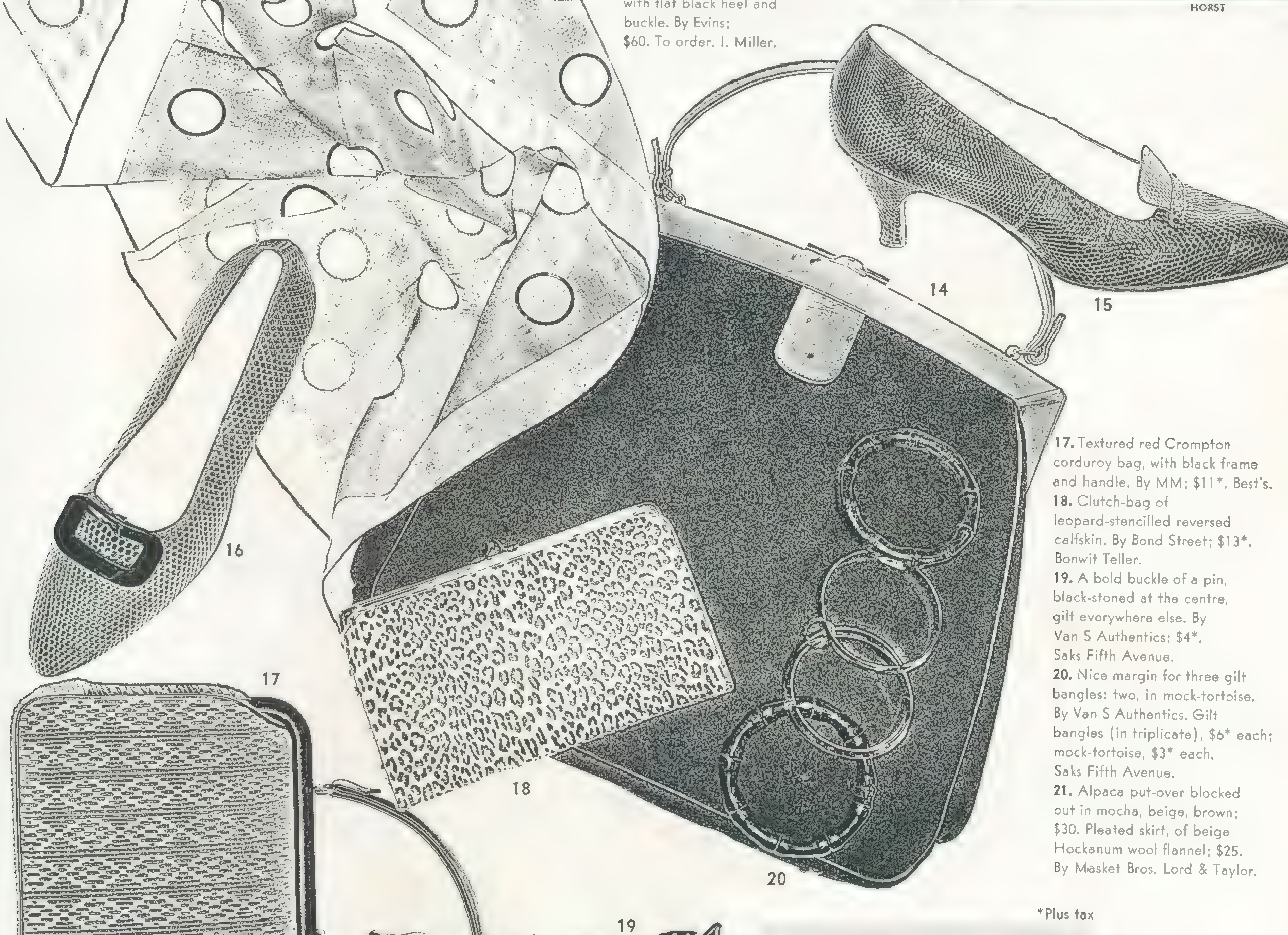
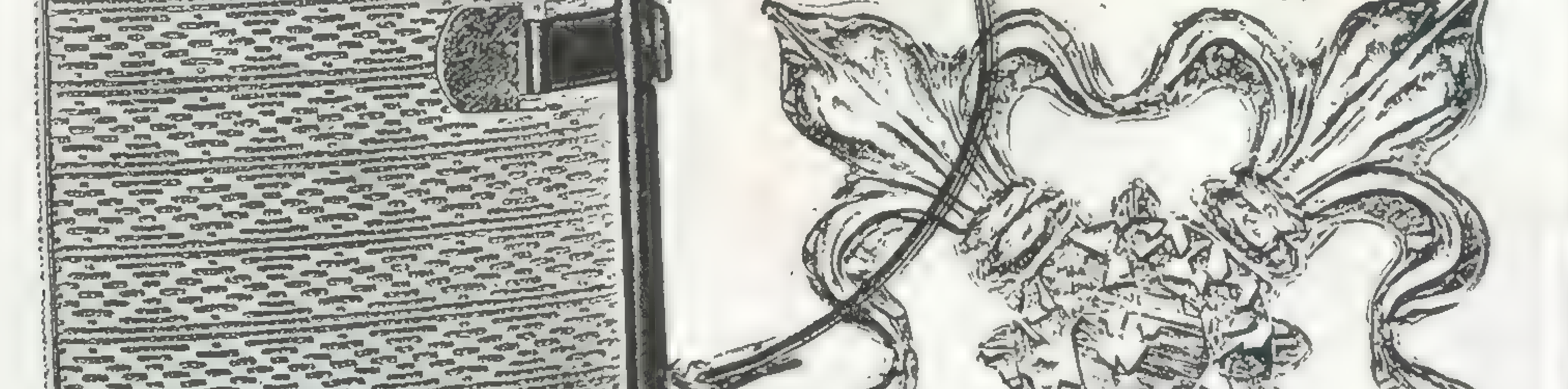
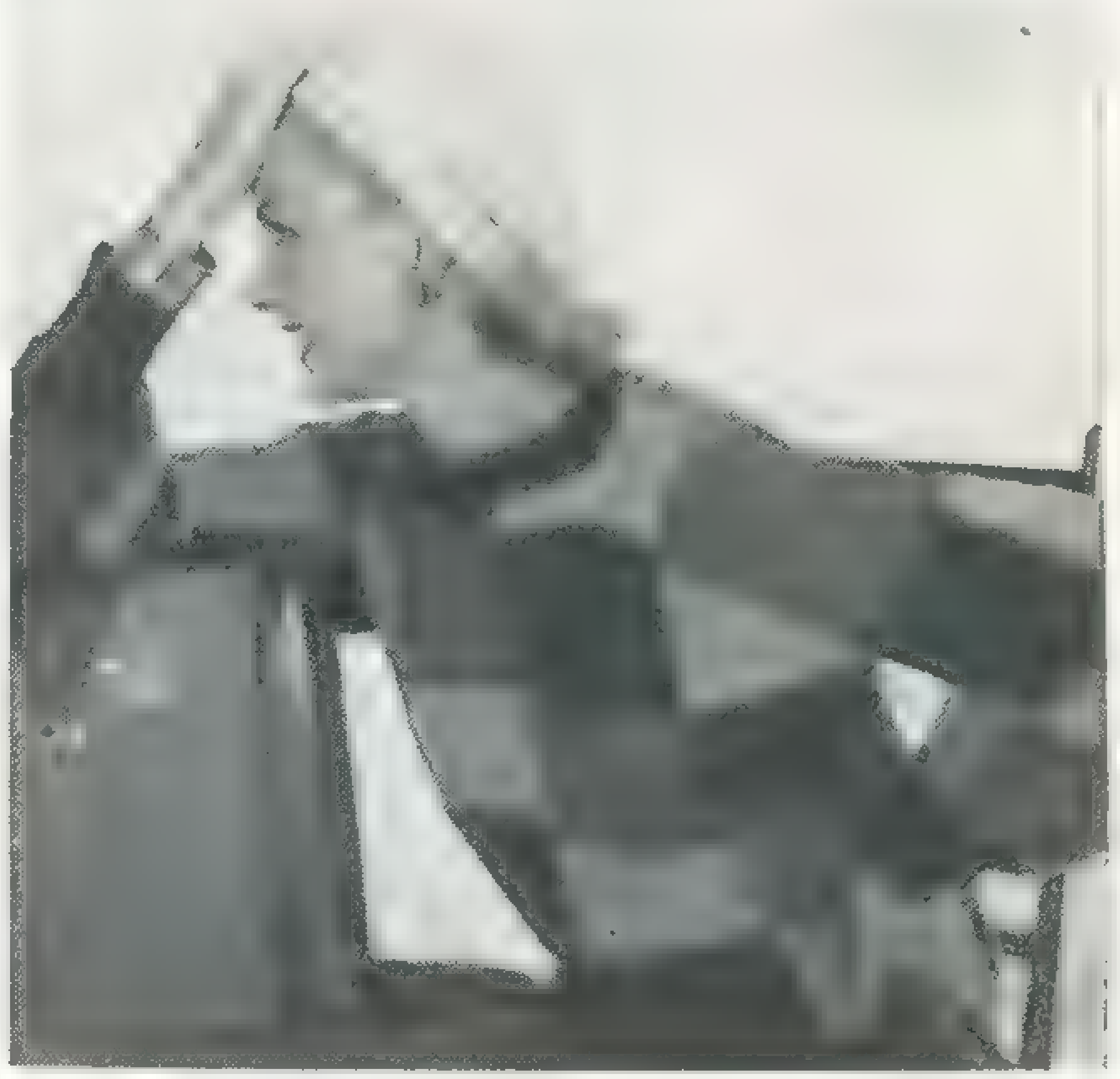
HORST

JOHN STEWART

17. Textured red Crompton corduroy bag, with black frame and handle. By MM; $11*. Best's.
18. Clutch-bag of leopard-stencilled reversed calfskin. By Bond Street; $13*. Bonwit Teller.
19. A bold buckle of a pin, black-stoned at the centre, gilt everywhere else. By Van S Authentics; $4*. Saks Fifth Avenue.
20. Nice margin for three gilt bangles: two, in mock-tortoise. By Van S Authentics. Gilt bangles (in triplicate), $6* each; mock-tortoise, $3* each. Saks Fifth Avenue.
21. Alpaca put-over blocked out in mocha, beige, brown; $30. Pleated skirt, of beige Hockanum wool flannel; $25. By Masket Bros. Lord & Taylor.

*Plus tax


21

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT... "America's growth in the next 25 years," according to *The Kiplinger Washington Letter* which recently came up with such forecasts as a four-day work week or its equivalent; flying from New York to Paris or Los Angeles in two hours; portable phones with no wires; supersonic missiles which will shoot out both freight and passengers; cancer curable, and heart disease curbed.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT... The better word for cool jazz: green.... *The Return of Lady Brace*, a many-layered novel by Nancy Wilson Ross who swings its complications and its Long Island-Ceylon-England-and-the-Adirondacks scenes easily and sometimes brilliantly; who matches the insulated Lady B. with a delicate, yellow-robed Buddhist monk on Long Island—a laughing, tough-minded man who drives a Thunderbird and is preparing in his simple, direct way to establish a mission in New York.... The sensuous delight of small, plum-big "tumbled stones" that look as though they were polished marble and feel "green."

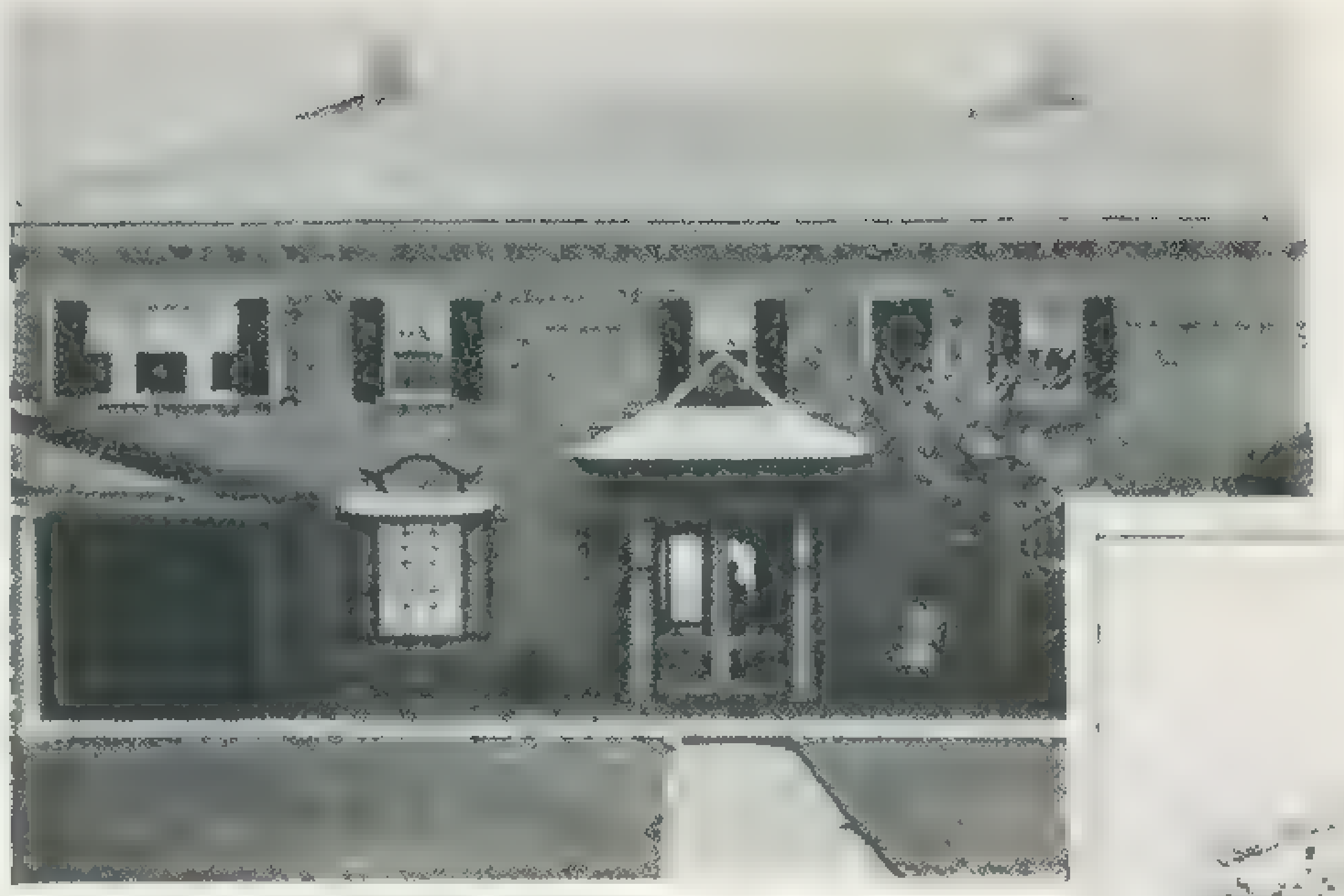
PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT... The Jean Cocteau frescoes, curious and fascinating poetic fantasies painted on the walls of St. Peter's Chapel, a minuscule church at Villefranche-sur-Mer; in every scene, the figure of the sphinx; on the small Roman arches, eyes in the form of fish, a symbol used by the early Christians. . . . The way lines from Steve Allen's Sunday night TV sketches get quoted around.... *I Blow My Own Horn*, a book by Jessie L. Lasky with Don Weldon, in which Lasky, giving a spirited account of his early and long movie days, wrote: "I was often too busy even to read outlines and would call in the reader who covered a particular story to ad-lib an outline of the outline. This system reached an irreducible minimum of effort on one occasion when I said, 'I'll buy the story only on condition that you don't tell it to me!' This was a fairly safe gamble since everything committed to celluloid automatically made money." ... The Machine, a drink apparently originated by Americans in Istanbul, but named by a Marseilles bartender; it is made in these proportions: three jiggers of vodka, one of Cointreau, and one of lemon juice, all shaken with ice.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT... The slicked-up pleasures of the new movie, *The Pajama Game*, with the pajama factory picnic, the scuffed grass, baseball game, and boss's speech so superbly done on a wide screen that it is almost enough to create mass nostalgia for those mass picnics.... Bacon and pancakes, the syrup laced with brandy or bourbon.... Peter Bartók's recording for Unicorn, *The Automobile: The Sounds of 50 Years*, in which are heard acceleration runs from 1906 to 1956, a rather confusing medley of chugging, pumping, cranking, tooting, with such occasional bits of explanation as an owner of a 1912 Stanley Steamer saying, "Burners give a low, mournful whistle when they're cold."

KAY KENDALL, *right*, who in private life is Mrs. Rex Harrison, needs no Pygmalionizing by Professor Higgins. To her first Hollywood movie, *Les Girls*, she brings the face of a Gainsborough portrait and an apparently inexhaustible daffiness. She sings and dances, reaching tiddly heights as a tippler who carries her gin in a perfume bottle. For a large segment of the American audience, this performance will not be an entirely unexpected pleasure: Miss Kendall first made herself known in this country by a brief but imperishable performance on the trumpet in the English movie, *Genevieve*. A great beauty with sherry brown eyes, amber colouring, and a voice more harpsichord than trumpet, she is also her own least charitable critic. Of her activities in *Les Girls* she said, inaccurately, "I don't sing, really, I just mumble-mumble," and "I don't dance either, it was agony."

PENN

Dr. and Mrs. Seth M. Milliken,
co-founders of the Blue Hill Troupe



Early theatre: the Millikens' Maine house

CONSTITUTION

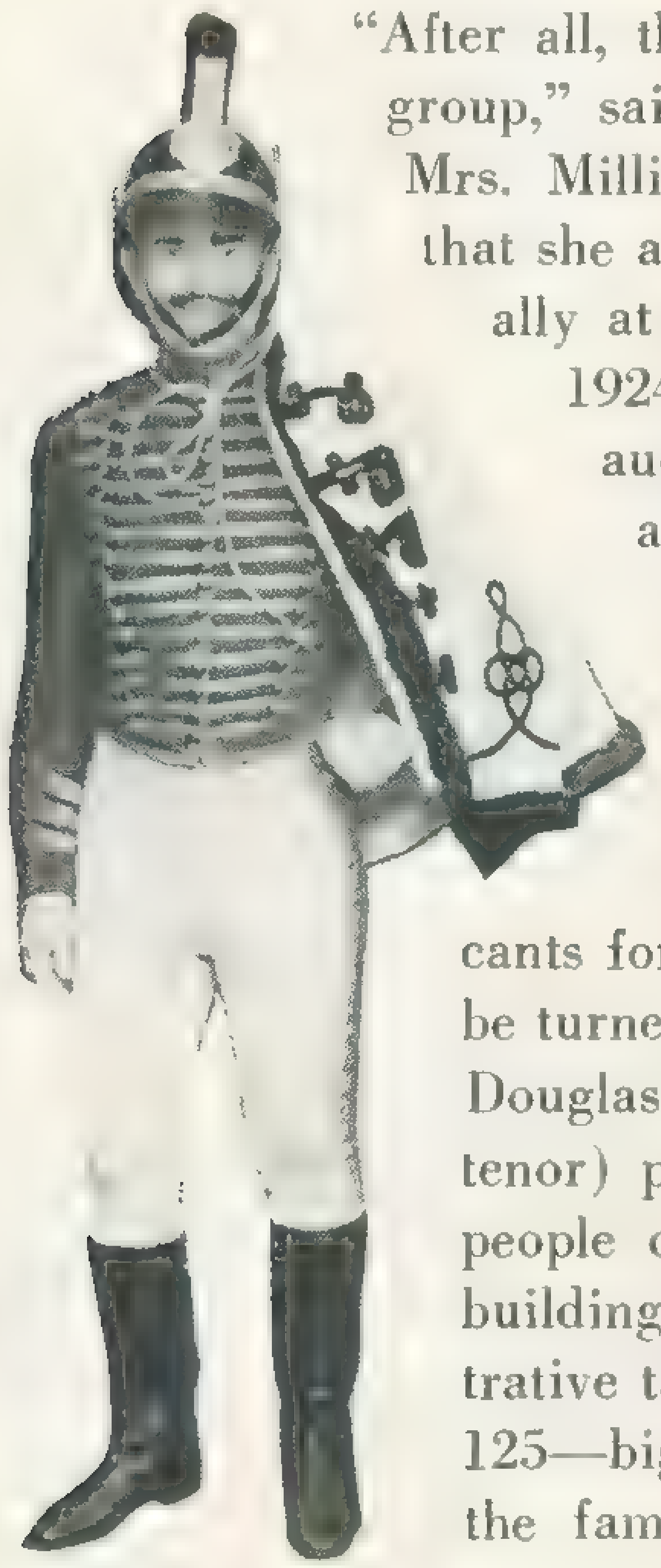
BLUE HILL TROUPE

Charles B. Hester

Dr. and Mrs. Milliken's
New York house.

THE BLUE HILL TROUPE

Gilbert and Sullivan—with unflagging zest

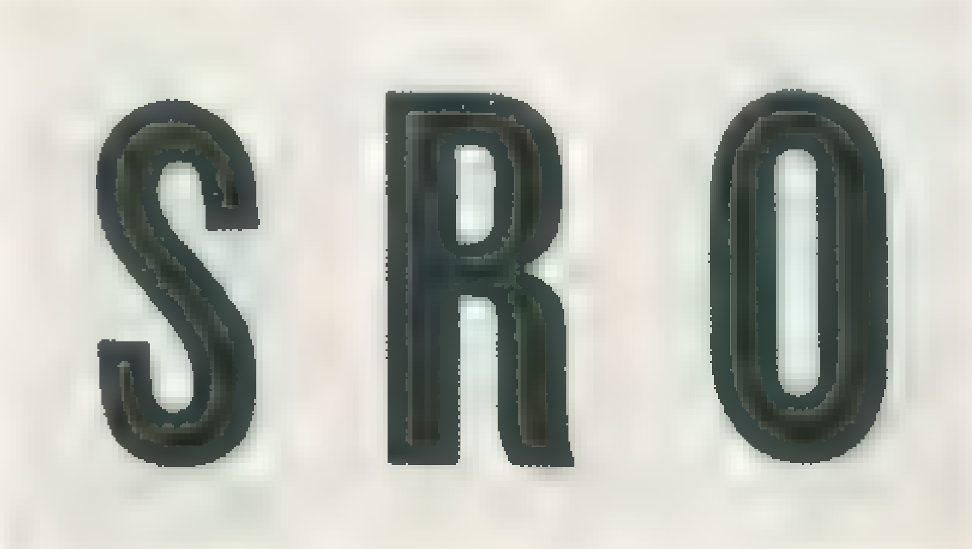


"After all, there's nothing more gratifying than singing in a group," said Mrs. Seth M. Milliken, of New York, recently. Mrs. Milliken ought to know. An amateur singing group that she and her husband, Dr. Milliken, started rather casually at their summer place in East Blue Hill, Maine, in 1924, has proved so gratifying to its members (and auditors) that it is still, thirty-three years later, in a state of extraordinary vigour. Entirely devoted to singing and performing the operas of Gilbert and Sullivan, the group, offhandedly nameless until 1930, adopted in that year the name Blue Hill Troupe, in honour of its birthplace. This autumn, as in previous ones, many applicants for membership in the Troupe will probably have to be turned away, mainly because—as the present President, Douglas Williams (a New York broker who sings first tenor) pointed out—"you can only get about sixty-five people on a stage." Another sixty-odd people for scene-building, backstage work, ticket-selling, and administrative tasks brings the total active membership to around 125—bigger than the D'Oyly Carte Company of London, the famous professional Gilbert and Sullivan company. Not only is the Troupe itself generally oversubscribed by would-be members, but its annual performance of a G & S opera fills the 600-seat Hunter College Playhouse to bursting for six consecutive performances, and the SRO sign has been hung out more than once.

One reason for this continuing vitality is that the Troupe is very, very good, even by professional standards. It never makes the mistake—so often and fatally made by well-meaning amateur groups—of thinking that Gilbert and Sullivan operas are easy, musically or dramatically; and it demands of its members not only talent, but strong *esprit* and quite a lot of hard work. Unsurprisingly, most of the active members are young people in their twenties or early thirties, not too heavily encumbered by family responsibilities.

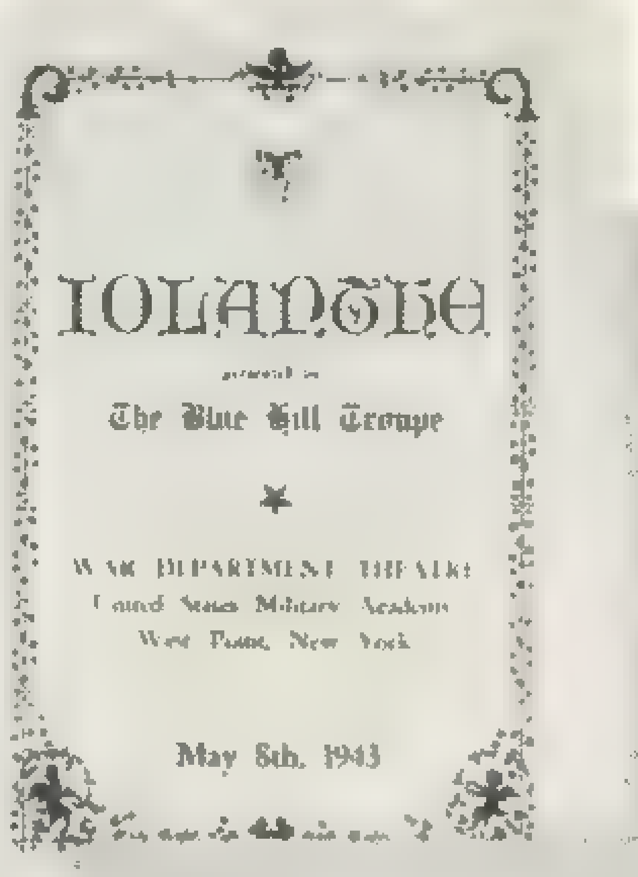
Besides paying dues, active members must buy their own scores, and give up frequent evenings to rehearsals and other work for the Troupe. If an aspiring singer is passed over, by the impartial Casting Committee, for one of the principal parts, he or she is expected to sing, with ardour, in the chorus. Members are also expected to help sell enough tickets to the annual show to pay off the "nut"—i.e., underwrite the costs of production (though these are held to a minimum; the pretty brides-

Mr. Hester in *Patience*,
1928 and 1939.



Needed at *The Grand Duke*, 1937

Walter Johnson in *Gondoliers*

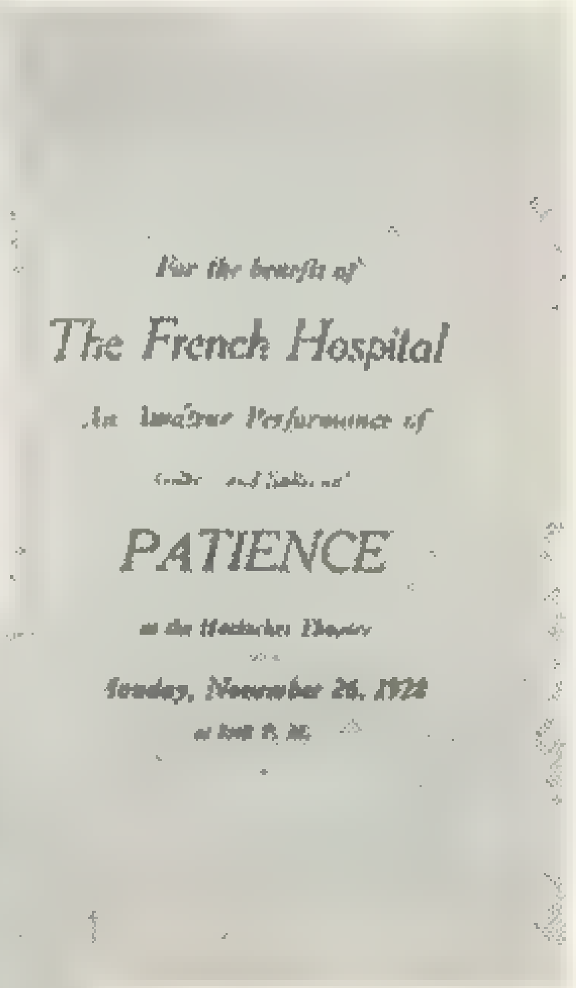


IOLANTHE

The Blue Hill Troupe

WAR DEPARTMENT THEATRE
United States Military Academy
West Point, New York

May 8th, 1943



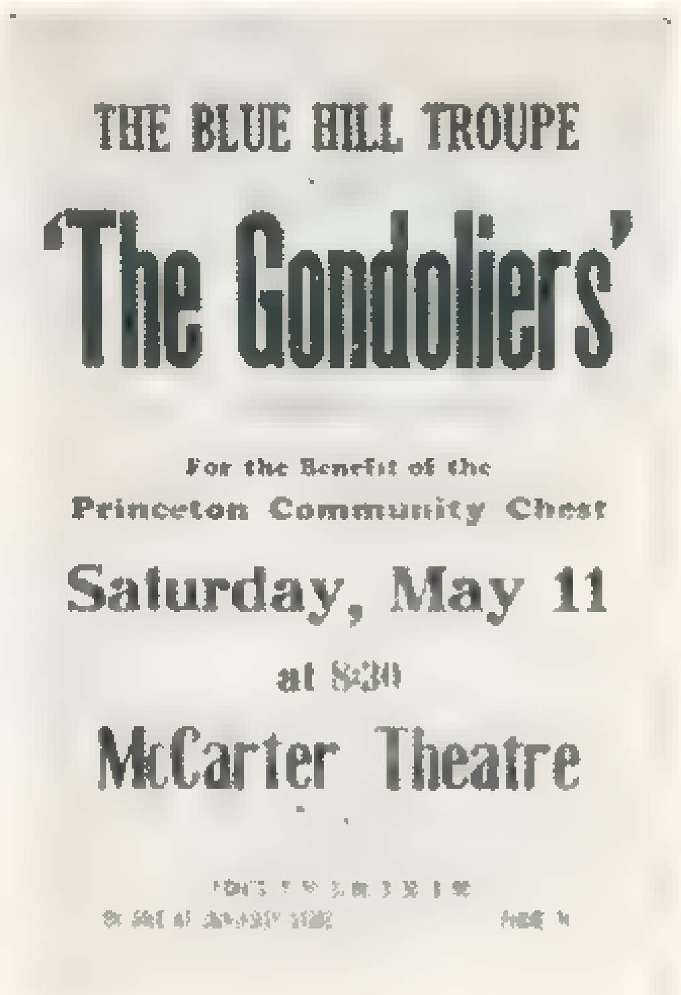
For the benefit of

The French Hospital

An Amateur Performance of

PATIENCE

Sunday, November 26, 1928



THE BLUE HILL TROUPE

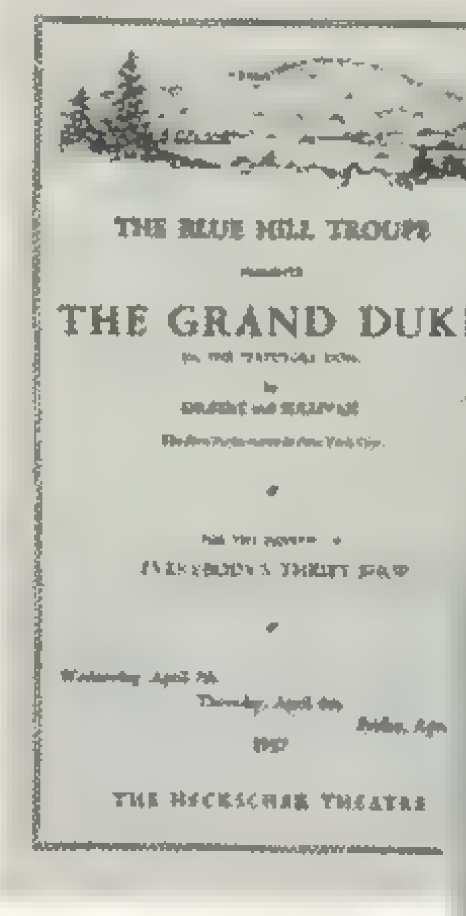
'The Gondoliers'

For the Benefit of the
Princeton Community Chest

Saturday, May 11

at 8:30

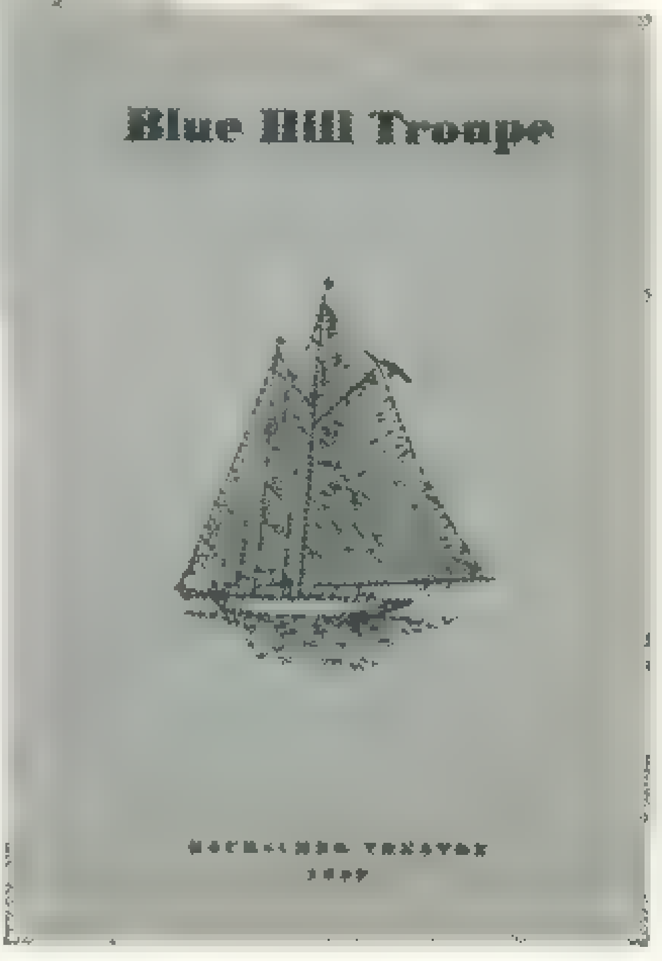
McCarter Theatre



THE BLUE HILL TROUPE

THE GRAND DUKE

THE HECKSCHER THEATRE



Blue Hill Troupe

Early programmes

John Jay Schieffelin

maids' costumes for *Ruddigore* were made of organdie curtains). Then, the net profits from the sale of tickets go to charity, usually a different charity each year. The 1957 production, *Ruddigore*, shown in all the photographs on this page, netted $11,000 for the Manhattan Eye, Ear and Throat Hospital. In its thirty-three-year history, the Troupe has raised over $150,000 for assorted charities.

Next spring, the production will be a double bill of *Trial by Jury* and *The Pirates of Penzance*, with the Travellers' Aid Society as beneficiary. Rehearsals of the choruses, and of mixed G & S concert programs start in October. By late March, members of the cast and chorus will be skipping dinner three or more nights a week for rehearsals in the eerily-lighted gymnasium of a boys' school in the East Seventies. (They are sustained by sandwiches and beer afterwards.)

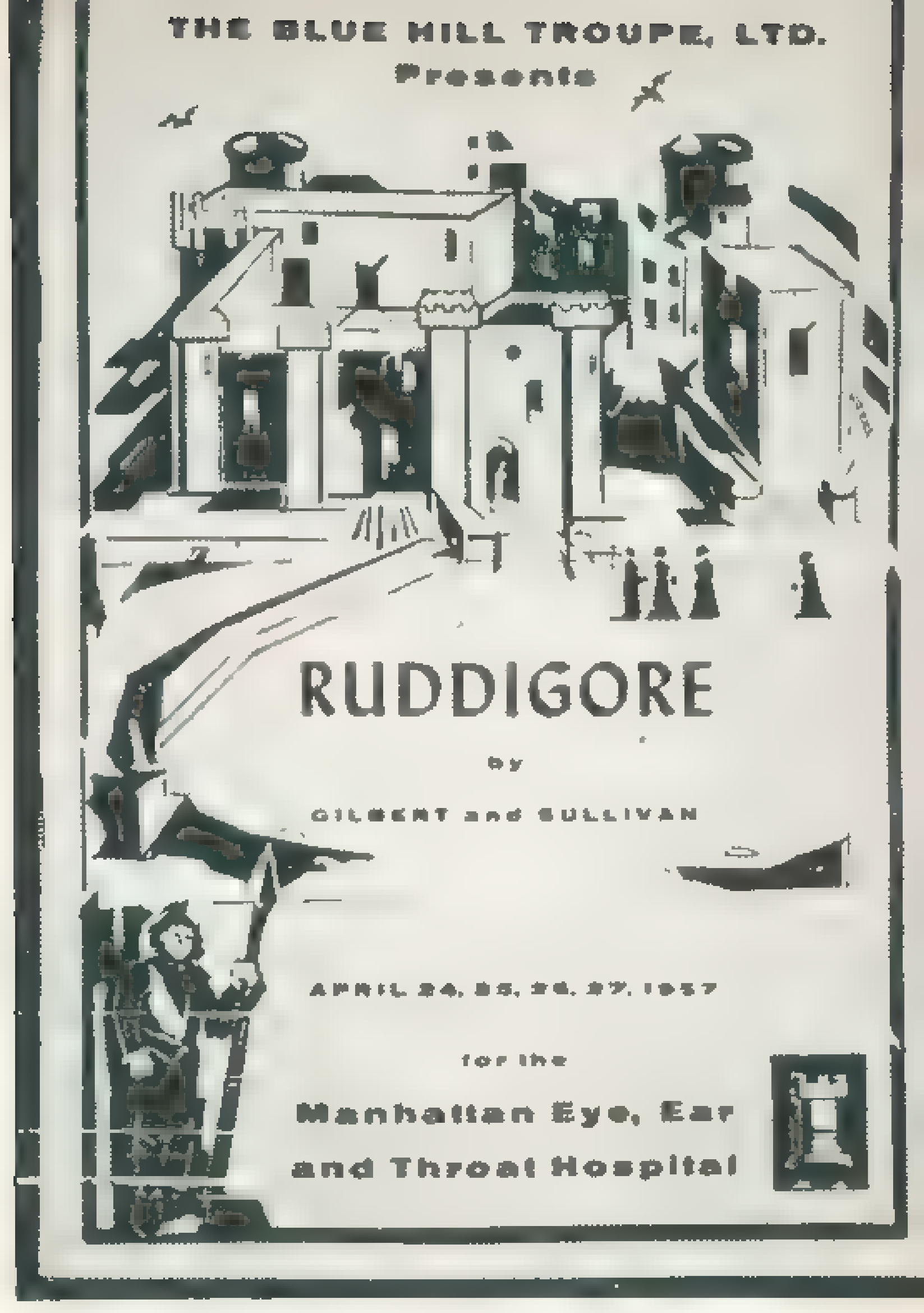
About the group there still clings a cheerful, rugged, and somewhat al-fresco atmosphere that may date from its Maine coast beginnings. There, in the summer of 1924, Dr. and Mrs. Milliken discussed ways of counteracting the powerful attraction for their children of a small, stuffy silent-movie theatre a few miles away. A musically talented lady, Miss Elsie Goddard, who was staying with them, suggested that they might put on *Pinafore*, with their own and a few neighboring families as cast. The idea caught on, and the show was presented one August evening about three weeks later.

Although Miss Goddard had made several judicious cuts in the libretto and score ("one could never count on *any* tenor part," she wrote later), it was in other respects perhaps the most authentic production of *Pinafore* ever mounted. The stage was the deck of Dr. Milliken's schooner, *Shawna*, moored for the purpose at the local yacht club; the audience sat on the dock and the boathouse piazza; and the "sisters and the cousins and the aunts" who clambered aboard from dinghies were, in fact, sisters and cousins and aunts—since almost the entire cast was recruited from four families. Lighting was provided by a full moon, and by various spotlights anchored about; on a float, Mrs. Walter Sullivan, at a firmly-tethered piano, and the violin students from a nearby music school played the accompaniment. A rather stiff breeze sprang up in the closing scenes, rendering the singers only intermittently audible, and causing a good deal of cold Maine water to slosh over the feet of Mrs. Sullivan and her string section, but they never faltered.

Flushed with success, the same group, with a few additions, put on *The Mikado* the next summer, in a heavyish fog, in the courtyard of the Millikens' summer house; the following spring, *The Pirates of Penzance* was presented in the long, high-ceilinged entrance hall of the Millikens' New York house, with an invited audience ranged on the stairway. In 1927, *The Gondoliers* was given twice, once in

(Continued on page 149)

Anne B. Egbert as Rose Maybud, heroine of *Ruddigore.*



THE BLUE HILL TROUPE, LTD.
Presents

RUDDIGORE

by

GILBERT and SULLIVAN

APRIL 24, 25, 26, 27, 1957

for the

Manhattan Eye, Ear
and Throat Hospital

Programme of the Troupe's 1957 production, *Ruddigore.*

Wm. C. Breed, Jr. (left) with the Troupe's musical director, Charles D. Walker.

Sir Despard: Cope B. Walbridge

Sir Ruthven: Frank Magee

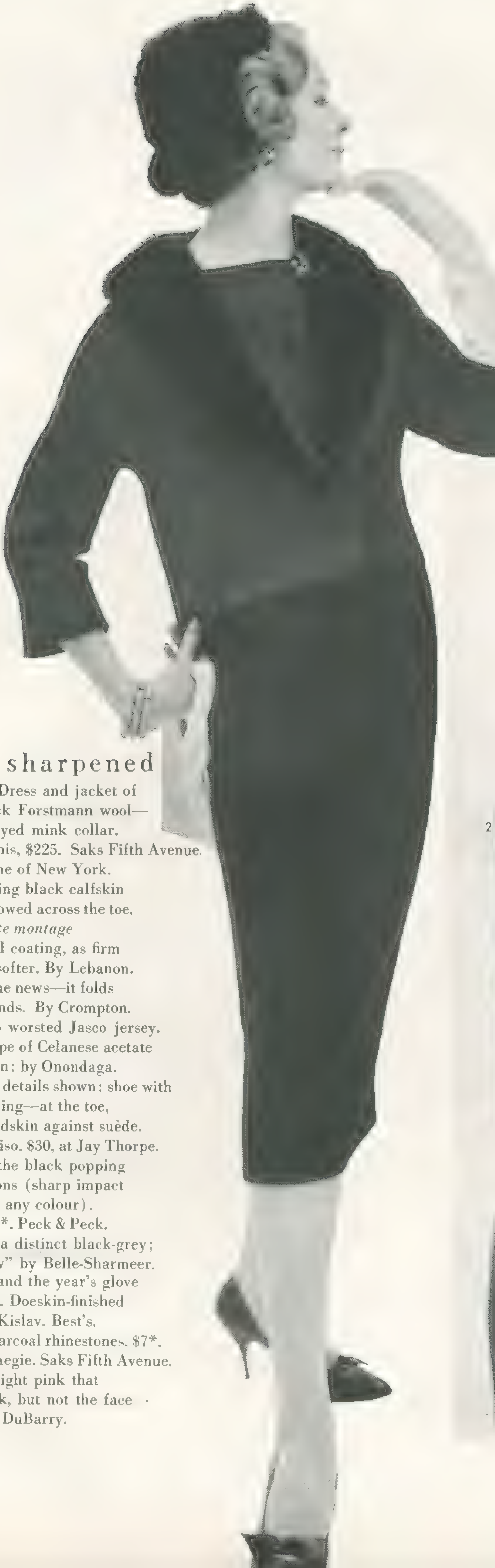
Beatrice Noble assists a Bad Baronet

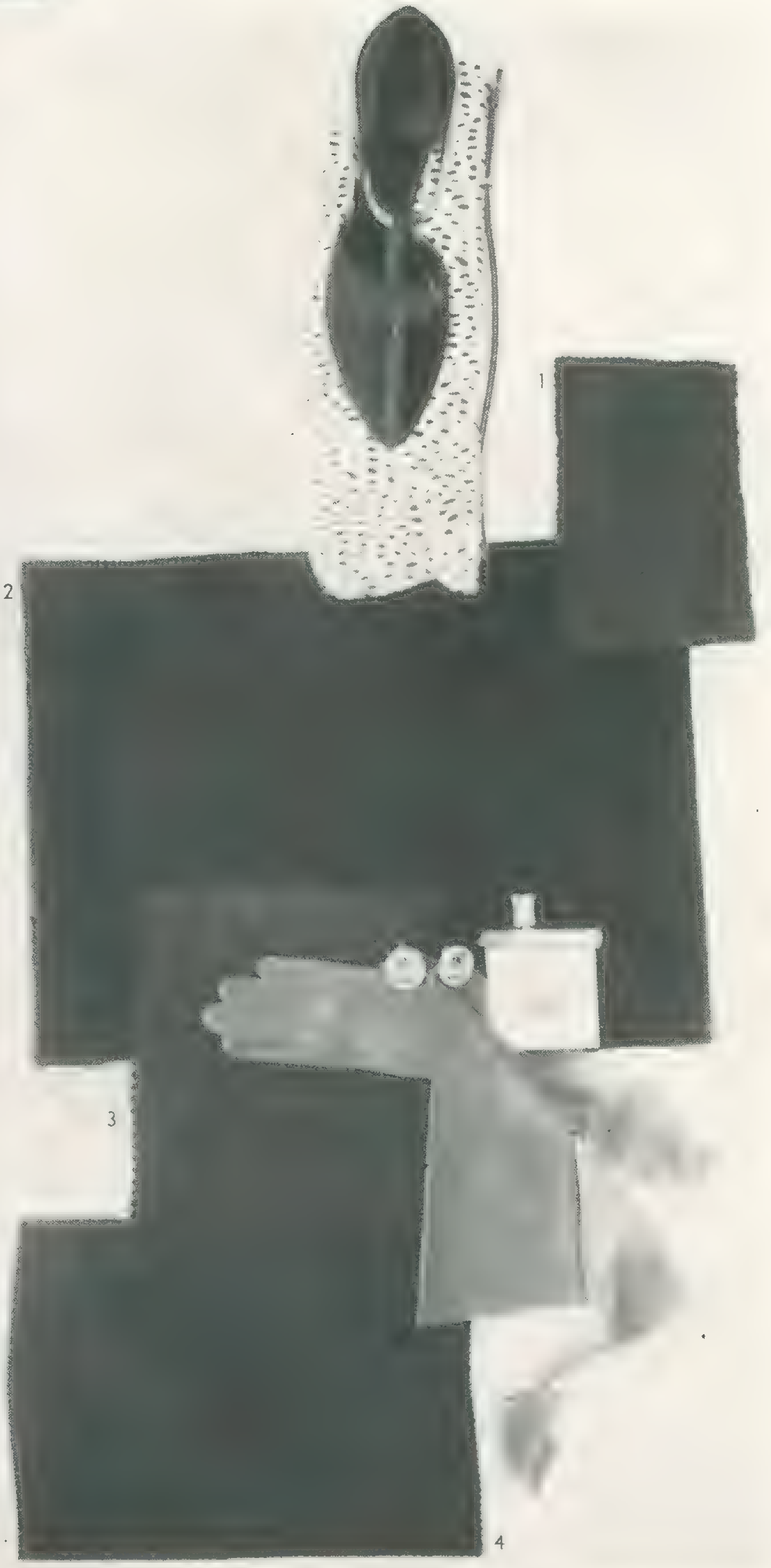
Lewis Denison, dramatic coach of the Troupe

Chorus of bridesmaids

Ruddigore finale: all hands on stage

80 new ways the 5 principal





Black, sharpened

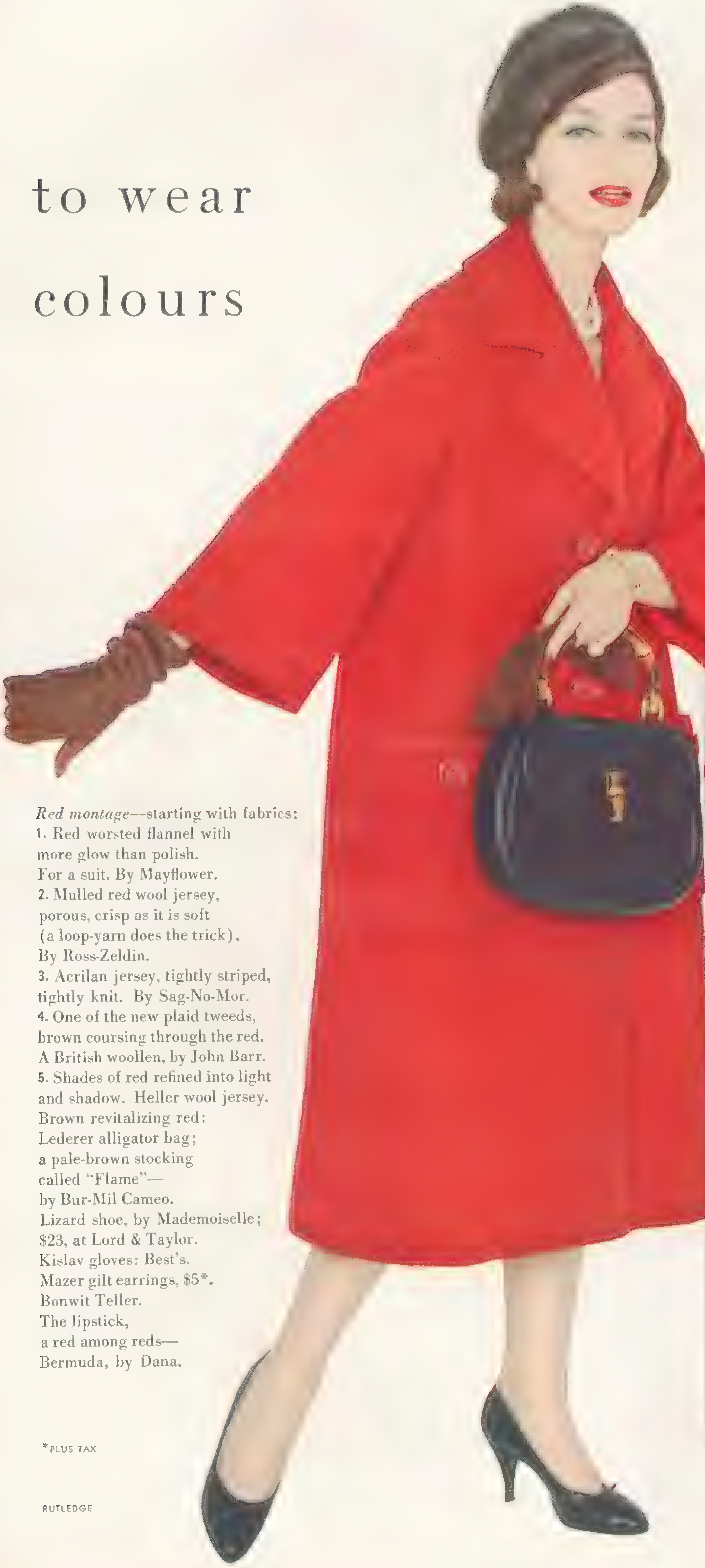
The costume: Dress and jacket of flat-woven black Forstmann wool—with a black-dyed mink collar. By Mollie Parnis, $225. Saks Fifth Avenue. Mink hat: Irene of New York. Julianelli shining black calfskin opera pump, bowed across the toe.

Black and white montage

1. Knitted wool coating, as firm as string, but softer. By Lebanon.
2. Corduroy: the news—it folds rather than bends. By Crompton.
3. Stocking-rib worsted Jasco jersey.
4. Grainier crêpe of Celanese acetate and Enka rayon: by Onondaga.

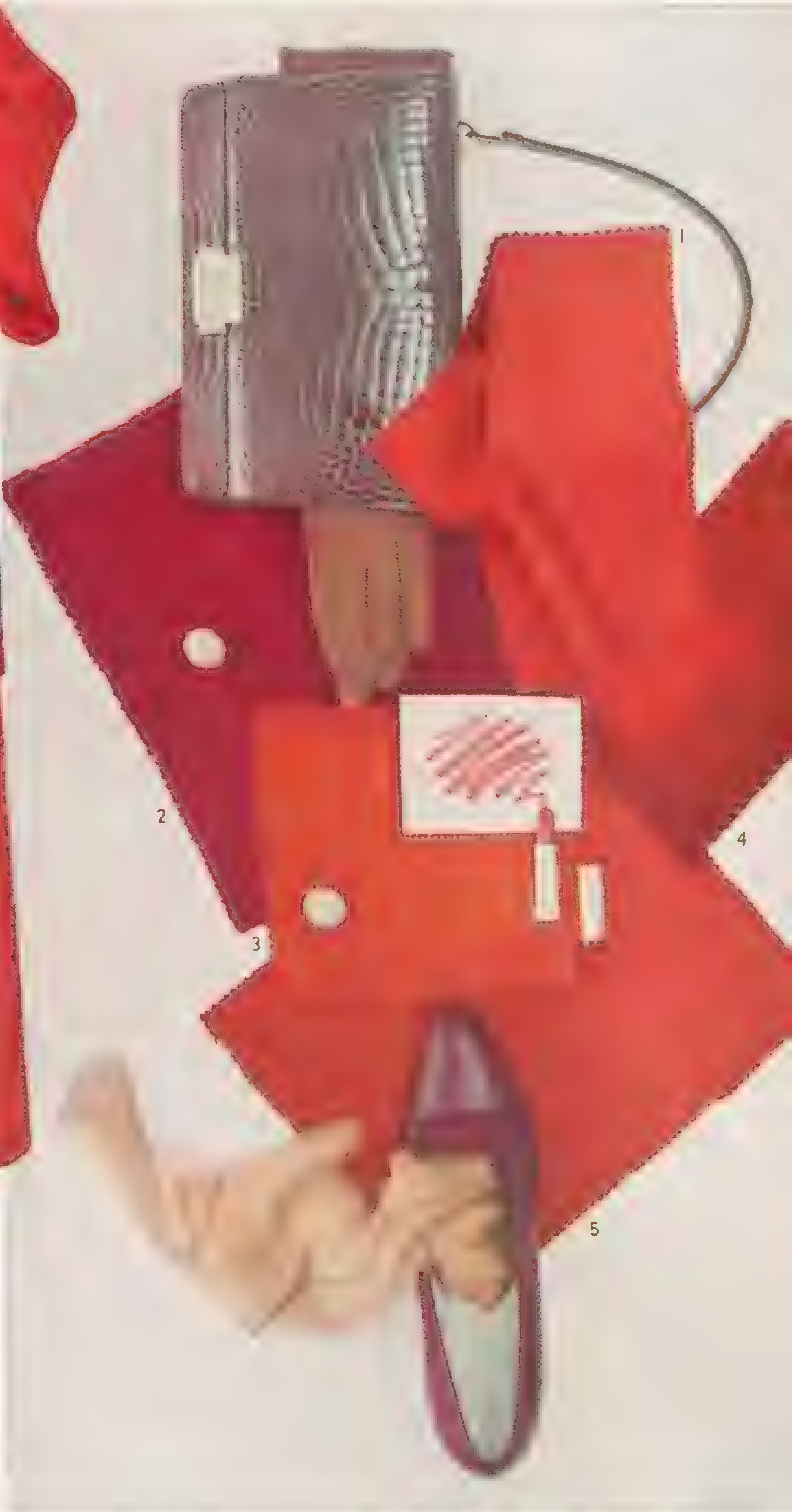
The rest of the details shown: shoe with pencil sharpening—at the toe, in the black kidskin against suède. By Palter DeLiso. $30, at Jay Thorpe. Cheetah bag, the black popping out like neutrons (sharp impact against almost any colour). By Katten, $25*. Peck & Peck. The stocking, a distinct black-grey; "Dark Shadow" by Belle-Sharmeer. Glove-brown, and the year's glove for everything. Doeskin-finished lambskin, by Kislav. Best's. Earrings of charcoal rhinestones. $7*. by Hattie Carnegie. Saks Fifth Avenue. Lipstick: a bright pink that sharpens black, but not the face - Pink Fire by DuBarry.

to wear colours



Red, for burning

More red around, but not necessarily more red-red. Some of the best involve orange, brown. *The coat:* The news of a semi-full coat in a dual red—a smooth expanse of tweed worn with brown hat and gloves. Coat, by Marquise, in Anglo wool tweed. $185. This, black alligator shoes, girdled with calfskin, by Palter DeLiso: Bonwit Teller. Ranch mink beret, by Emme. Bamboo and leather bag, at Lederer. Verdura jewels—diamonds in gold.



Red montage—starting with fabrics:
1. Red worsted flannel with more glow than polish. For a suit. By Mayflower.
2. Mulled red wool jersey, porous, crisp as it is soft (a loop-yarn does the trick). By Ross-Zeldin.
3. Acrilan jersey, tightly striped, tightly knit. By Sag-No-Mor.
4. One of the new plaid tweeds, brown coursing through the red. A British woollen, by John Barr.
5. Shades of red refined into light and shadow. Heller wool jersey.

Brown revitalizing red: Lederer alligator bag; a pale-brown stocking called "Flame"—by Bur-Mil Cameo. Lizard shoe, by Mademoiselle; $23, at Lord & Taylor. Kislav gloves: Best's. Mazer gilt earrings, $5*. Bonwit Teller. The lipstick, a red among reds—Bermuda, by Dana.

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*PLUS TAX

RUTLEDGE

Blue, clarified

The clarifying agent—a trace of red in the dye-pot.
The coat: Soft as velvet—the colour of the coat, its wool (by Stroock), its blue-dyed nutria lining. By Marquise. $495, at Bergdorf Goodman. Sally Victor fur cap.
Blue montage, reading down:
Bag of frost fake fur, by MM. $45*, at Bonwit Teller.
Blue/black lizard shoe, by Millerkins; $27. I. Miller.
Blue-white Kislav gloves, at Best's.
Pineapple pin of blue and green stones by Castlecliff. $10*, at Jay Thorpe.
Not blue, but on the blue team: "Taupe" Berkshire stockings; misty-rose-red lipstick Imperial Red by Frances Denney.

1. Paisley woollen, blue and green swirls, by Onondaga.
2. Blue wicker-weaving—very airy, but you couldn't see through it if you tried. By Bellaine.
3. Silk-and-rayon ribbed faille, as fine as ribbon, by Maxwell.
4. "Blue" Cone corduroy, clarified by red almost to purple.
5. Night blue tweed, a firmament of lighter blue, *flat* nubs; alpaca-and-wool by Keanon.

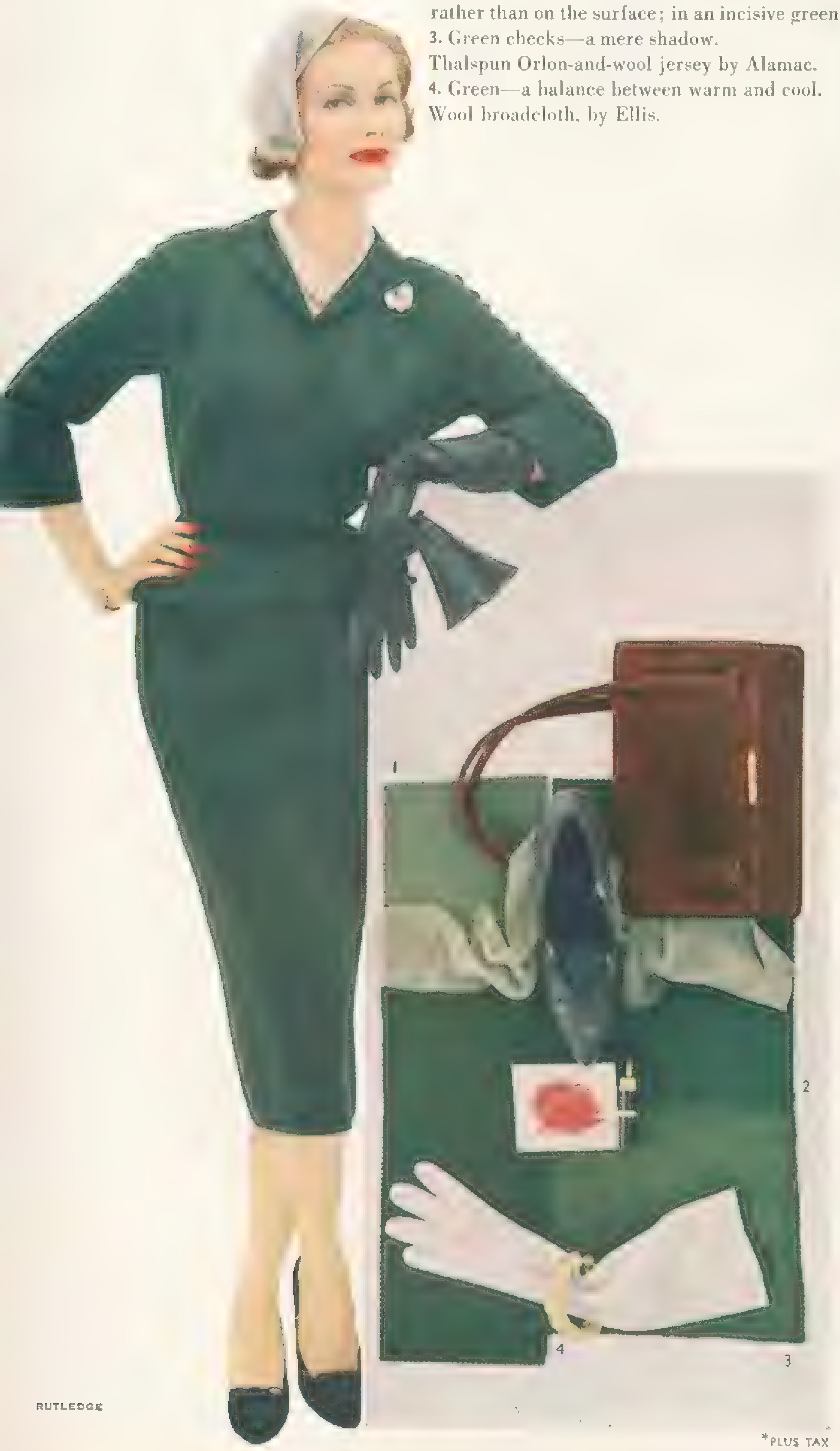
Grey in depth

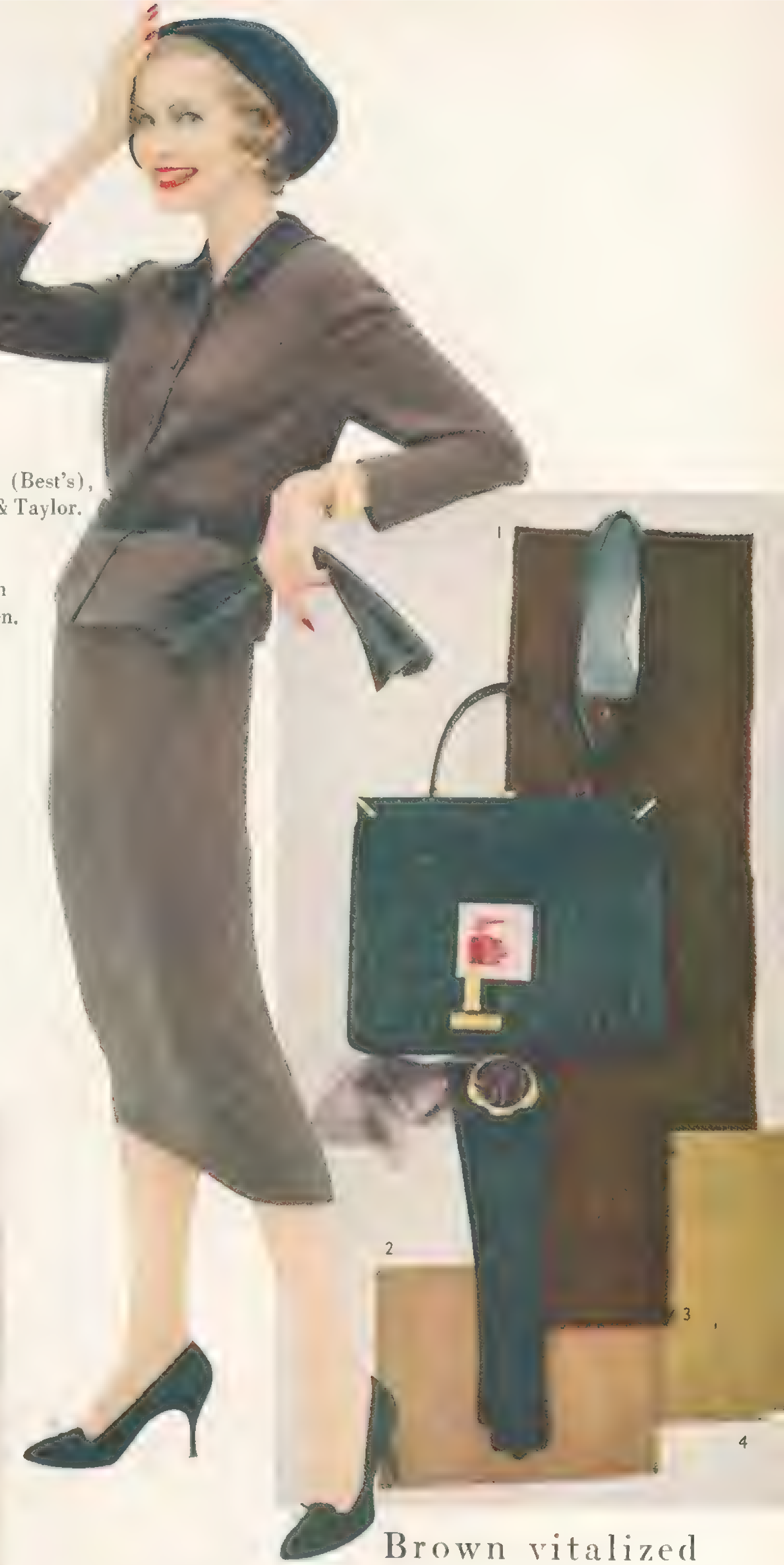
The suit: Plaid suit that's all-of-a-colour—and the colour is one of the new darkened greys. Suit by Paul Parnes, of Rodier wool. $185. Hat, Dior-New York. Both: Bonwit Teller. Suit-shoe of graphite calfskin, by Customcraft.
Grey montage, starting with accessories:
Jaguar bag, nice transport with grey, by Nettie Rosenstein. Bergdorf Goodman.
Grey calfskin shoe, by Liparé, $32: Bonwit Teller.
Brown glove (basic glove colour this season), by Kislav. Best's.
Black-rhinestone jewel—by Capri, $6*: Henri Bendel.
Seamless stocking, a shoe-to-skirt hem vapour called "Grey Mood," by Hanes.
Lipstick red—True Red by Helena Rubinstein.
Grey fabrics materializing now:

1. Grey worsted plush coating, a new soft, crew-cut plush; by Pacific Craft.
2. Black-white-grey wool tweed with a downy resistance. By Strong-Hewat.
3. Wiry wool faille. Striking sparks from flint is the idea of the colour. By Blin & Blin.
4. Slate wool; the look?—knitted or engraved. By Felix Vercel.

Well-balanced green

balancing between yellow and blues; veering to
a softly greyed olive with unmuddied brilliance.
The suit: Cleaving a straight green line—a belted Jablow
suit of Lesur wool; $145. Saks Fifth Avenue.
Bayberry-green beret. Sally Victor.
Green montage—news to wear with green:
Handbag articulated in rust reversed calfskin; by Lederer. $50*.
Kayser stocking in a clear green-beige. "Martini" colour.
Pointedly balanced-green calfskin shoe, by Valley. $19. Best's.
Charles of the Ritz brown-red "Sienna" lipstick. Beige Kislav glove (Best's),
braceleted with spun-gilt yarn by Castlecliff. The latter, $13*: Lord & Taylor.
The green palette in fabric:
1. Pale but unsallow web of wool-and-rabbit's hair, by Einiger.
2. Hockanum wool tweed, the interest woven in
rather than on the surface; in an incisive green.
3. Green checks—a mere shadow.
Thalspun Orlon-and-wool jersey by Alamac.
4. Green—a balance between warm and cool.
Wool broadcloth, by Ellis.





Brown vitalized

New brown—as close as any colour can come
to being the colour of the year.
The suit: first instance of the new brown. Forstmann wool tweed;
by Zelinka-Matlick. $95 at Bonwit Teller.
Hat, folded black velvet wings; from Irene of New York.
Brown montage: The following to add to brown.
Shoe with double news, black and brown; calfskin shine
and suède softness. By Fredelle, $28. At Macy's.
Black alligator bag, by Bienen-Davis, $200*: Bonwit Teller.
Toasted-red lipstick—John Robert Powers No. 12.
Gilt bracelet with agate-like stones,
by Castlecliff. $12.50*; black suède gloves
by Fuchs. Both at Altman's.
Hummingbird stockings, colourfully—"Bronzique."
Fabrics that send out the news of brown direct:
1. Lacy brown diagonal-rib wool jersey by Security.
2. Warren of Stafford woollen in
a vital beige-brown.
3. Brown-and-black wool plaid coating, plushy, but not so long on plush
you're made to think of teddy bears. By Seydoux & Michau.
4. Velveteen in a new dark blond; by Merrimack.

*PLUS TAX

RUTLEDGE

New coat look:

wearing black mink; watching its waistline

Left: Coat-dress—and you could count the fashion points here on the fingers of one hand: black-dyed mink collar and cuffs; glove belt; double-breasted cut; a bright new blue that's clear as clear air; and the look itself—one of the handsomest suit-alternates to be seen in town on an autumn day, all day. By Ben Zuckerman, of textured wool. Lord & Taylor; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Gold and diamond jewels: David Webb. Helena Rubinstein's Rebel Rose lipstick and nail polish.

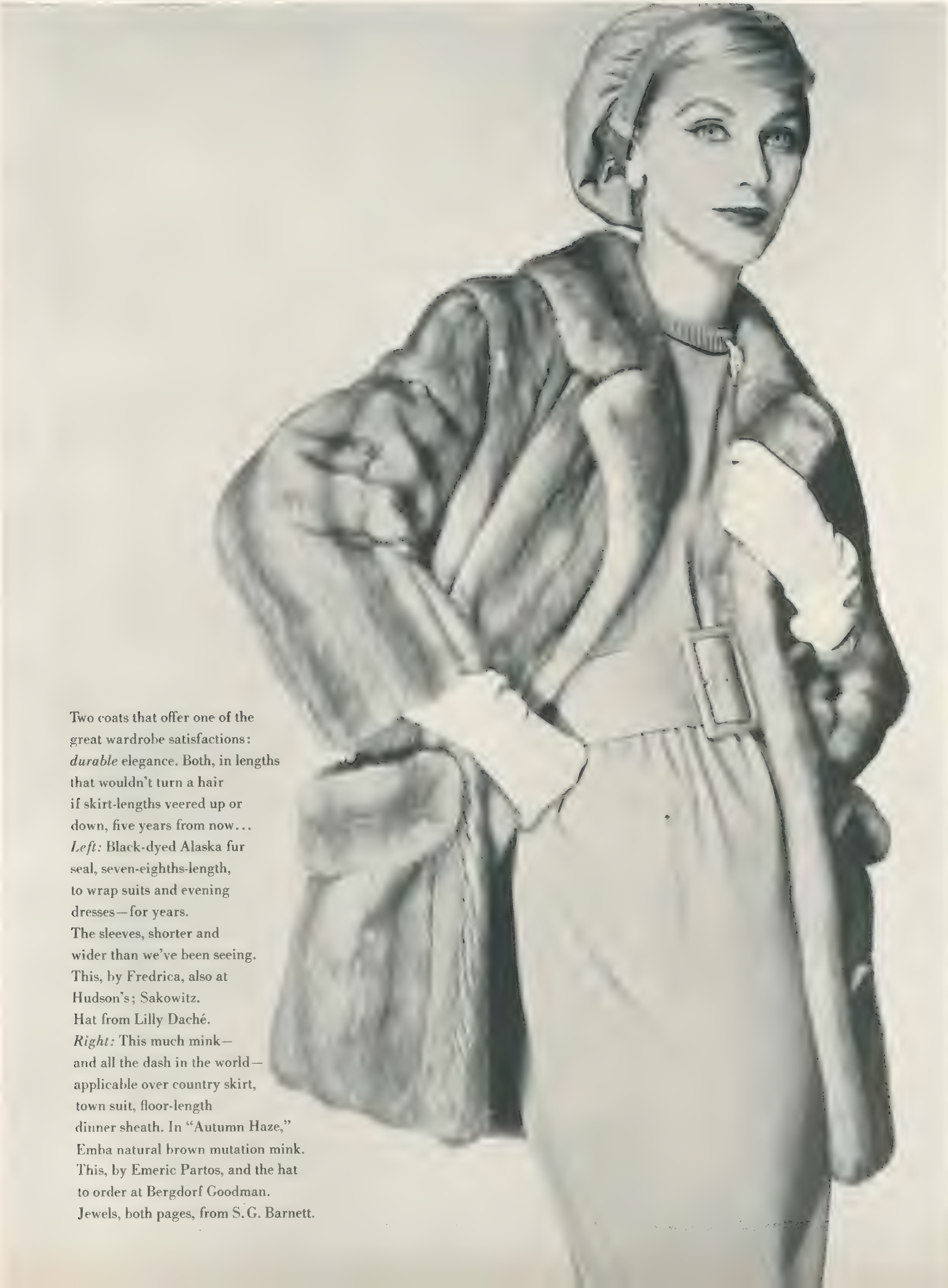
Right: More news, with a flow of black-dyed mink: a wedge-skirted town coat of rough-cast tweed, belted in as easily as a dressing gown. By Seymour Fox, of black and white Anglo wool tweed. Bonwit Teller; Montaldo's; Dayton's. Emme hats.

PENN

New fur look:

watching its length;
wearing less sleeve

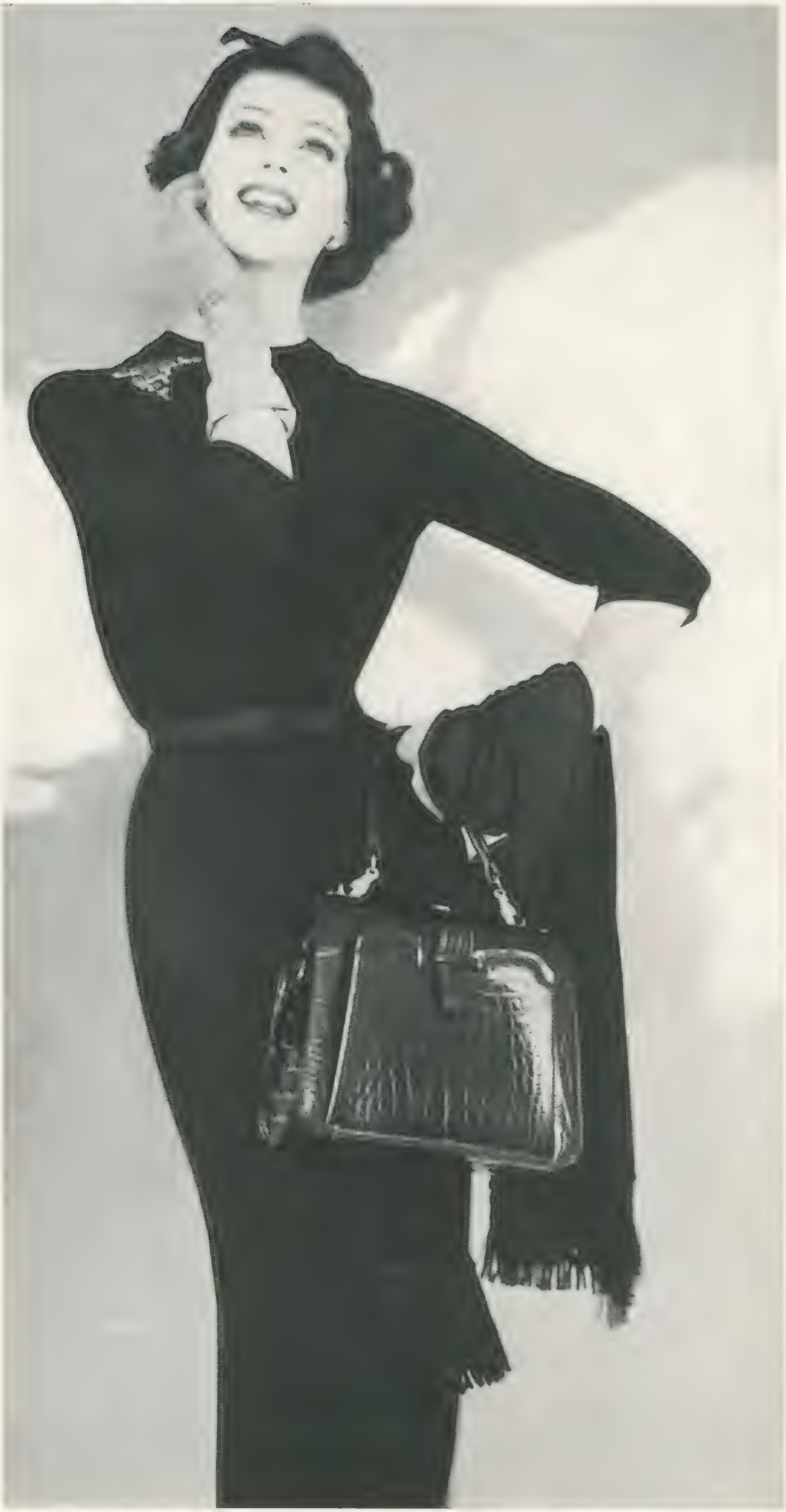
PENN



Two coats that offer one of the great wardrobe satisfactions: *durable* elegance. Both, in lengths that wouldn't turn a hair if skirt-lengths veered up or down, five years from now... *Left:* Black-dyed Alaska fur seal, seven-eighths-length, to wrap suits and evening dresses—for years. The sleeves, shorter and wider than we've been seeing. This, by Fredrica, also at Hudson's; Sakowitz. Hat from Lilly Daché. *Right:* This much mink—and all the dash in the world—applicable over country skirt, town suit, floor-length dinner sheath. In "Autumn Haze," Emba natural brown mutation mink. This, by Emeric Partos, and the hat to order at Bergdorf Goodman. Jewels, both pages, from S.G. Barnett.

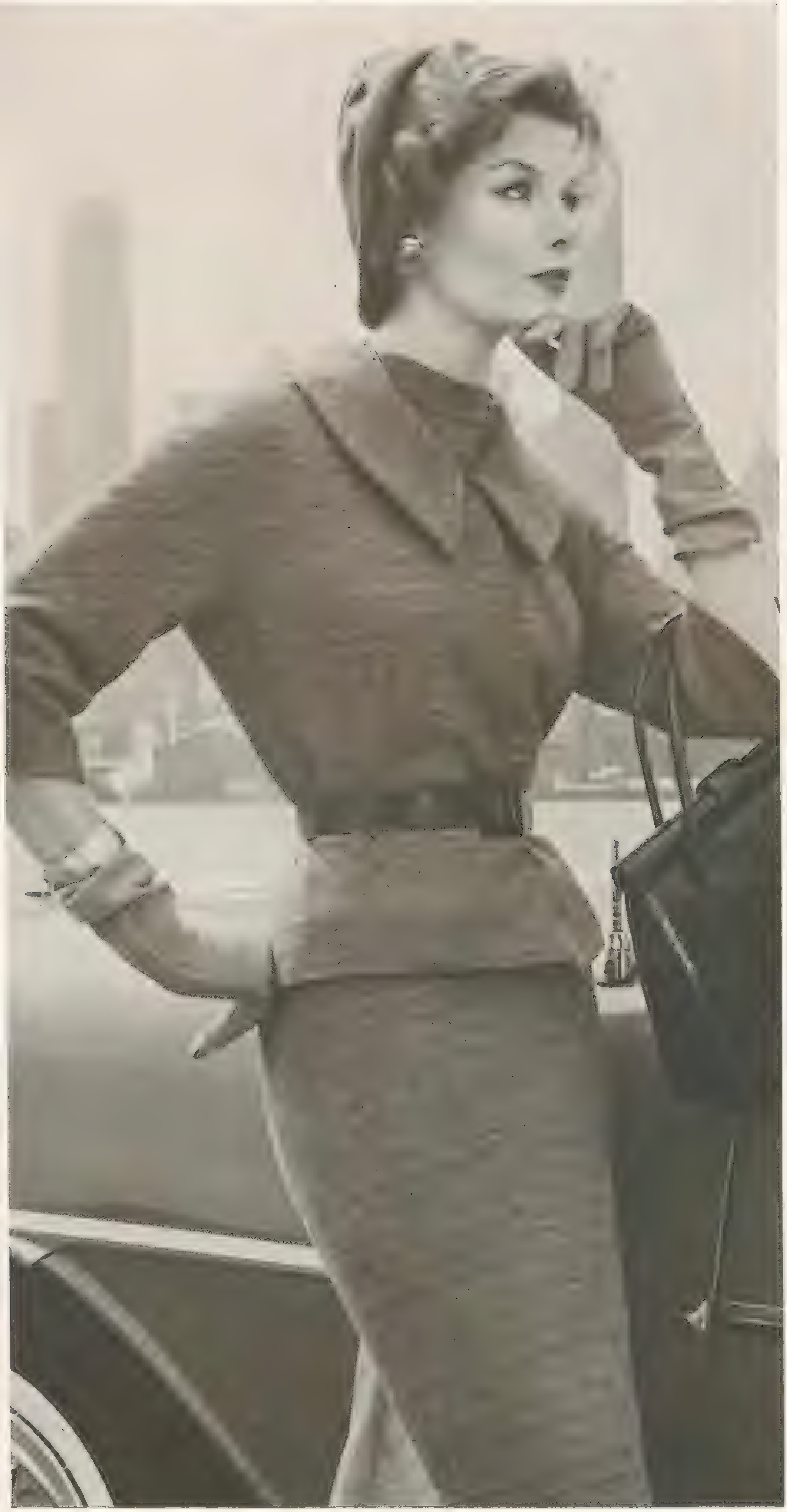
New dress look:

simplifying everything



Slim, without forcing the issue. Soft, but not blurred around the edges. Here, three dresses that are both of these, and this besides—capable of stretching a fashion-day well past the dinner hour. *This page:* Black worsted jersey, with a side order of same—and not a distracting line in sight. Dress and stole by Vera Stewart; about $145. At Bergdorf Goodman; Montaldo's; I. Magnin. Lucille bag: Bergdorf Goodman. *Facing page:* First, buttoning up to a lowered neckline, a dress that might be made of pure gold as far as fashion is concerned—*is* made of black silk crêpe, takes slimness easily. About $125. Far right, silk crêpe with the surprise of colour—green; of cut—slim, mobile, non-clinging. About $155. Dresses, this page, by John Carter. Saks Fifth Avenue; J. P. Allen; Frederick & Nelson. The Hattie Carnegie bracelets, also at Saks Fifth Avenue.

LEOMBRUNO-BODI



LEOMBRUNO-BODI

New suit look:

almond-brown colouring

Salient point in town-suit fashion *always:* the point where fit becomes an art. Here, two suits with differences in the way they fit, but no difference at all in their fashion outcome: neatness—bathed in a new brown atmosphere, quite almondy. *Far left:* The brown colouring here—an important part of the suit's non-angular neatness. Handmacher suit; Warren of Stafford wool-and-Orlon. $70. Altman's; Harzfeld's; Frost Bros. Brown otter toque, by John Frederics, a shade away from almond. Lederer reversed calfskin bag. In gear for town, too: a Lincoln convertible. *Near left:* Herringbone jersey, amandine. The suit is fitted with a belt, outfitted with a dress. By Pat Premo; Sag-No-Mor worsted jersey. About $65. Bergdorf Goodman; Neiman-Marcus; Haggarty's. Bag, at Lederer. Sally Victor hat.

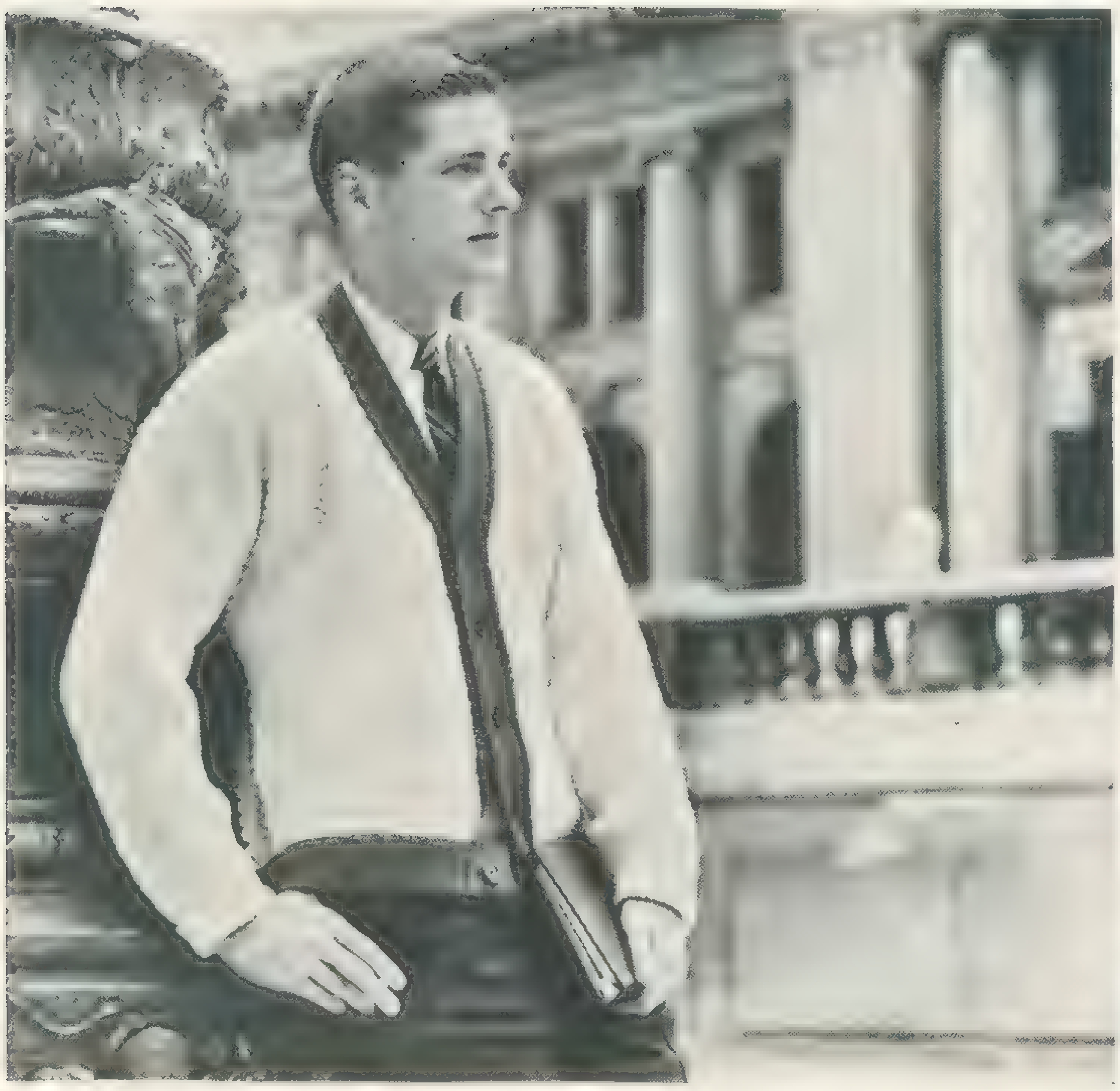
PENN

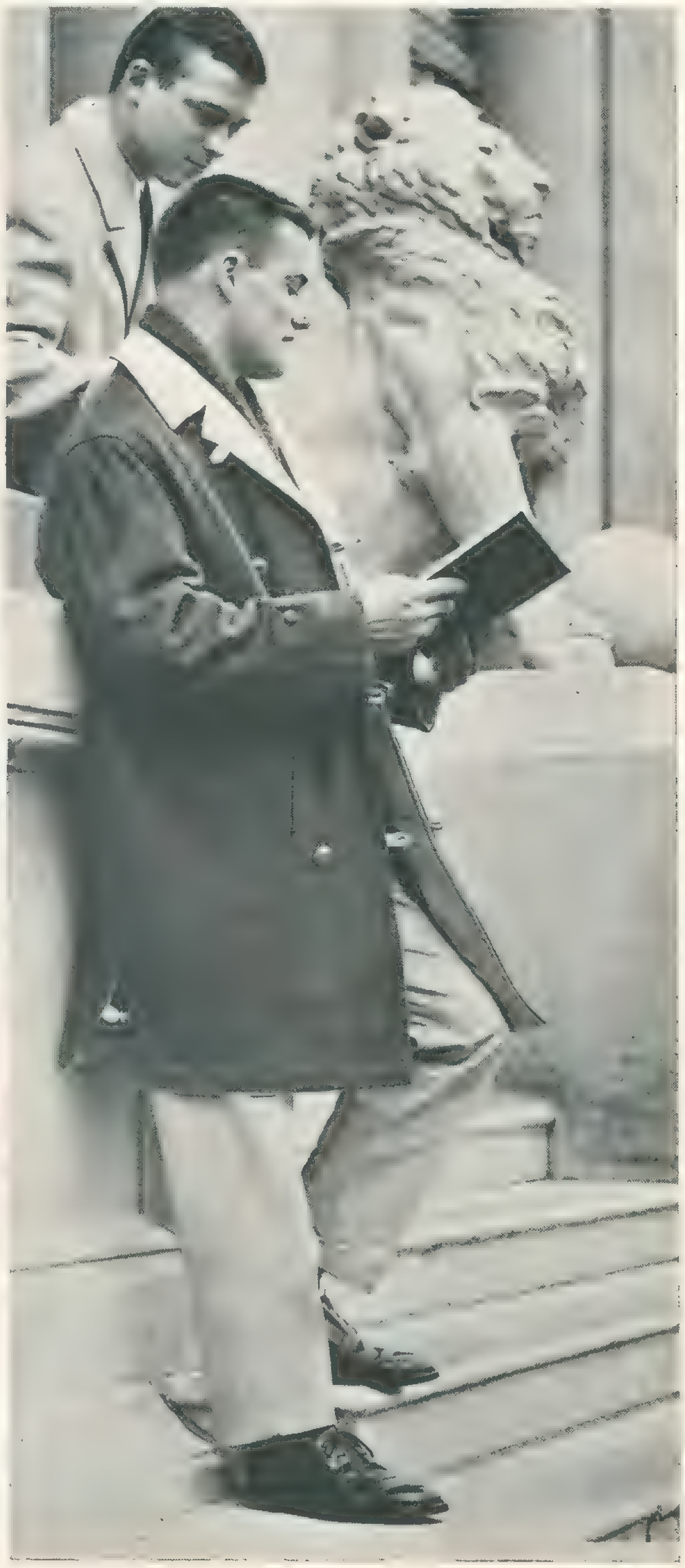
The men's page: good grounding for college men

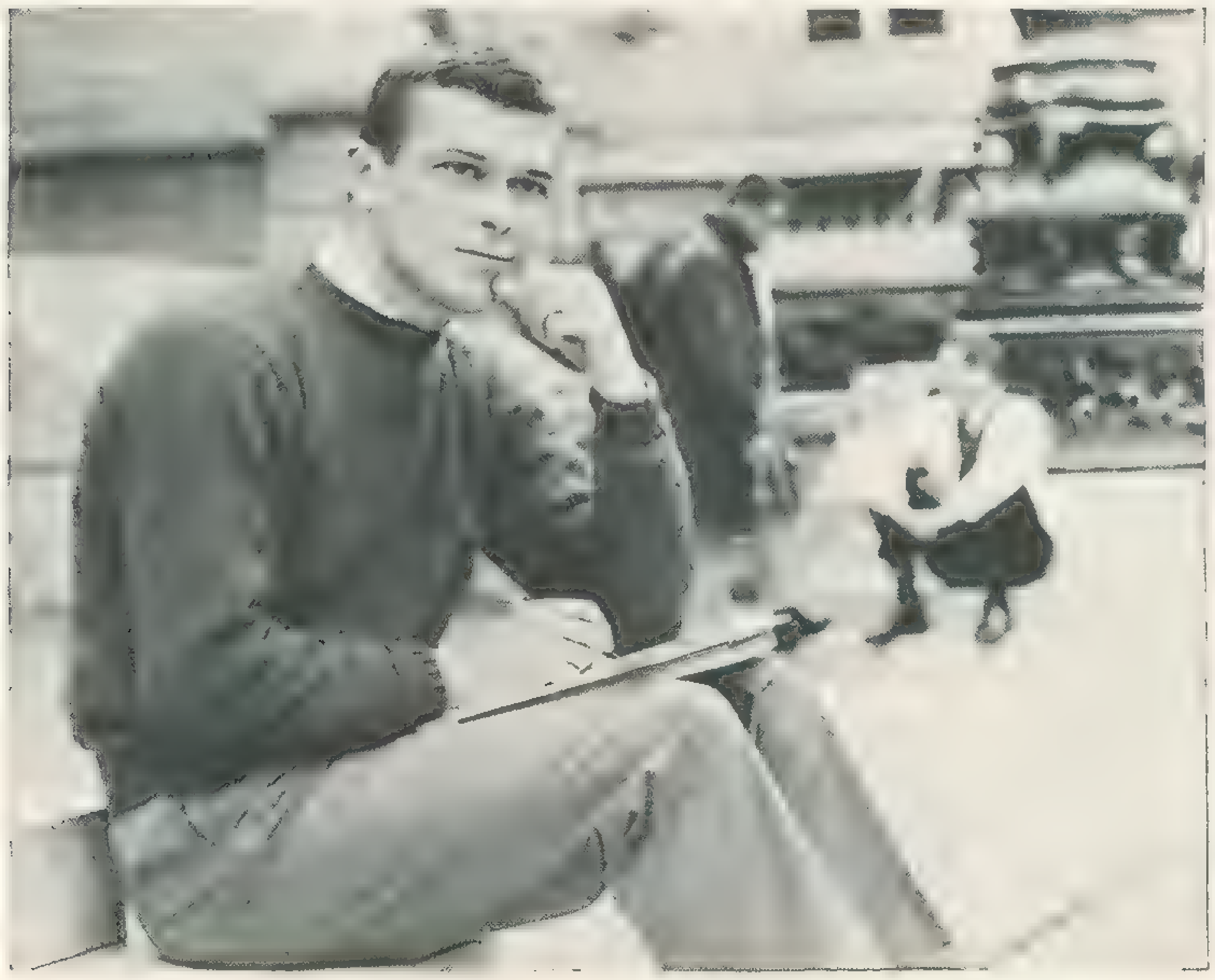
Starting here, a four-page clothes bulletin for college men (useful postgraduate reading, too). *Facing page:* New sports jacket development—blazer of grey flannel, single-breasted, with silvery buttons. By Deansgate, of Stevens wool flannel, $40. Button-down-collar shirt, a classic as remote from routine as bright red combed cotton can make it. By Gant of New Haven, $6. Here, with black-grey worsted flannel slacks by Corbin, $23. More red going around: the belt, of wool buckcloth, tipped with tan leather, $2.50; and socks of red Orlon, with elasticized tops, by Bur-Mil, $1.25. All, at Paul Stuart; Littler. Everything, except the shirt, also at Hutzler's. Cross-campus news: 3-speed English Raleigh bicycle, a lightweight with "trigger control." From Abercrombie & Fitch. *Below, left:* Trans-season suit—equal parts of Dacron and cotton blended to look like natural-coloured whipcord. The jacket could be worn with grey flannel slacks; the trousers with the grey blazer opposite (or any sweater overleaf). Suit, by Gordon of Philadelphia, $55. Lord & Taylor. *Below, right:* Black-blue suit (new navy-blue derivative)—now a good city change from dark grey. This, basket-weave worsted, built on lean lines. By Norman Hilton, $95. Frank Bros.; Spencer's Ltd. *All clothes* on these and the next two pages also at Neiman-Marcus and at shops listed on page 156.

PAUL HIMMEL

More grounding for college men, planned by sweater, by coat. *Below, left:* White cardigan sweater, bound with grey—and bound for black-grey flannel or tan whipcord slacks. This, loosely knit wool; built for ease. $25. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; L. S. Ayres. *Lower left:* Crimson crew-neck slipover of lightweight Icelandic wool—no lightweight when it comes to durability. By Forstmann, $13. At Lord & Taylor; Hutzler's; Lewis & Thomas Saltz. *Below, right:* Two-faced coat that can face the rain either way—it's water-repellent on *both* sides. On one: grey Loden cloth; natural tan poplin on the other. Habitat: anywhere around campus, stadium, or ski tow. By Europe Craft Imports, about $50. From Italy. Bloomingdale's; B. Forman. *Facing page:* On the left, a cable-stitch wool sweater with a shawl collar that will almost turn turtle in a chill wind. Its natural tan colour makes it a good possibility with black-grey flannel or tan whipcord slacks. By Activair, $23. At Whitehouse & Hardy. Right, campus coat major—a camel's-hair polo coat. It's double-breasted, half-belted—and looks as though Cary Grant might be inside it (he isn't). Coat of Worumbo fabric, $150. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Jack Henry.



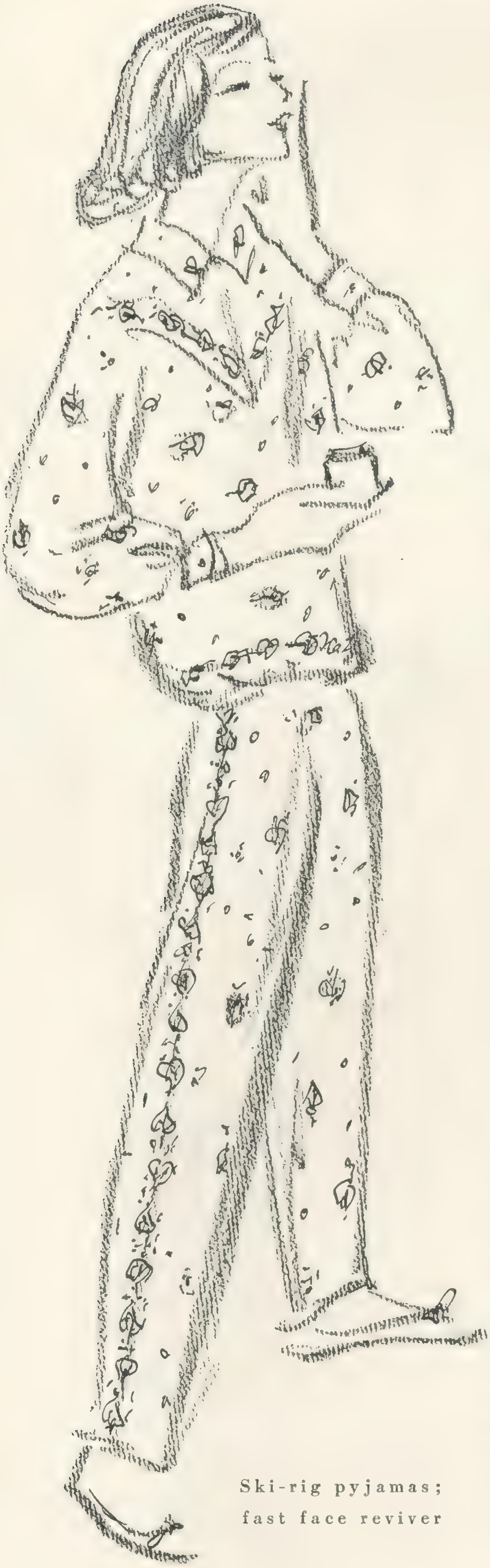




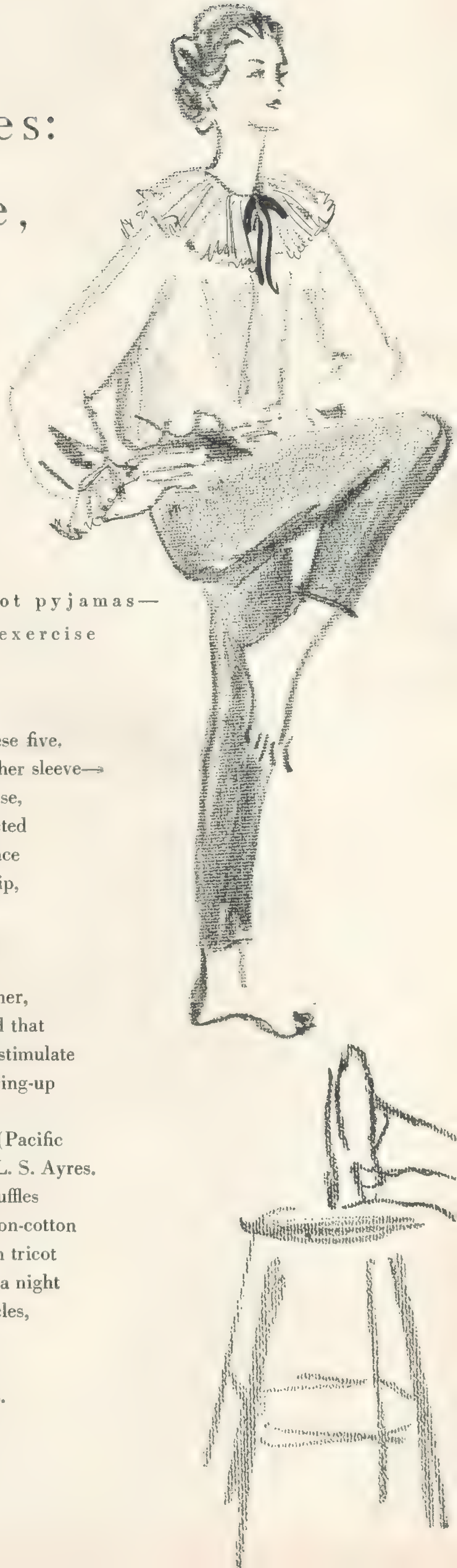
PAUL HIMMEL

PENN

Double-takes: new lingerie, young beauty tips



Ski-rig pyjamas;
fast face reviver

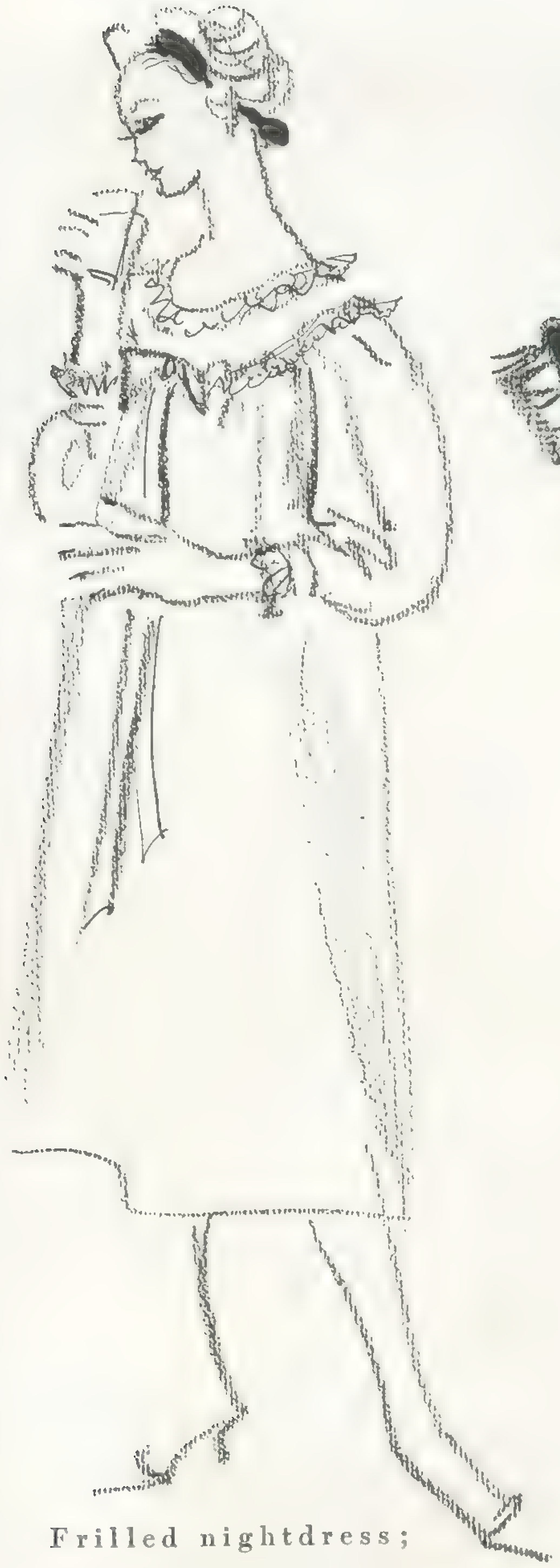


Pierrot pyjamas—
with exercise

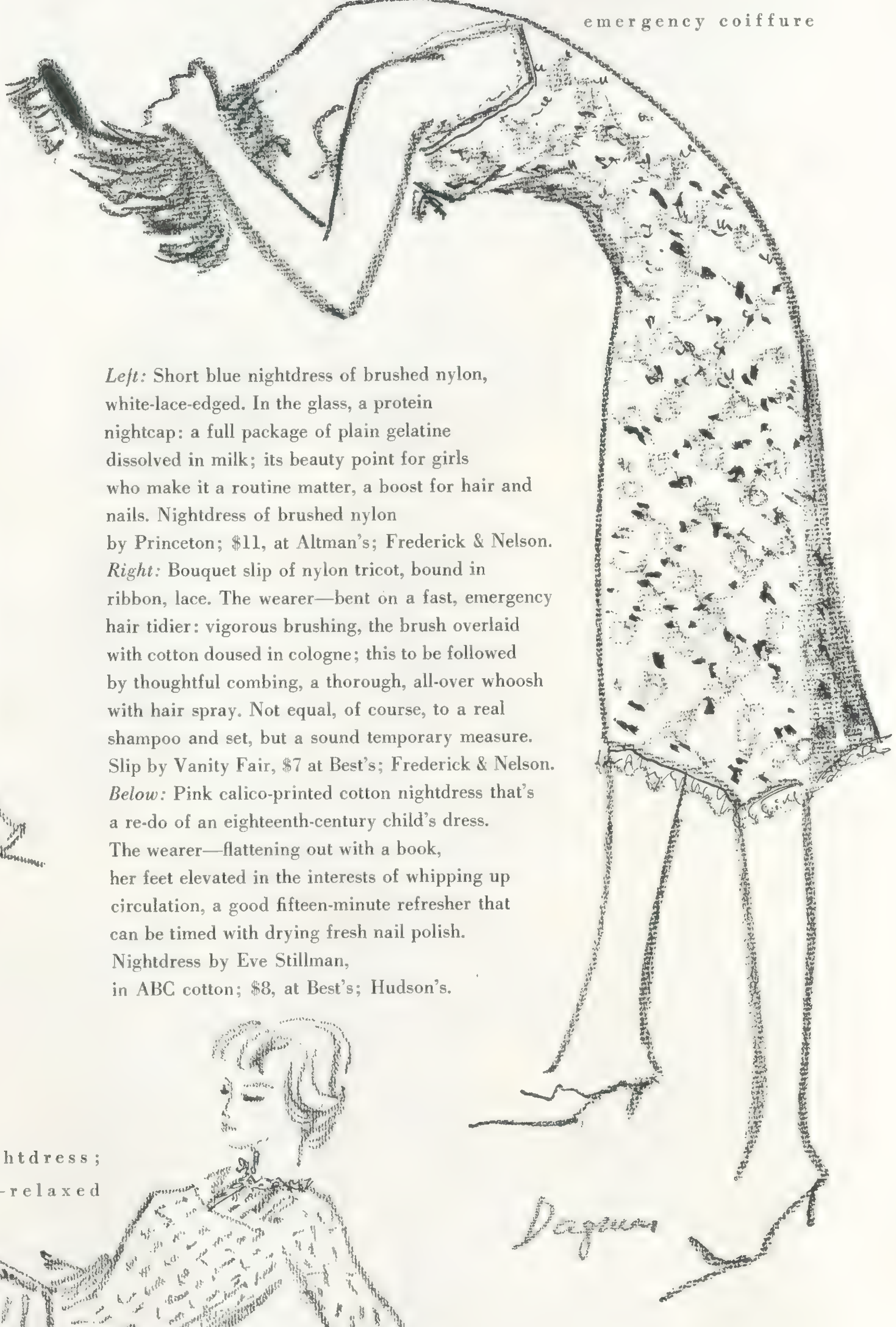
Smart girls (in or out of college), these five. Each has a new young beauty trick up her sleeve—and please notice the sleeve. In every case, the night clothes shown here were selected for coverage, enough to earn them a place as "lounge-study" clothes. As for the slip, the charm is in the bouquet print.

Left: Challis pyjamas cut like a ski rig, printed with pink hearts and arrows, covered enough for studying. Their owner, engaged here by beauty, has discovered that masques make marvellous repairs, will stimulate a dulled skin and, along with this stirring-up process, often erase under-eye circles. Pyjamas by Schrank; of cotton challis (Pacific Mills Fabrics); $5, at Lord & Taylor; L. S. Ayres.

Right: Pyjamas with a Pierrot collar, ruffles pleated permanently; white Dacron-nylon-cotton top (Stevens fabric); matte black nylon tricot pants. The wearer—giving five minutes a night to the "piston exercise" to limber muscles, firm thighs. Technique: bend knee up, kick out, hold, put foot down. Pyjamas, $11, at Altman's; Frost Bros.

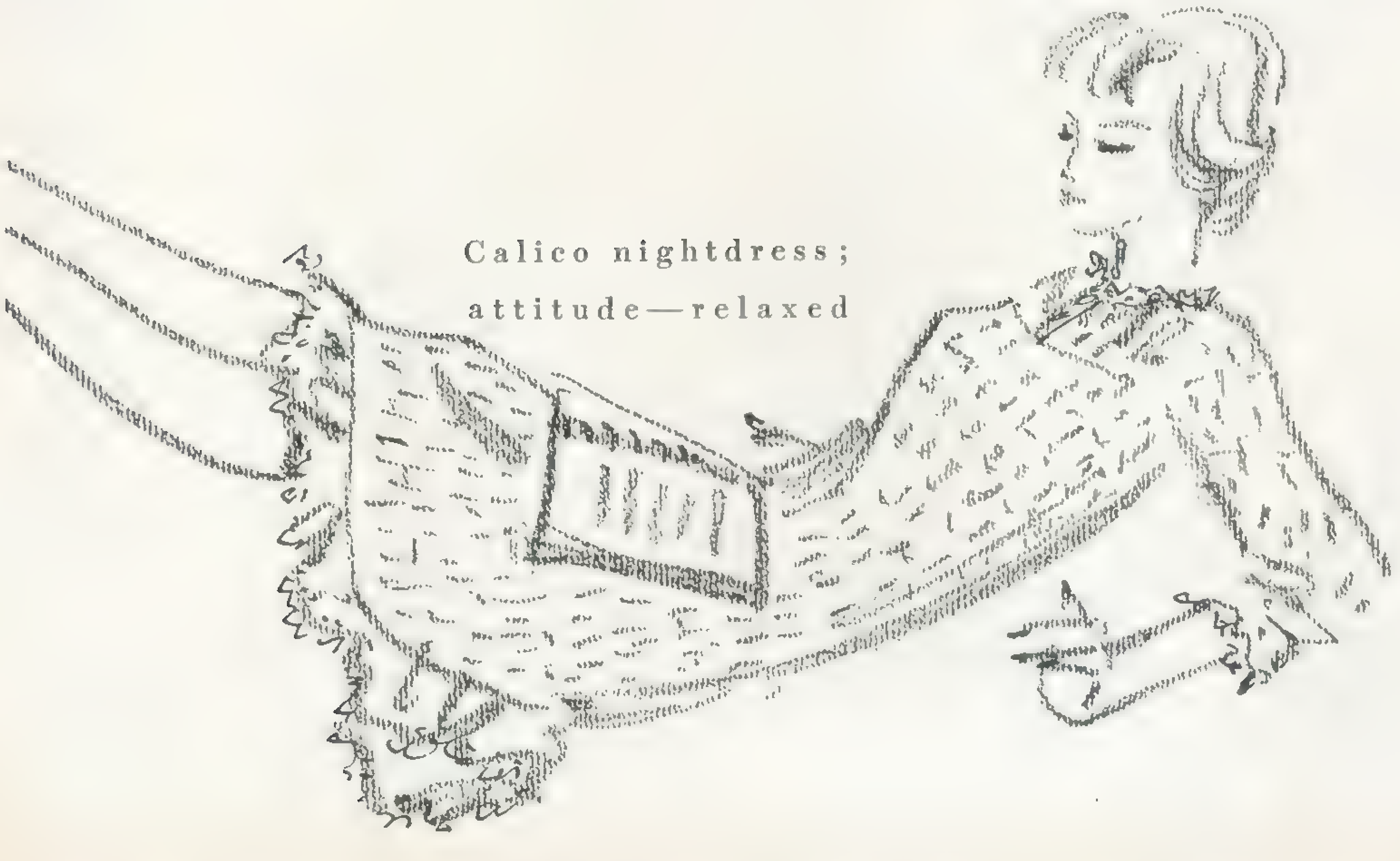


Frilled nightdress;
protein nightcap

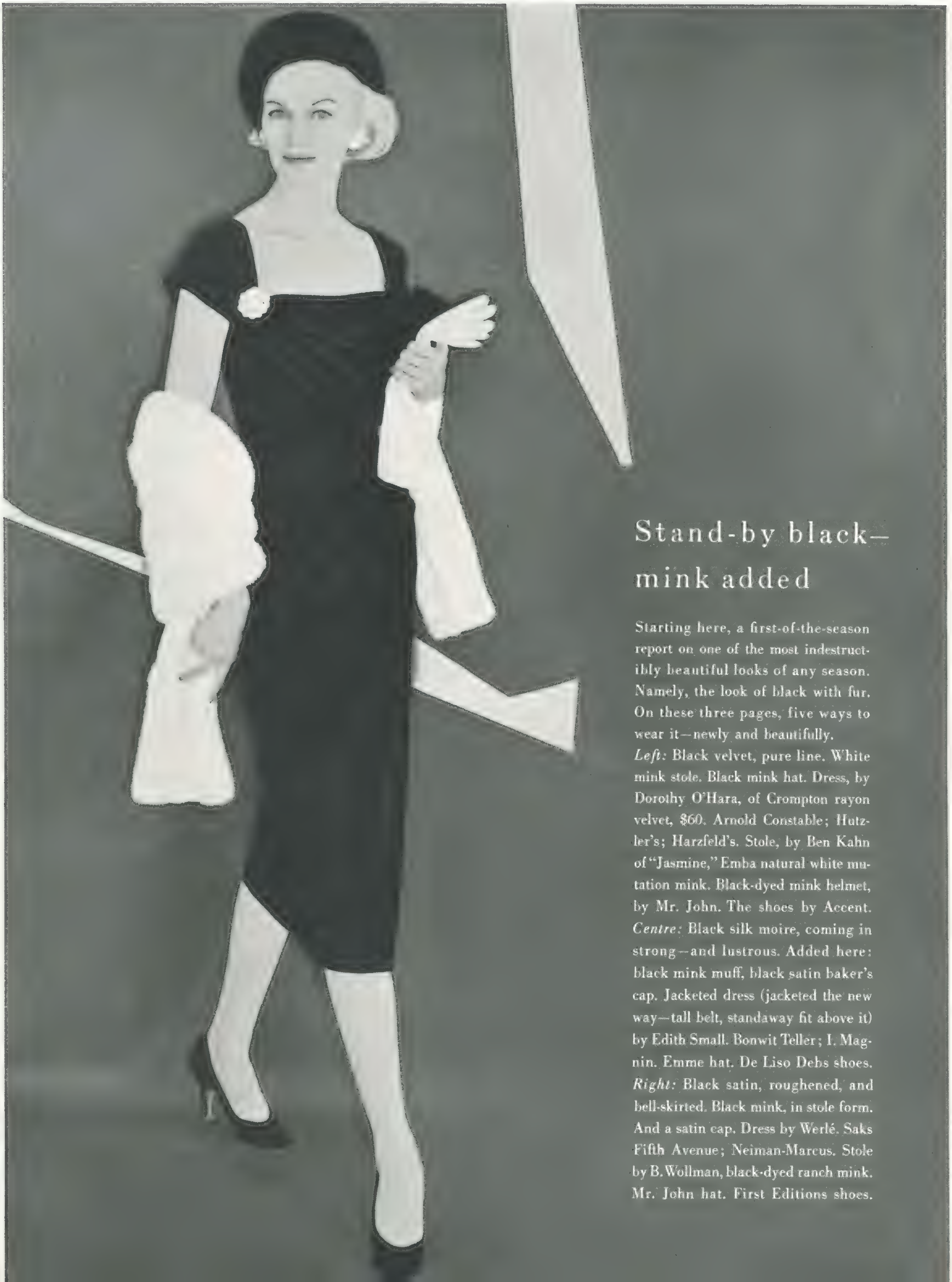


Bouquet-printed slip:
emergency coiffure

Left: Short blue nightdress of brushed nylon, white-lace-edged. In the glass, a protein nightcap: a full package of plain gelatine dissolved in milk; its beauty point for girls who make it a routine matter, a boost for hair and nails. Nightdress of brushed nylon by Princeton; $11, at Altman's; Frederick & Nelson. *Right:* Bouquet slip of nylon tricot, bound in ribbon, lace. The wearer—bent on a fast, emergency hair tidier: vigorous brushing, the brush overlaid with cotton doused in cologne; this to be followed by thoughtful combing, a thorough, all-over whoosh with hair spray. Not equal, of course, to a real shampoo and set, but a sound temporary measure. Slip by Vanity Fair, $7 at Best's; Frederick & Nelson. *Below:* Pink calico-printed cotton nightdress that's a re-do of an eighteenth-century child's dress. The wearer—flattening out with a book, her feet elevated in the interests of whipping up circulation, a good fifteen-minute refresher that can be timed with drying fresh nail polish. Nightdress by Eve Stillman, in ABC cotton; $8, at Best's; Hudson's.



Calico nightdress;
attitude—relaxed



Stand-by black—mink added

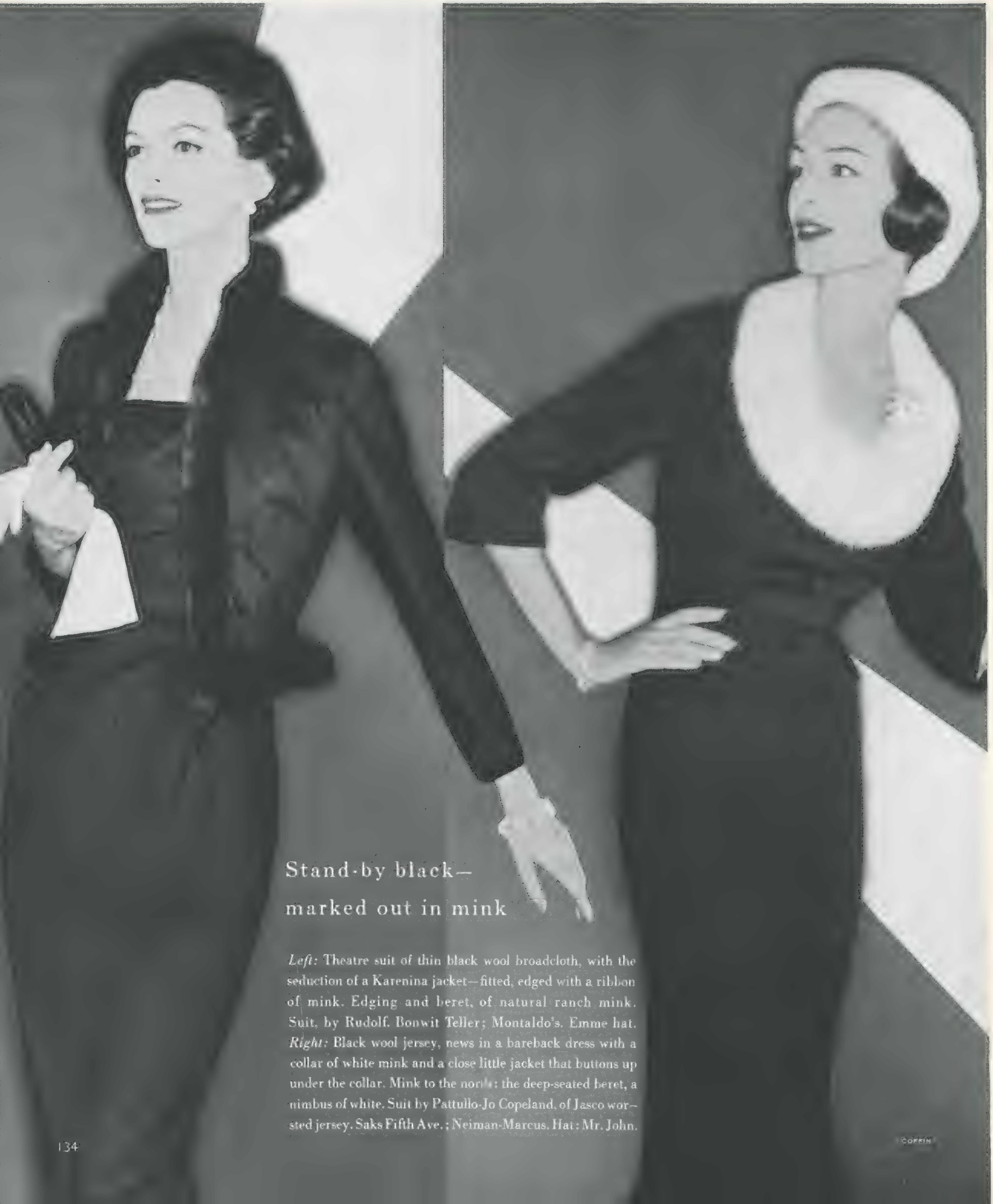
Starting here, a first-of-the-season report on one of the most indestructibly beautiful looks of any season. Namely, the look of black with fur. On these three pages, five ways to wear it—newly and beautifully.

Left: Black velvet, pure line. White mink stole. Black mink hat. Dress, by Dorothy O'Hara, of Crompton rayon velvet, $60. Arnold Constable; Hutzler's; Harzfeld's. Stole, by Ben Kahn of "Jasmine," Emba natural white mutation mink. Black-dyed mink helmet, by Mr. John. The shoes by Accent.

Centre: Black silk moire, coming in strong—and lustrous. Added here: black mink muff, black satin baker's cap. Jacketed dress (jacketed the new way—tall belt, standaway fit above it) by Edith Small. Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin. Emme hat. De Liso Debs shoes.

Right: Black satin, roughened, and bell-skirted. Black mink, in stole form. And a satin cap. Dress by Werlé. Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman-Marcus. Stole by B. Wollman, black-dyed ranch mink. Mr. John hat. First Editions shoes.

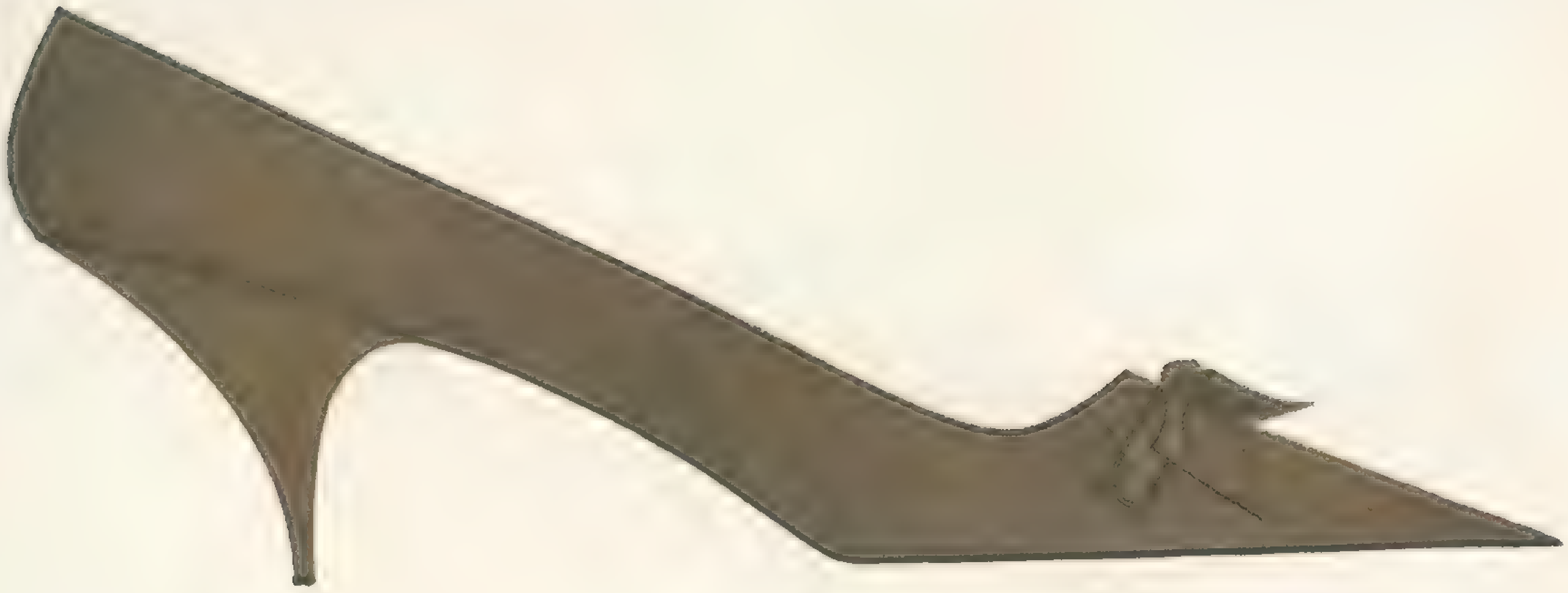
COFFIN



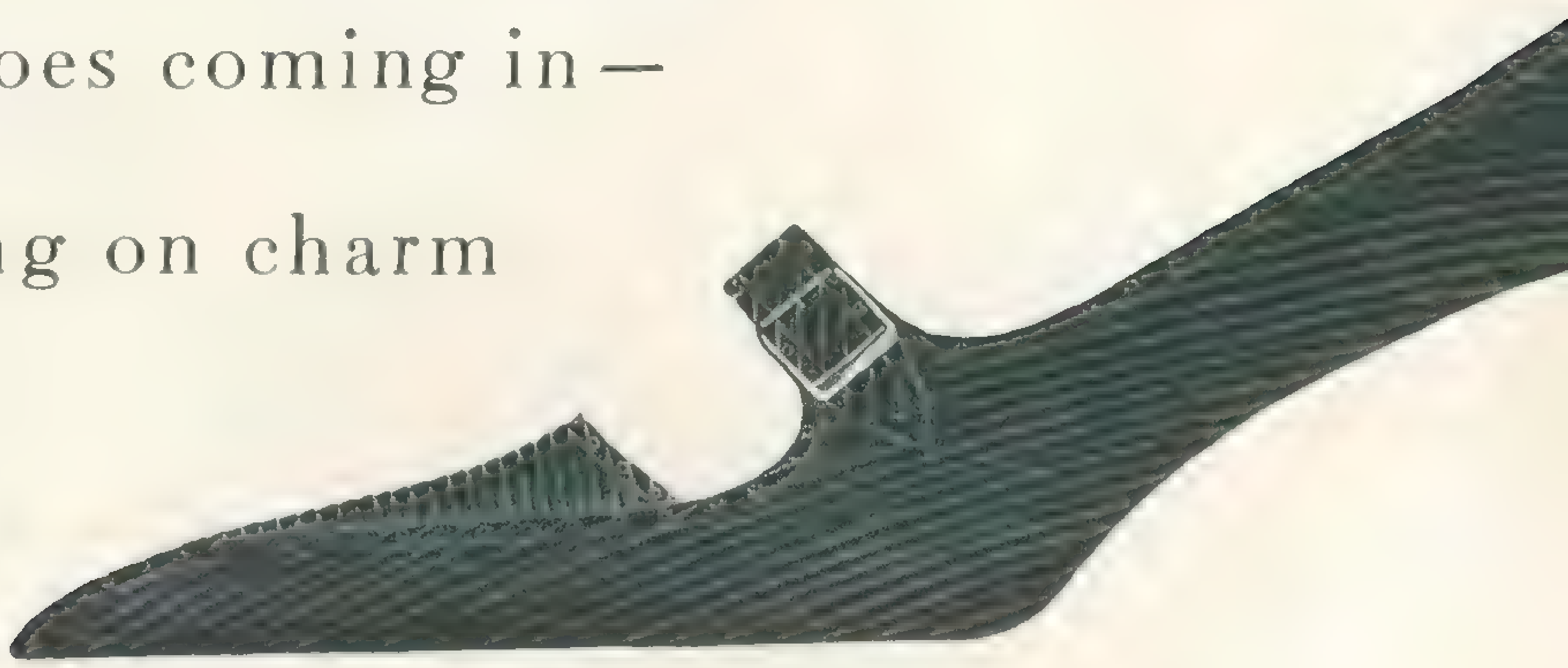
Stand-by black— marked out in mink

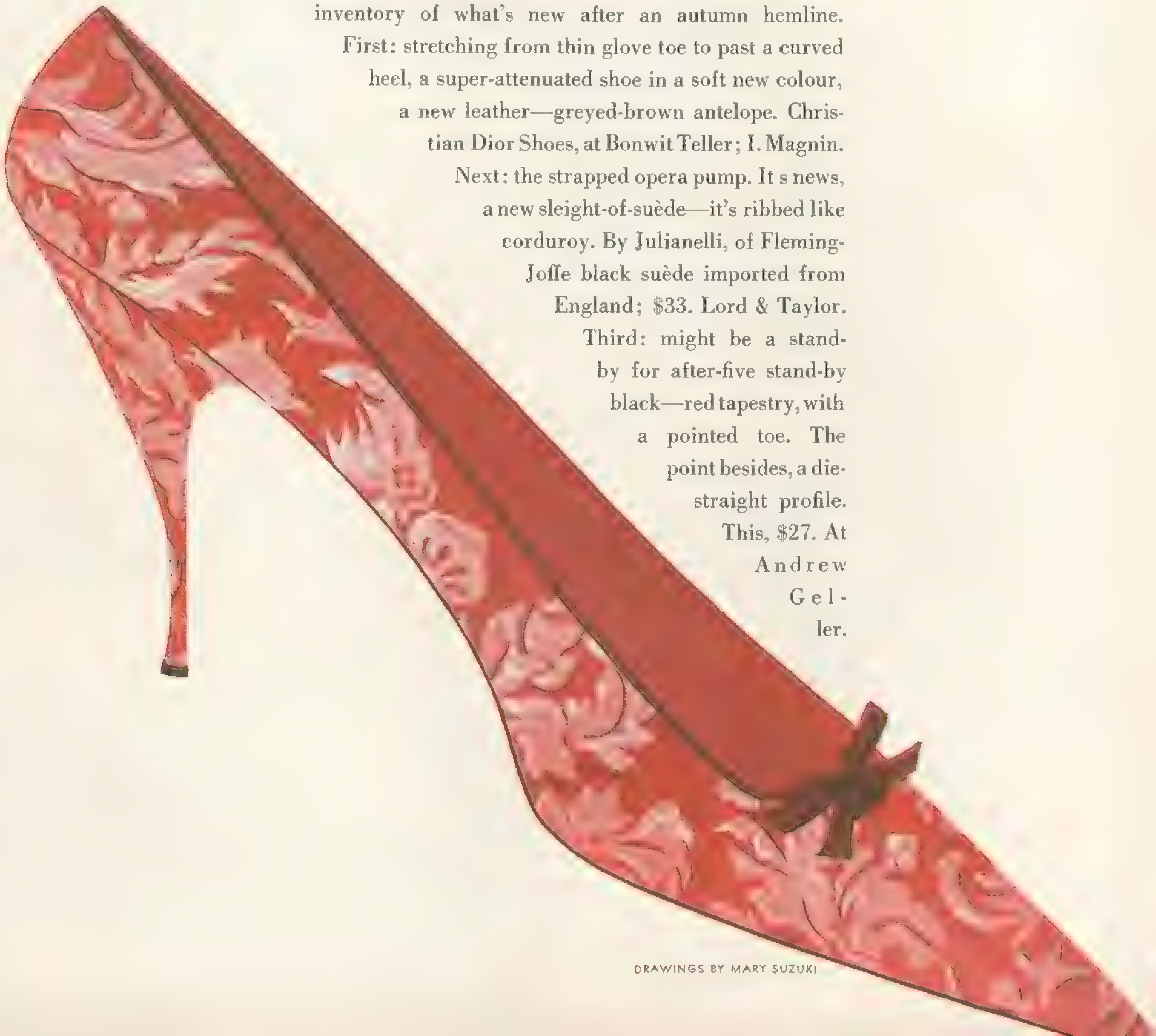
Left: Theatre suit of thin black wool broadcloth, with the seduction of a Karenina jacket—fitted, edged with a ribbon of mink. Edging and beret, of natural ranch mink. Suit, by Rudolf. Bonwit Teller; Montaldo's. Emme hat. *Right:* Black wool jersey, news in a bareback dress with a collar of white mink and a close little jacket that buttons up under the collar. Mink to the north: the deep-seated beret, a nimbus of white. Suit by Pattullo-Jo Copeland, of Jasco worsted jersey. Saks Fifth Ave.; Neiman-Marcus. Hat: Mr. John.

COFFIN



Shoes coming in—
long on charm





Reading from top, down, these three shoes in the inventory of what's new after an autumn hemline. First: stretching from thin glove toe to past a curved heel, a super-attenuated shoe in a soft new colour, a new leather—greyed-brown antelope. Christian Dior Shoes, at Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin. Next: the strapped opera pump. It s news, a new sleight-of-suède—it's ribbed like corduroy. By Julianelli, of Fleming-Joffe black suède imported from England; $33. Lord & Taylor. Third: might be a stand-by for after-five stand-by black—red tapestry, with a pointed toe. The point besides, a die-straight profile. This, $27. At Andrew Geller.

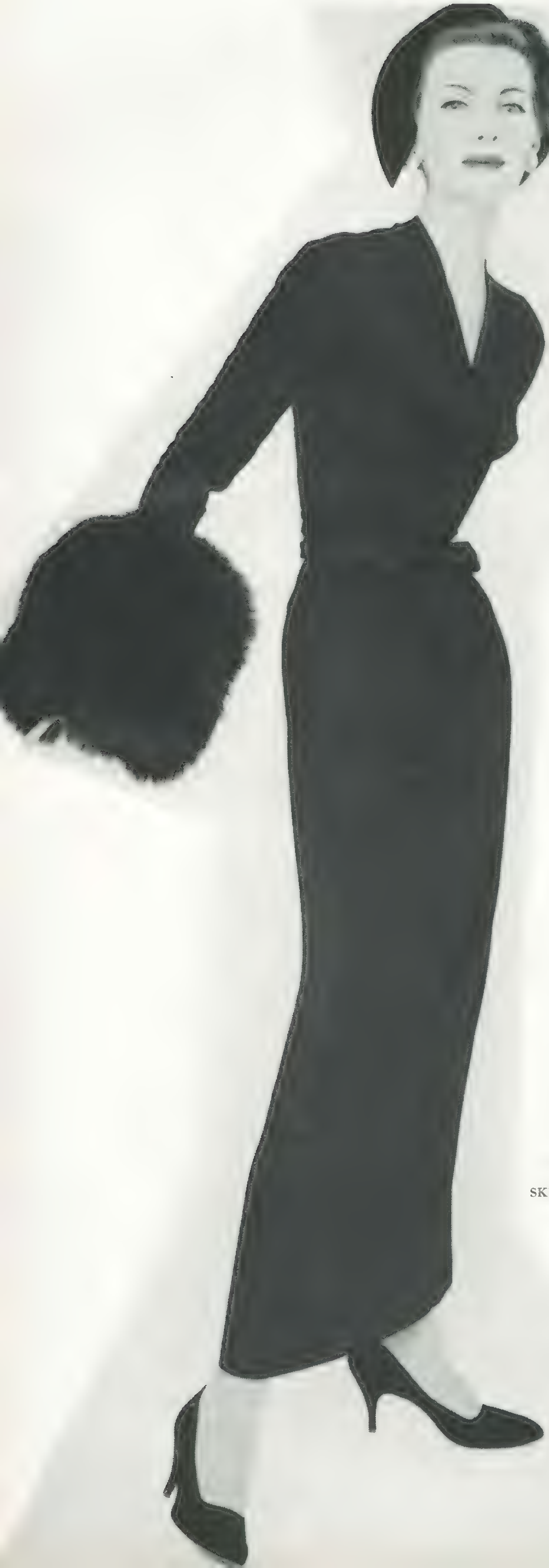
DRAWINGS BY MARY SUZUKI

Two of next year's winners?

TOP. VOGUE PATTERN 9271: SKIRT. VOGUE PATTERN 9052

In the sewing contest conducted this year by the Singer Sewing Machine Company, 24 out of the 33 regional winners chose to use Vogue Patterns from which to sew their entries. Of the three final winners—going for a $25,000 first prize—all *three* chose to use Vogue Patterns. Always the smartest, Vogue Patterns are now the easiest: their format was completely revamped a year and a half ago—directions clarified, printing *added* to perforations—to make them as helpful and self-explanatory as patterns can possibly be; to make them

RUTLEDGE

 clear enough for even a sewing amateur. Here, two of the latest from the regularly-augmented issue of Vogue Printed and Perforated Pattern designs. Either might make a pleasant week-end project for August, a handsome wardrobe addition, for autumn, and—who knows?—a winner next year:

TOP, VOGUE PATTERN 9278
SKIRT, VOGUE PATTERN 9276

Two looks in the making—a black crêpe day dress, a black crêpe dinner dress—each formed by separate blouse and skirt. One week end's worth of sewing in August could give you either dress, easily; point a wardrobe into autumn. *Far left:* Day-length "dress"—pull-over top, knife-pleated skirt, the latter to be sent out to a professional pleater, if you choose. Top, Vogue Pattern 9271; skirt, 9052. Silk crêpe, Onondaga. *Near left:* Wrapped over and tied, a long-sleeved blouse that may very well be the best line a blouse ever took. Here, it's followed by the news of an ankle-reaching dinner skirt—or any length of same you may elect. Part of the chic: the black silk crêpe (this, Onondaga). Top, Vogue Pattern 9278; skirt, Vogue Pattern 9276. Headband, from Therese Ahrens. Black fox muff from Winter Furs. Black opera pumps are by Johansen. *Back views and sizes of the patterns, page 153.*

GOSSIPY MEMO ON TRAVEL

After years of successfully steering young girls across Europe, mixing studies with social life, Mrs. Harwood Kammerer will settle this winter in the beautiful Villa Mercede in Florence, take a few American girls between the ages of 17 and 23, and, on the old-fashioned "finishing school" system, she will see that they are steeped in European history. The curriculum of language, art, music, and literature can make either a broadening preview for entering college, or a happy substitute. There will be trips to Rome, Venice, Pisa, and Siena, Perugia, and Assisi; and a pleasant social life will include excellent golf and tennis at the Country Club, skiing in the nearby mountains, and entertaining in the villa's lovely drawing rooms and gardens. The cost, October to June: $2,400. This does not include transportation. Write Mrs. Harwood Kammerer, Cranbury, New Jersey.

Here's a carefully screened list of 236 farms and ranches that take guests for about $40 a week, with choice ranging from a large cattle ranch in Montana to a Christmas tree and maple sugar farm in Massachusetts. The list, in leaflet form: 25 cents, Farm Vacations and Holidays, Inc., Dept. PR, 500 Fifth Avenue, New York 36, N. Y.

For the bright and curious, two UNESCO books: *Study Abroad* lists the 74,000 scholarships and fellowships available throughout the world, $2; *Vacations Abroad* lists holidays combined with study in Asia and Africa as well as Europe and the U.S.A., $1. Write UNESCO Publications Center, 152 West 42nd Street, New York 36, N. Y.

Skiers with 20-20 vision are making plans now for their winter trips, whether a flight to the Alps, or a week end on nearby hills. Farther afield is Gulmarg, twenty-nine miles from Srinagar in Kashmir (twenty-five by road, the rest by pony or on foot). It lies on the side of a huge bowl that has golf courses and bridle paths at the bottom and hotels and pine huts on the rim; and there is skiing all winter long. One may hire one of the cabins or stay at the Nedous Hotel, famous among Anglo-Indians, for about $7 a day with meals. One must bring one's own ski equipment. Write the India Goverment Tourist Office, 19 East 49 Street, New York 17, N. Y.

A motel for 4,000 people is being built near Brussels for next summer's World's Fair. The price: $5.50 a day for a double room. The exhibitions promise to be magnificent, the crowds enormous. A clearing house, called Logexpo, has been set up through which one can engage rooms in hotels, in private houses, or in the motel. Write Logexpo, 35 rue Belliard, Brussels, Belgium.

Transatlantic Bargains: Icelandic Airlines charges the lowest rates of all scheduled flights, the only drawback being that the trip takes about six hours longer (in Douglas Skymasters). Savings: New York to London and back, $97.80; New York to Oslo and back, $163.40. . . . American Banner Lines launches the S.S. "Atlantic" next spring, an all tourist-class ship, each stateroom with bath, charging one way to Europe $187.50.

To sail around the world in clean comfort for less than $23 a day, there are the American President Lines' four freighters, newly built, that circle the globe in about four months. The usual twelve passenger quarters have been shined up by interior decorators; one dines with the officers, there are movies twice a week, and one amuses oneself sunning on deck, playing hi-fi records or cards, reading from a well-stocked library, watching the loading and unloading of cargo, and, of course, seeing the world. These ships have mix-it-yourself bars and do-it-yourself laundries. Each one has a suite with a sitting room, that costs $6,800 for two. The regular cabins have a large window, radio, and private bath. (Rates start at $2,700 for one.)

Pied à Paris—a mansard-roofed attic on the Left Bank →

For this issue of Vogue's Fashions in Living, we have tracked the young, exploring their houses and how they live; among them, the Paris apartment of Henry Clarke, a young Vogue photographer. Originally from California, now Parisian by adoption, Henry Clarke lives in this wish-fulfillment house—fulfillment of the *Trilby* to *Paris Review* wish, life in a garret. The difference is the garret, with this one (situated on the rue Bonaparte, not far from the Café Flore) as polished and handsome as a tortoise-shell snuffbox. It began, however, as a rather dreary top floor, cubed into four unpromising rooms. On the advice of Raymond Poteau, a Paris architect, Mr. Clarke pulled out cluttering walls and juts to reveal the oak-raftered shell of the mansard roof, giving himself in the process a fair-sized living room (shown here), adding a new kitchen and bath, and using one of the original rooms as the bedroom. In the living room, with faintly greyed white walls, he has used colours of the warmest pigments—the magnificent Directoire reds of the Aubusson rug, with lesser greens and gold; deep red for a small cushy sofa; a gilt-yellow moire covering the Louis XVI chair at the left; and clear red for the straight-backed Jacobean desk chair. The effect—a nicely underplayed excitement, the sense of a house to be lived in with pleasure in its own visual joys, and, in fact, with pleasure in general.

VOGUE'S FASHIONS *in* LIVING

YOUNG CHOICE:

THE PARTIES AND APARTMENTS OF SIX YOUNG WOMEN IN NEW YORK

Miss Diana Hitt, *left*, belongs to a new majority: a generation, almost, of young women who work in town and live, singly or in groups, in apartments of their own choosing. In the short years between college and marriage, these young women are decorating their apartments, giving parties, and developing fresh and individual ways of doing both. Miss Hitt, the daughter of Mr. Robert Hitt and Mrs. Alexander Knox, is an actress, one year out of Sarah Lawrence. (Four years ago she became a co-founder of Cross Right Stage, a flourishing summer theatre group in Falmouth, Massachusetts.) Her one-room flat in a new air-conditioned building is unmistakably *hers:* an arrangement in black and white that is cool, composed, and as decidedly feminine as her own domino vividness. The furniture is ingeniously simple. A door with legs added makes the black-painted work-dining-serving table; two more doors were transformed by legs and foam rubber mattresses into a pair of day beds, covered in black-and-white cotton tweed and ranged end to end against one long white wall. Two black-lacquered Chiavari chairs and another, smaller table (built for her by her father, of lovingly hand-finished walnut, but relentlessly painted into the black-and-white scheme) complete the room. The essential extras: bowls of her favourite snow-white flowers, blossoming on the window sills; a group of Degas prints in pale-grey frames; the portable phonograph and a large record collection.

HOW SHE ENTERTAINS

Her supper parties are apt to begin late, around ten o'clock, and go on later still—the guests are often theatre friends with whom Miss Hitt has worked. Conversation, with or without music, is the usual program. Drinks, with Scotch the favourite, are set up on the long table, as is the supper, later. Suggested menus for a small group: cold roast chicken, a mixed vegetable salad, *petits fours*, with coffee; *or* water-cress sandwiches, with a casserole of green noodles and ham. A cocktail party for more people (up to twenty-five) could include, besides the cocktails, stuffed eggs with anchovy paste or curry and dill; a chafing dish of tiny hamburgers in red wine; ready-made tart shells filled with a mix of devilled ham, horse-radish, and cream.

Right: The long door-top table serves as both bar and buffet; a corner window, in the background, offers a roof-top view of the city by day, and of the city lights after dark.

HORST

The Misses Alethea Riggs, Jane Leigh, and Katherine Maffitt, *left to right*

These three young women prefer collective living, and they have collected in a delightful remodelled brownstone house. Merging their taste, they put up Japanese prints and old Chinese paintings on glass in their living room, which overlooks its own paved patio-garden. Painted in pale grey, with pale-grey shutters and bright greened-blue draperies, this room has a pair of carved Victorian sofas, covered in yellow brocade. The books on the shelves run to several languages, for both Katherine Maffitt and Alethea Riggs, who are daughters of diplomats, spent much of their childhood in foreign countries. Miss Maffitt, who studied at Foxcroft, Vassar, and the Sorbonne, collects French lithographs, is a serious tennis player, hears an enormous amount of music, worked at one point for *Time-Life*, and is now in Europe improving her German. Her father is Edward Maffitt, counsellor to the American Embassy in New Delhi; her mother is Mrs. Ralph I. Straus of New York. Equally international in her education, Miss Riggs, the daughter of Mr. Benjamin R. Riggs and Mrs. Rudolf de Wardener, has lived in Hungary and France, now works for the Lipton Tea Company, buying office and mill supplies. Less special in her occupation is Miss Leigh, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry A. Leigh of Greenwich, Connecticut. After sketching for a dress designer, she settled in, working for John Rawlings, one of Vogue's distinguished photographers. In the girls' living together scheme, each gets her own breakfast, makes her own bed, but the first one in at night turns down the beds for the other two.

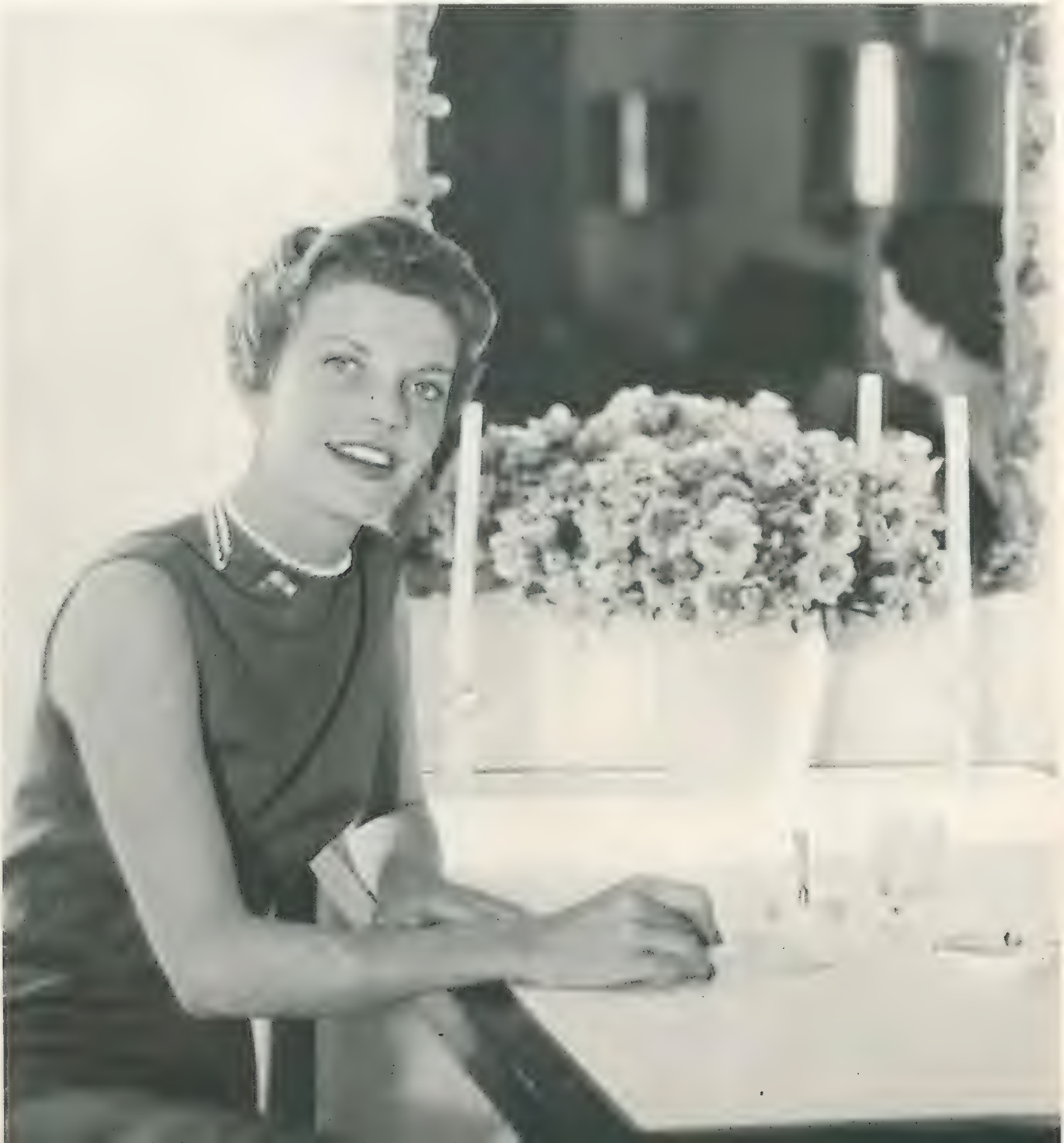
HOW THEY ENTERTAIN

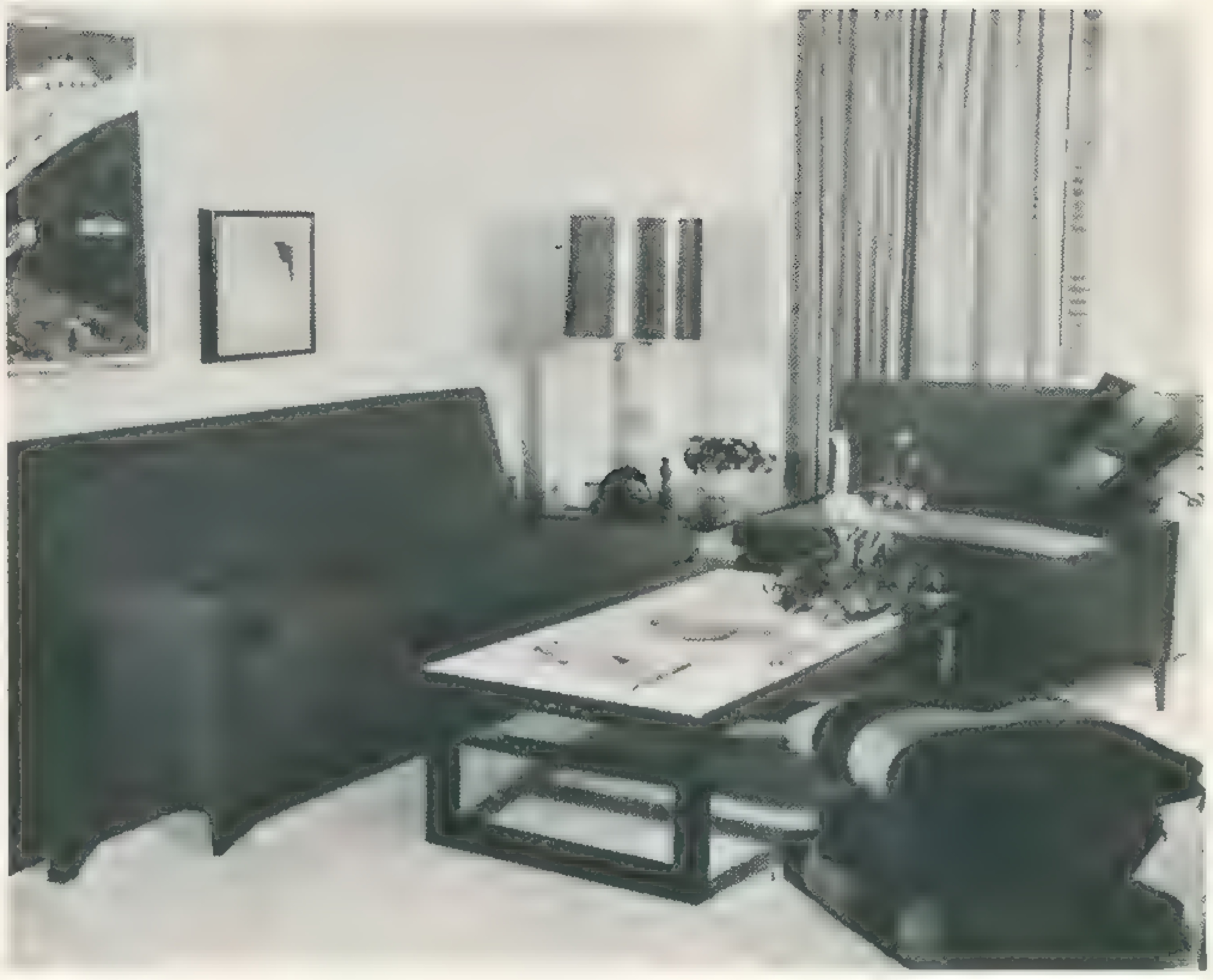
Because this trio have many friends in common, their parties, like the apartment, are usually a joint project. At one of their early summer parties, they served primarily South Sides—gin, lemon juice, and crushed mint—and a light buffet supper. For such a party, the menu might be cheese puffs (frozen ones, scuffled quickly into the oven) followed by chicken *pilaf*, set out on the drop-leaf table in the living room. On a summer evening, the only other course might be a salad of lettuce, cucumbers, and olives with a minted lemon dressing. At small parties, which are often set in motion by the arrival of foreign friends in New York, the girls frequently serve Cinzano, Negrones, Dubonnet-on-the-rocks with delicious tamales (canned), egg rolls which come frozen, and guacamole on crackers.

HORST

The Misses Patricia Hutchinson, *below,* and Calista Sayre, *opposite*

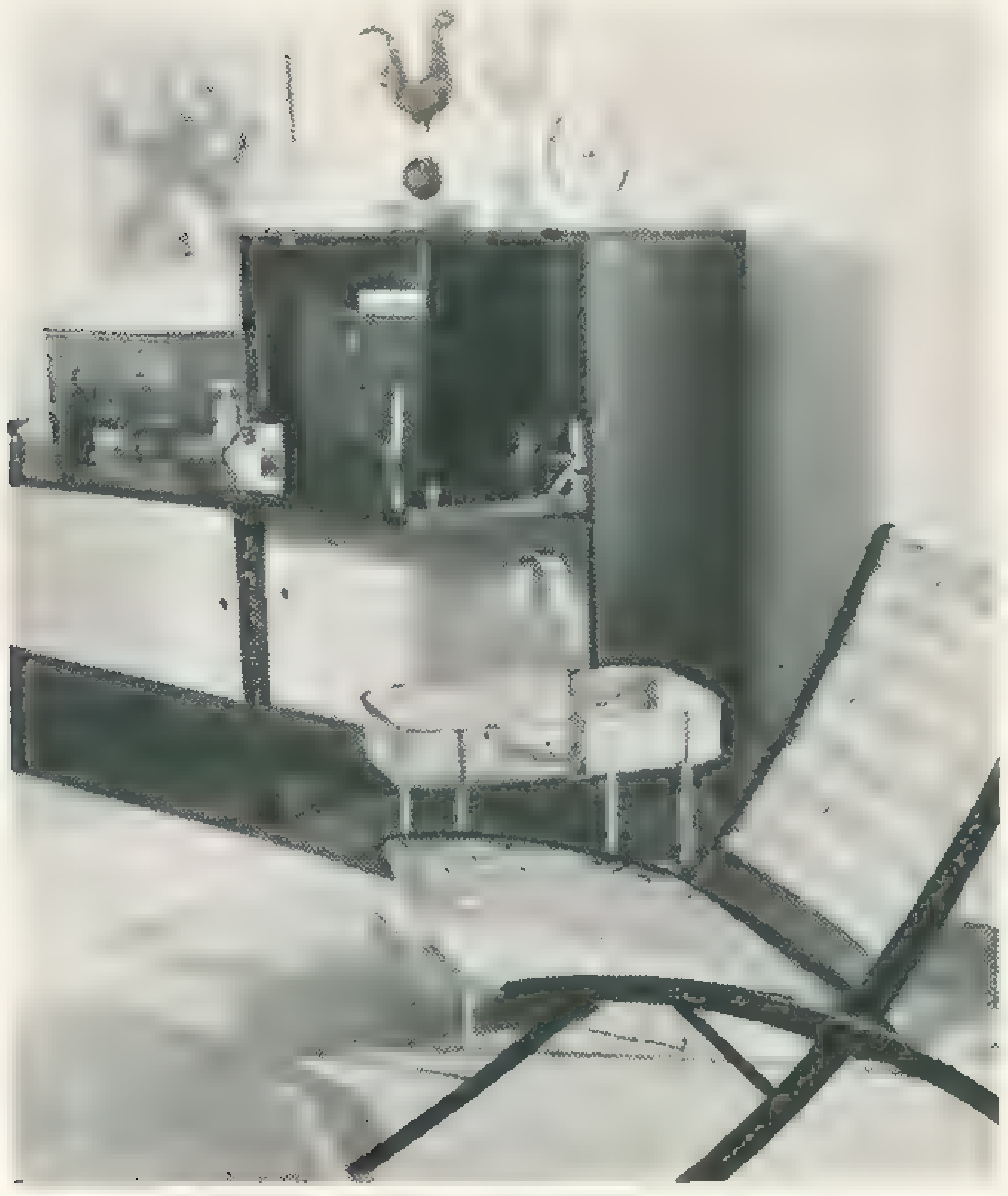
In their well-ordered, airy apartment, brilliant with colour against chalk-white walls, Miss Hutchinson and Miss Sayre have a small attractive collection of paintings; among them, an abstraction by Cleve Gray, two lively Bemelmans water colours, and an amusing Japanese print of a monkey reaching for the moon. For colour they used Siamese blue on the sofas, lime green and bright blue silk on a pair of small benches, and on two armchairs, pink, mauve, and blue stripes. With all this gaiety, they have added a basketful of imperishably blue flowers and an equally permanent arrangement of dark plums, berries, and small white flowers in a black and white bowl. Miss Sayre, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Caryl L. Sayre, received honourable mention in Vogue's 1954 Prix de Paris, spends a great deal of time in the summers sailing her boat on Long Island Sound, plans to go to Europe in the autumn. The plans for Miss Hutchinson, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Hutchinson, are just as definite: her plans include marriage to Mr. Yves Robert.





HORST

Above: Red and black checked silk cushions, stacked beside the long white mosaic-topped coffee table; from Lord & Taylor. *Below:* Folding chair of gold-anodized aluminum; made in Italy for Interiors' Imports.



HOW THEY ENTERTAIN

This pair prefer small dinner parties, partly because of Miss Hutchinson's gift for inventive cooking. After cocktails, served, perhaps, with broiled mushroom caps, the menu for such a seated dinner might be roast leg of lamb, in which minute slivers of garlic have been inserted, with warm French bread and a green salad, followed by strawberry soufflé. The wine: a California Bordeaux. The coffee: a well-roasted French blend, dark and strong. For a buffet for eight, curries are the solution. On the table, with curry of shrimp made with chicken broth, cream, seasonings, curry powder, and plenty of shrimps, there are mounds of rice and small bowls of chutney, coconut, chopped peanuts, crumbled bacon, and riced eggs. The wine: a Chilean Riesling. With the romaine and olive salad, Bel Paese cheese. The dessert might be icy fruit in kirsch, served in frosted punch glasses, with cookies.

HOW TO LIVE IN PARIS FOR TWO WEEKS ON NO MONEY

There's a catch, of course, and this is it. To qualify
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And you have to *win* it.
The two weeks' trip, flying both ways, with all expenses
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But it's not the only prize. There's a second, of $500 cash.
There are 10 honourable mention prizes of $25 each.
And, there is this, praised year after year,
in letter after letter from Prix entrants:
recommendations by Vogue to stores, advertising agencies,
and other magazines, who have come to think
of Vogue's Prix de Paris as a sort of young talent registry;
and top consideration for positions on Vogue
and other Condé Nast publications.
Entering the Prix is a piece of work; we wouldn't deny it.
More work, in fact, than a routine college assignment.
What's required is the answering of two quizzes
and, if you pass those,
the completion of a thesis on a given subject.
Who wins the Prix? Young women from Rockland, Maine,
to Seoul, Korea. (And we've yet to elect a winner
who wasn't absolutely stunned by the news.)
All of the rules for entering the next Prix—
Vogue's 23rd, as it happens—appear on page 66.
As for this past college-year's winners,
we take pleasure in announcing the news at right.

FIRST PRIZE: $1,000 cash or
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won by
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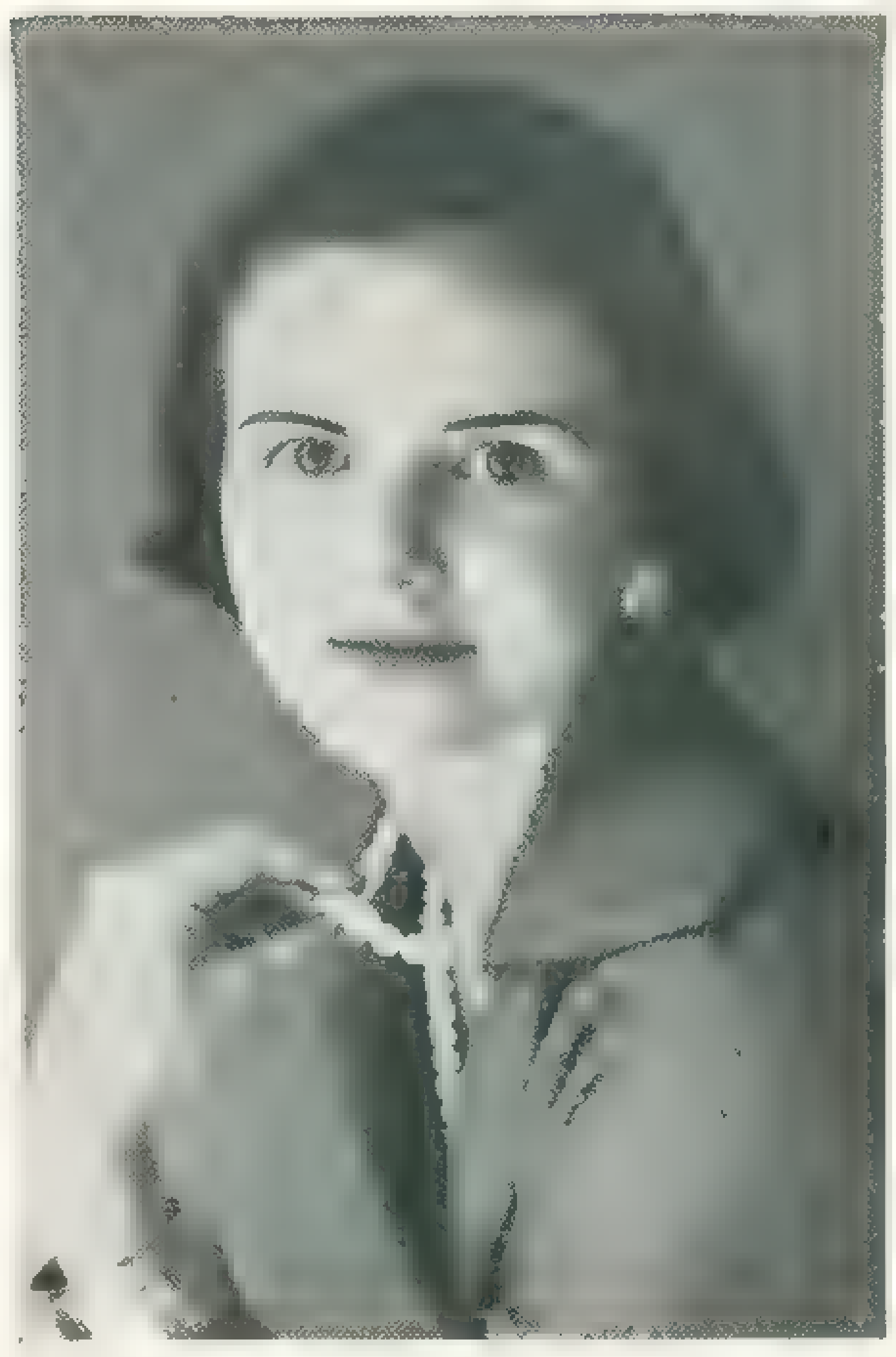
College of St. Elizabeth

COFFIN



SECOND PRIZE: $500, won by
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Special Citation
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Illinois Wesleyan University
Pattern Thesis—$100 cash

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ANN JACKSON
Wellesley

LYNNE LAWNER
Wellesley

ANNA MARIE MARPLE
Los Angeles State College

KATHLYN PARKS
University of Oklahoma

YVONNE POSTELLE
University of California

NINA ZIPPIN
Cornell University

DOG

(Continued from page 103)

She was wearing her new brown coat with the beaver collar, and, lo and behold, Ladadog greeted her with joy and rapture. After that we just had to face the truth—that dog *was* a snob.

He also had other odd habits. For instance, he saved lettuce. He used to beg for lettuce, and then he would store it away in the cellar behind the coal bin. I don't know whether he was saving up to make a salad or what, but every so often we'd have to clean away a small, soggy lump of decayed vegetation.

And every time the phone rang he would run from wherever he was and sit there beside the phone chair, his tail thumping and his ears bristling, until you'd make some sort of announcement like "It's just the Hoover man," or "It's for Eileen." Then he would immediately disappear. Clearly this dog had a call in for someone, but we never did figure out who.

Come to think of it, the dog that gave us the most trouble was a beagle named Murphy. As far as I'm concerned, the first thing he did wrong was to turn into a beagle. I had seen him bouncing around in the excelsior of a pet shop window, and I went in and asked the man, "How much is that adorable fox terrier in the window?" Did he say, "That adorable fox terrier is a beagle"? No, he said, "Ten dollars, lady." Now, I don't mean to say one word against beagles. They have rights just like other people. But it is a bit of a shock when you bring home a small ball of fluff in a shoe box, and in two and one half weeks it's as long as the sofa.

Murphy was the first dog I ever trained personally, and I was delighted at the alacrity with which he took to the newspaper. It was sometime later that we discovered, to our horror, that—like so many dogs—he had grasped the letter but not the spirit of the thing. Until the very end of his days he felt a real sense of obligation whenever he saw a newspaper—any newspaper, it didn't matter where it was. I can't bring myself to go into the sordid details, except to mention that we were finally compelled to keep all the papers in the bottom of the icebox.

He had another habit that used to leave us open to a certain amount of criticism from our friends, who were not dogophiles. He never climbed up on beds or chairs or sofas. But he always sat on top of the piano. In the beginning we used to try to pull him off of there. But after a few noisy scuffles in which he knocked a picture off the wall, scratched the piano, and smashed a lamp, we just gave in—only to discover that, left to his own devices, he hopped up and down as delicately as a ballet dancer. We became accustomed to it, but at parties at our house it was quite usual to hear a guest remark, "I don't know what I'm drinking but I think I see a big dog on the piano."

It's not just our own dogs that bother me. The dogs I meet at parties are even worse. I don't know what I've got that attracts them; it just doesn't bear thought. My husband swears that I rub chopped meat on my ankles. But at every party it's the same thing. I am sitting in happy conviviality with a group in front of the fire when all of a sudden the large mutt of mine host appears in the archway. Then, without a single bark of warning, he hurls himself upon me. It always makes me think of that line from *A Streetcar Named Desire*—"We've had this date with each other from the beginning!" My Martini flies into space and my stockings are torn before he finally settles down peacefully in the lap of my new black faille. I blow out such quantities of hair as I haven't swallowed and glance at my host, expecting to be rescued. He murmurs, "Isn't that wonderful? You know, Brucie is usually so distant with strangers."

At a dinner party in Long Island last week, after I had been mugged by a large sheep dog, I announced quite piteously, "Oh, dear, he seems to have swallowed one of my earrings." The hostess looked really distressed for a moment, until she examined the remaining earring. Then she said "I think it will be all right. It's small and it's round."

Nowadays if I go anywhere, I just ask if they have a dog. If they do, I say, "Maybe I'd better keep away from him—I have this bad allergy." I don't know that this tends to endear me to the hostess. In fact, she behaves rather as though she'd just discovered that I was listed in "Red Channels." But it is safer. It really is.

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Left: Lightly shaped three-button country jacket in natural homespun tweed. About **$30.** Over navy, charcoal or black wool skirt. About **$13.**
Right: Double-breasted worsted clan plaid suit in McDonald (red and green) or Hunting Chisholm (brown, blue and white). Jacket, about **$30.** Pleated skirt, about **$23.** Each, sizes 10 to 18.
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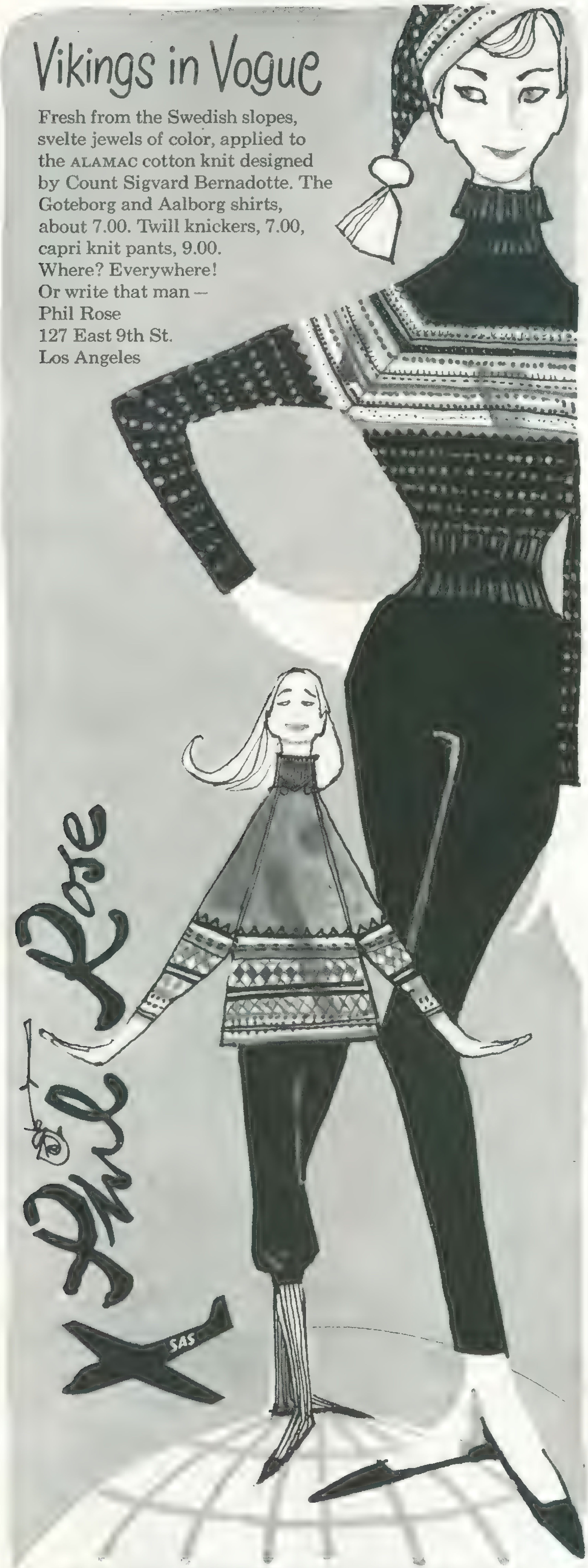

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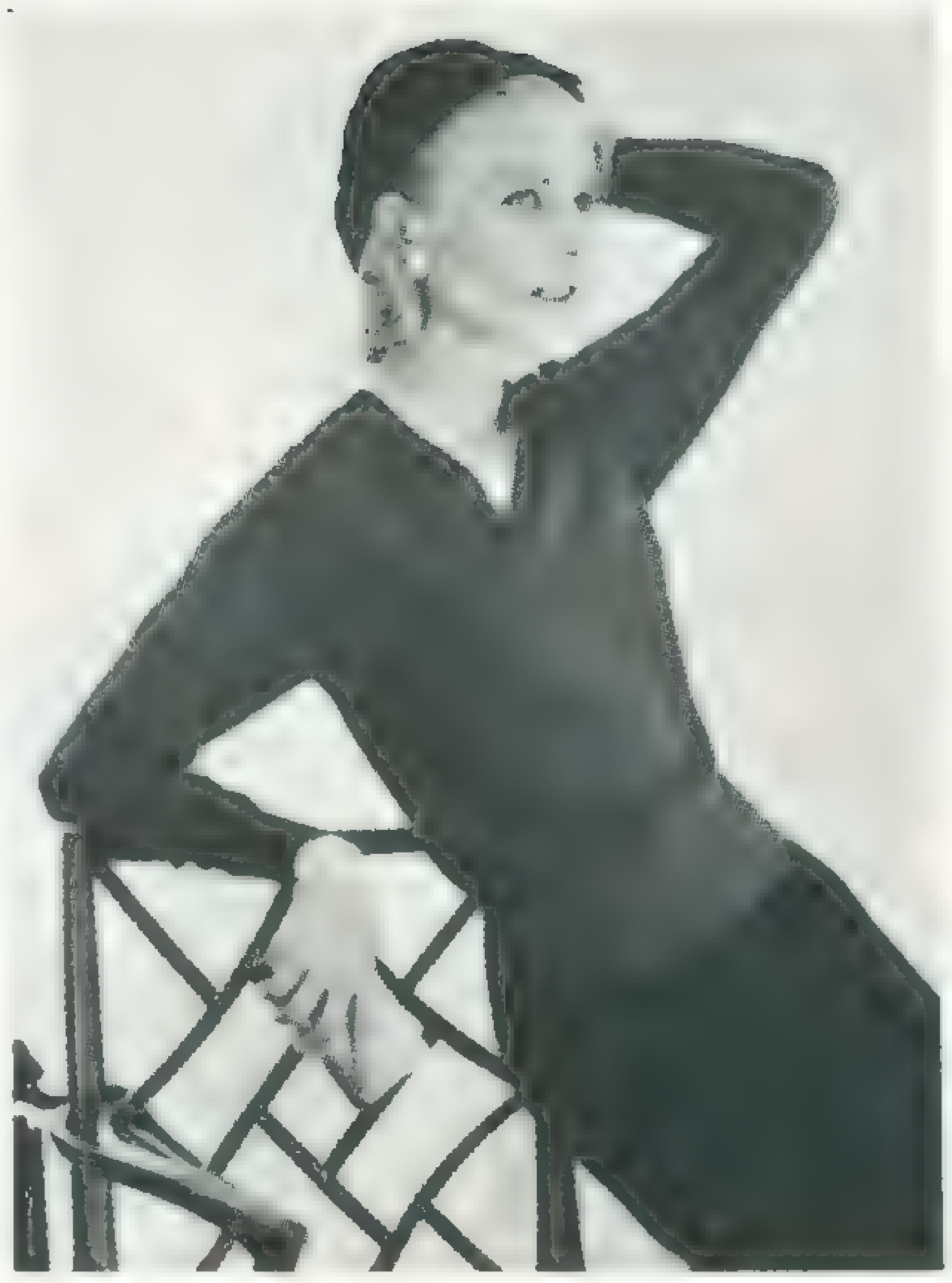
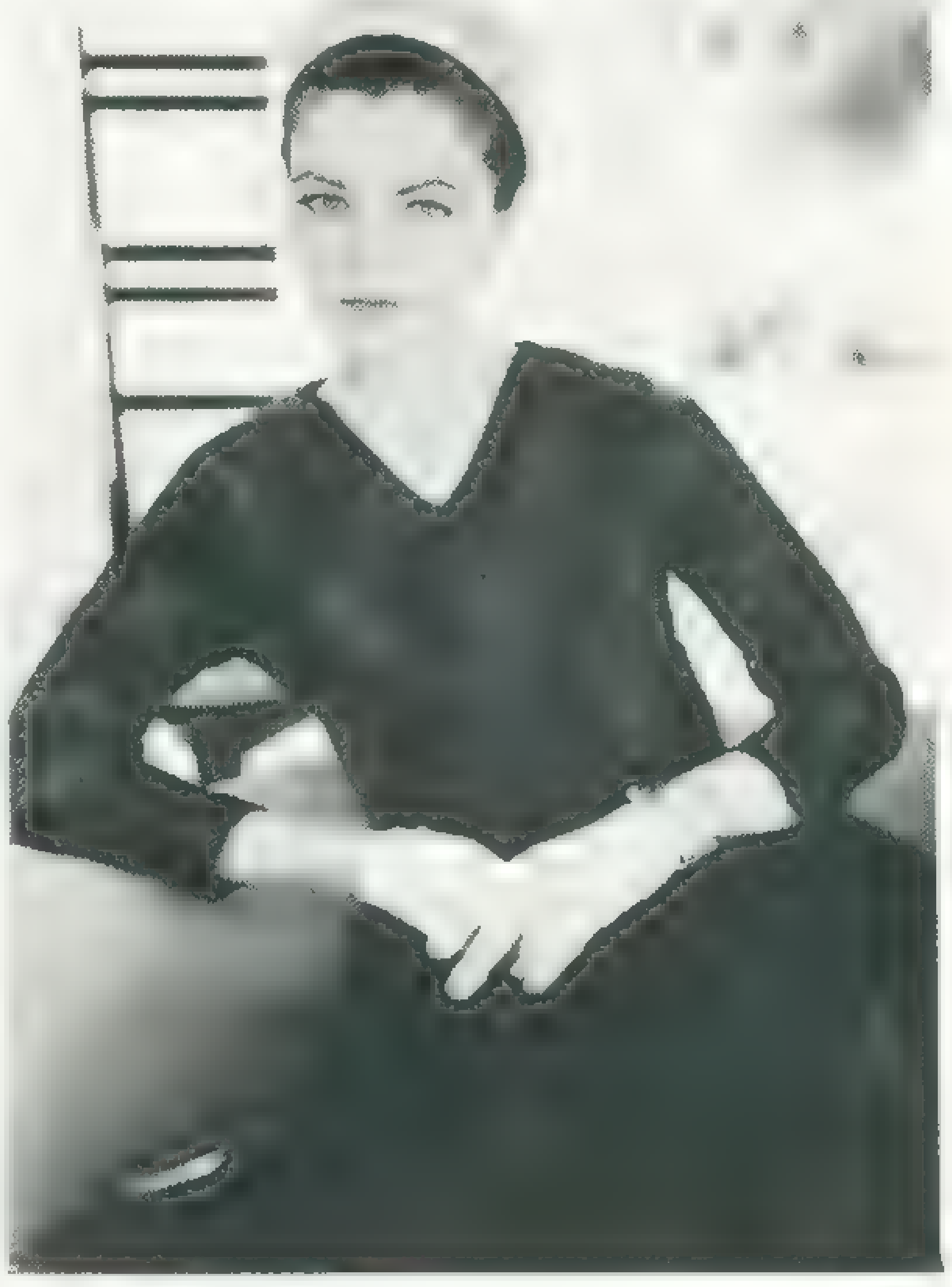


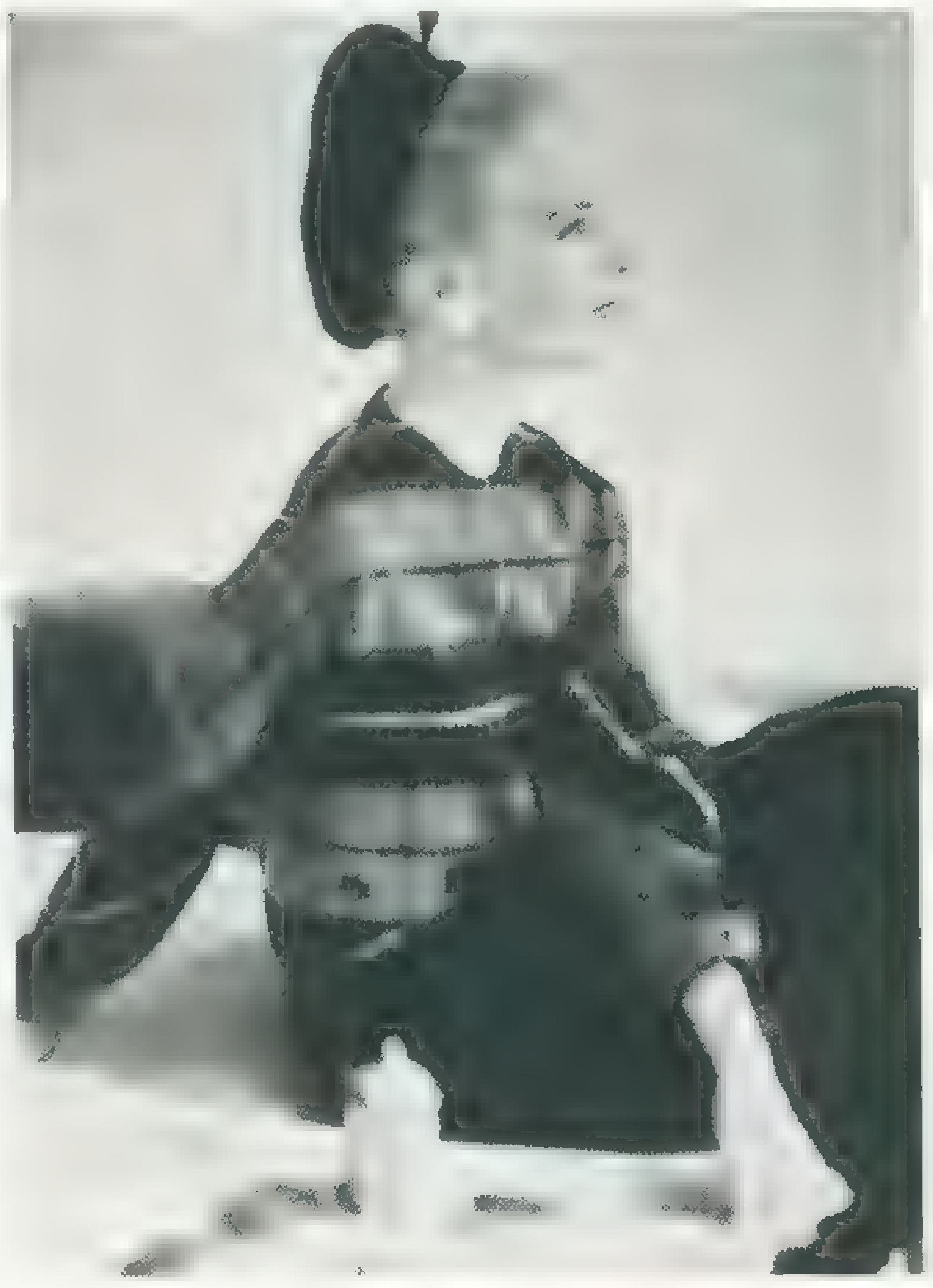
Red and black wool put-over, and black wool pleated skirt—both knitted. By Goldworm; $45. Madcaps beret: black velvet, a stroke of grosgrain. Both, at Lord & Taylor.

More young ideas: starting at the top



HORST

Blue and black, new possibilities for an Argyle-plaided put-over of worsted jersey, $12; unpressed pleated skirt of worsted jersey, $19. By Cabana. Satin toque: Betmar. All: Bonwit Teller.



Brushed wool put-over in rampageous plaid—red and black; $19. Skirt, black wool jersey, by Lebanon, with paper-fan pleats; $19. By Sportwhirl at Macy's. Black, back-seated beret, by Betmar, Bloomingdale's. *Shops in other cities, page 70.*

BLUE HILL TROUPE

(Continued from page 113)

New York and once in Maine. After that, the group pretty much settled down to an annual spring production in New York (the vagaries of Maine weather may have influenced this decision).

The Blue Hill productions are generally reviewed on the society, rather than the drama, pages of the New York newspapers, under some such rather tepid headline as "Blue Hill Troupe Plans Benefit." But on at least two occasions the Troupers have received, and keenly enjoyed, complimentary reviews from the first-string drama critics: in 1934, when they presented *Utopia, Limited*—seldom given either here or abroad—and again in 1937, when they gave *The Grand Duke*. (It was the New York première of this opera.) With this production, six members of the Blue Hill Troupe became probably the only operatic actors on either side of the Atlantic ever to have appeared in all thirteen Gilbert and Sullivan operas: Charles B. Hester, Ruth Irish, William Richmond, Oliver Edwards, Beatrice E. Noble, and Lois Schieffelin.

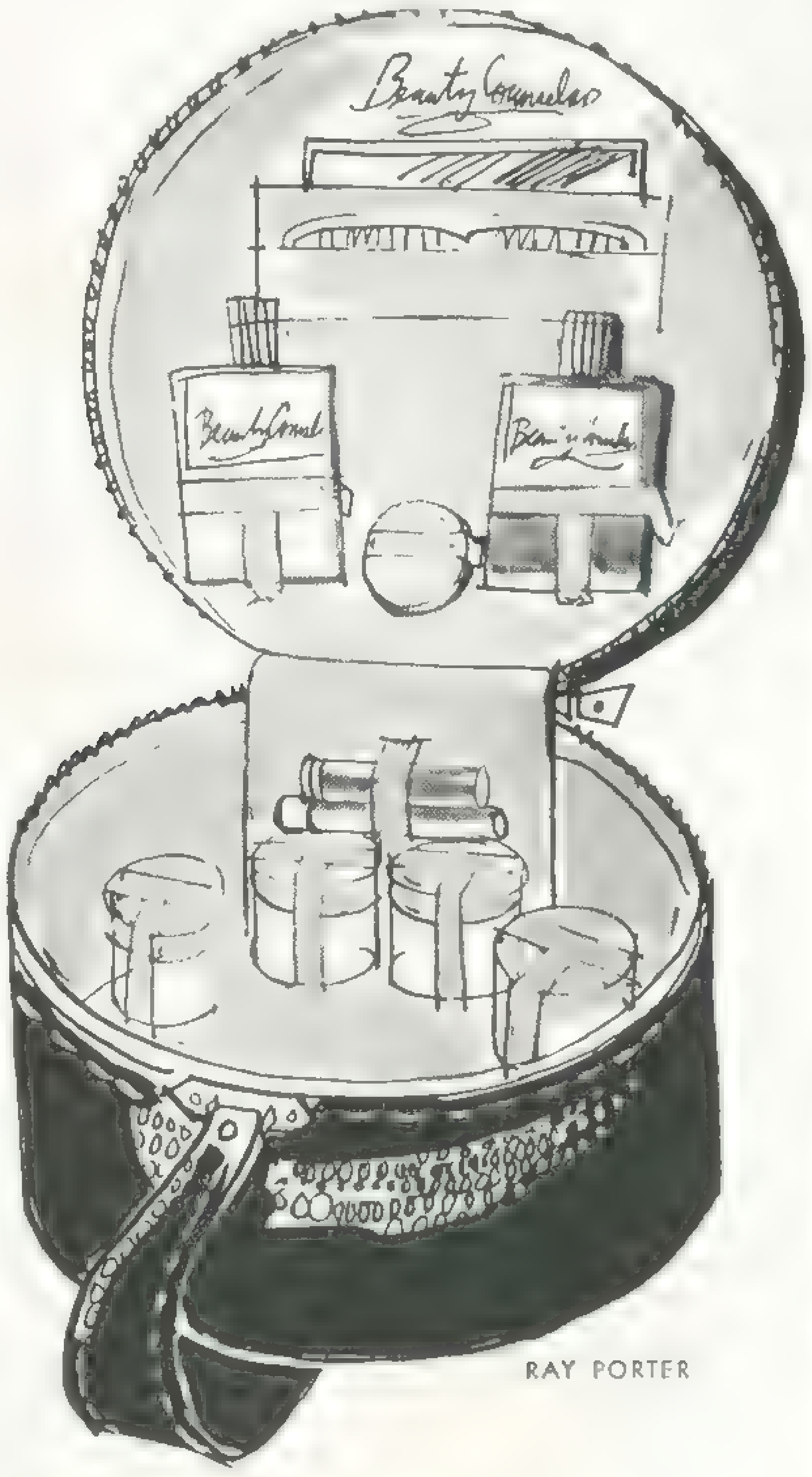
Scenery is never stored from one production to another, even though it will inevitably be needed again, since the cost of storage far exceeds that of making new sets. "Besides," said William C. Breed, junior, a partner in the New York law firm of Breed, Abbott & Morgan, who is the Troupe's production manager, "it stifles initiative."

Mr. Breed, Mr. Hester, and other legal luminaries of the Troupe (Mr. Hester, a partner in the law firm of Putney, Twombly, Hall & Skidmore, is one of the most famous Blue Hill baritone actors), collaborated in 1934 to draw up a Constitution for the Troupe. Impeccably legal, this document is also written in impeccable Gilbertian light verse. (Defining the powers of the Board of Directors, it states "This body's great authority may cause us tears or laughter/Unless provided otherwise herein-before or after.")

Although no longer active

(Continued on page 154)

New travel hat-trick



RAY PORTER

Set up here: a neat (9″ by 5″), zippered overnight hatbox with make-up essentials stowed away securely in fitted compartments—space over for slippers, pyjamas, toothbrush, et cetera.

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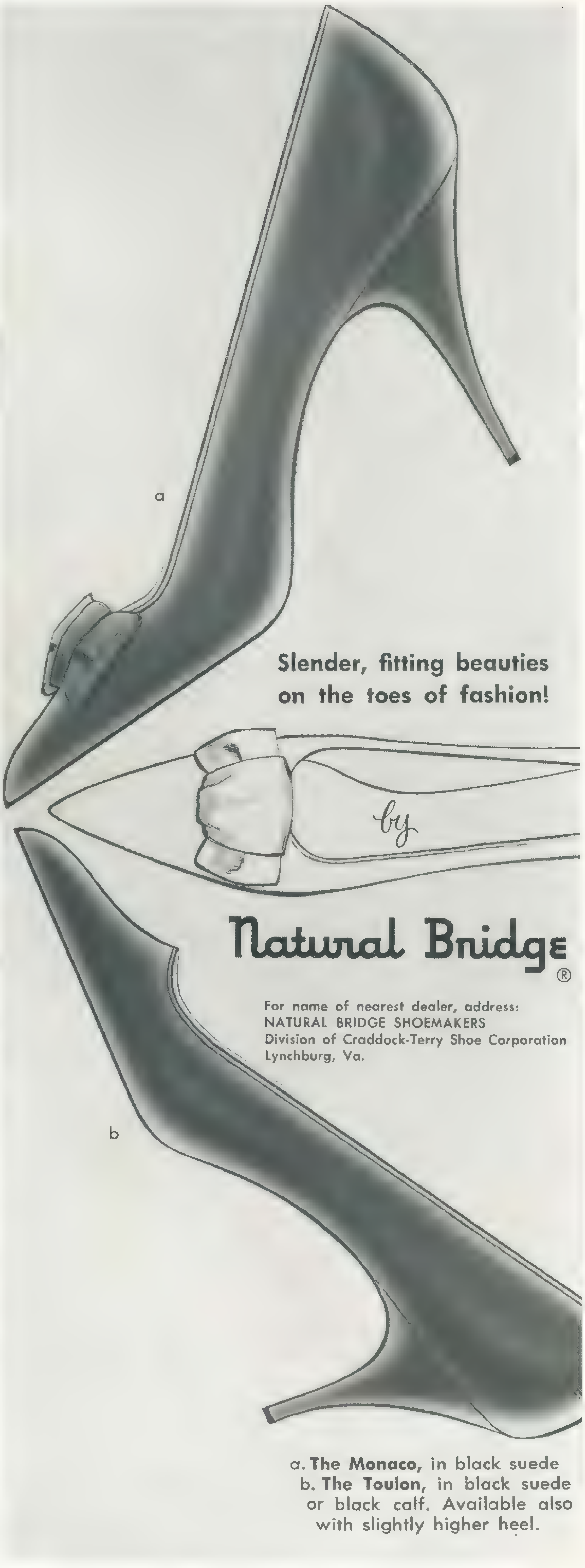
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JOYCE CARY

(Continued from page 97)

would deal, in the end, also with nationalist megalomania?

The liberal assumptions were nonsense, but they had some excuse. Every period, as Sainte-Beuve remarked, has its special bit of nonsense, but it does not know its own nonsense, it always thinks itself profoundly wise and profoundly disillusioned about nonsense generally, and it looks with astonishment and contempt on the nonsense of all former periods. So the late Victorians despised the religiosity of the early Victorians and decided that nothing mattered in life but personal relations, complete honesty between man and man, and especially men and women. Virginia Woolf complained that Arnold Bennett had forgotten that man had a soul. This was not true of Bennett, but it is true that he ruined his life for want of a coherent faith. For liberal faith, when it corrupts to a sentiment, is the emptiest of all. It lays down only one duty for man: to be kind to his friends. That is to return civilization, at full circle, to the tribal hut, or rather to the Pygmy family, which does not build huts, but lives, they say, in a pre-tribal but affectionate family relation.

Anarchy is the natural temptation of every liberal; he believes in the perfectibility of mankind. His instinct is against all government and even Marx prophesied the end of government. He too believed in the automatic progress. I don't think anyone under forty would believe in it today. They are more inclined to talk of the Gadarene Swine and the evil spirits that drove them to suicide. They realize that the evil spirits are always there, ready to take possession at any vacancy. Their modern nonsense is probably to suppose that education and a good pay packet can fill the vacancy left by faith. In fact, education and higher standards of living at once increase political turmoil. It's not the proletariat which makes trouble, it is the class just risen out of the proletariat, and since education is absolutely necessary in the industrial development of every state, that class is growing everywhere at speed.

But possibly this faith in aid and education is not the typical illusion of our time. I would not put my finger in the fire for it. When this age is defined, say in twenty years, as a period, it may well seem stupid in quite another way. Our young men will be called fools and blind for assumptions they do not and can not perceive, and their children will have no idea of what it felt like to be an innocent of the fifties.

I am sometimes envied for the peace, the leisure of my time, when, as a boy, at my grandmother's home in Donegal, I could spend all day on a book, or wander off on the shore or the mountain and never meet a soul. But I remember very well how, at the sound of wheels on the gravel of the drive, everyone in the household, except my grandmother, would rush to the nearest window. A visit, if only from a higgler with a poached salmon to sell, was an event. Even my grandmother, if she did not get up, would expect to hear of it.

It is true that we were not bored, not impatient. But that was because we accepted our situation, because, to our feeling, it was the normal thing. We would drive for two hours to a dance twelve or fourteen miles away, and think of the time as short, having regard to the hills and the weight of the old carriage. Horse transport and horse speeds were as natural to our feeling as to Jane Austen.

Jane Austen does not give the tedium of those journeys to her heroines because she did not feel it. None of the old novelists has it. In Surtees, in Dickens, the horses are always at full stretch, the carriage and the mail are dashing along at eight or ten miles an hour. In fact, even in a gig we were half our time at a walk up or down hill. And in a carriage we were always asking ourselves on the hills whether we should get out and walk to save the horses.

What excitement, what emancipation came in with bicycles. I just recall the first arrival of this new machine to an aunt. A special frame was made for it, and it was kept in the hall—the coach house was held too draughty, too damp. It was cleaned and oiled after every outing. Of course, it was an expensive property. In that day's value it cost more than a horse. But it was worth a dozen horses to my young aunt. It enlarged her world by at least twenty miles, it enriched her life by a dozen more friendships, by hundreds of hours of gossip, by the latest novels a week earlier. It gave her the power to go shopping when she liked, even if Dan, the groom, wanted to hoe the potatoes that day.

And power is freedom. Power to do, to know, to see, to comprehend. Bicycles were a very important addition to power, in remote country places. Their impact was revolutionary, especially with women.

People of my age have seen bigger changes in the world than any generation before. They are not only a matter of mechanical inventions, motor transport, aeroplanes, and the wireless, but of idea and the feelings that go with the idea.

I myself, as a government official in Nigeria, saw a primitive Africa, with no idea of racialism or nationalism. For example, about 1920, there were four men in my guard room. They were murderers, self-confessed and I put them in the guard room because they begged me not to remand them to the local jail, a mile away in the town. They sent for me two or three times a day. But when I went to visit them, they never did anything but give me the ordinary salute. They had no complaints. Finally I asked the sergeant in charge what was worrying them, and he said, "They want to be sure that you have not gone away, as you are the only man they know in these parts."

These people had come from a village about fifteen miles away, but they felt themselves among strangers in the town. They looked upon me as a friend because I had been to their village, they had seen me there and knew me as a friend of their chief. They knew neither nationalism, racialism, nor that sense of inferiority which underlies so much racialism and makes it hysterical and psychotic. They felt merely different. But now this relation of trust between myself as an old-fashioned Nigerian political officer and the tribesmen would be described as paternalism, meaning by paternalism, something disgraceful to both parties. It is replaced by what is called self-government, where these tribesmen would appeal to a Negro magistrate. This is not disgraceful but admirable.

Yet self-government is just as false a description of the actual situation as paternalism. In each case, the tribesman is under the law; the real change is simply in the colour of the magistrate and the idea that he represents, African nationalism. Nationalism is the idea that now dominates all political thinking and most propaganda. And it is tearing civilization to pieces. It is, as I say, merely an idea, but it is based on feelings deep in human nature, of personal pride, ambition, and distrust of the stranger—feelings very easily worked up by a demagogue into arrogance and hatred, fear and revenge.

I say it is an idea because nationalism has no basis in any real difference. All North Europe, from Shannon to Danzig, is the same racial mixture. Africa has much more variety of race and colour, so has India. But North Europe is a dozen national units; Africans and Indians talk and think of their continent as one. It is the name that matters, the symbol, the embodied idea. Men live by such symbols, such ideas, whether political or religious, and die joyfully for a word or a flag. It expresses not only their egotism, their pride, but their love, their love of this strange and romantic idea, a nation, a name.

When I was young, the ruling idea was that of the liberal revolution. Of course, there were national ideals, but they were held to be subordinate, and as egotism, wrong. Liberals preached nationalism, self-determination, not as sops to local bosses, but as conferring moral responsibility. This was also the idea of rebellious peoples. And the idea gives form to the feeling.

It is true, of course, that the old empires which gave comparative peace and order to the world for nearly a hundred years could not last, for the very reason that they raised standards of life, that they gave education, that they developed their dependencies. They were digging their own graves; they were creating the technical ability and local wealth that, in the hands of the local demagogues would be turned against them. The devolution of power was inevitable, but it has produced very much the same situation now that destroyed the Roman Empire, abolished a civilization very little inferior to our own, and brought in centuries of misery and war. The tragic paradox of this is that it has been fostered by the very idealism that inspired the immense social progress of the nineteenth century.

I was myself a liberal, like most of the young people of my time. In fact, like so many at that time, I overlooked the enormous power of evil working incessantly to de-

(Continued on page 153)

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CAT

(Continued from page 102)

as the males saw her they fled, while she followed them with a look of inexpressible contempt. When July and January came, she settled her amorous encounters in forty-eight hours. On the morning of the third day, when the chosen partner, in fine fettle and with renewed appetite, approached her with a self-confident, prancing gait and a deep-throated song, she would root him to the spot with a mere look.

"I've come," he would begin, "I. . . I came to resume our agreeable conversation of yesterday. . ."

"Excuse me," the she-cat interrupted, "you were saying? I didn't quite catch. What agreeable conversation?"

"Why . . . the one we had at ten o'clock in the morning . . . and the one at five in the afternoon . . . and especially our conversation at ten in the evening, near the well."

The she-cat, perched on top of the pergola, raised herself a little on her delicately-boned paws.

"Near the well, a conversation, you, with ME? Who do you suppose is going to believe that? You don't expect ME to! Take yourself off! It'll be the worse for you if you don't, I can tell you. Take yourself off!"

"But . . . but I love you. And I'm ready to prove it to you again."

Standing upright there the she-cat towered over the tom as Satan, jutting out from Notre Dame, broods over Paris. The look she cast on him from her tawny-gold eyes was such as he could not long endure; and the outcast would make off with the shambling gait of someone who has been driven away.

As I was saying then, the Long-cat, impelled by a vegetarian craving which those who have not experienced it can never understand, would go after the strawberries, the melons, and the asparagus. On his return, a little green or rosy pulp remained, as evidence of his pillagings, in the grooves between his curved claws, and this he licked casually during his siesta.

"Show your hands!" my mother used to say to him, and thereupon he surrendered to her a long front paw, adept at every kind of mischief, with pads as hard as a road parched with drought.

"Have you been opening a melon?"

I dare say he understood. His gentle yellow eyes met Sido's penetrating look, but since his innocence was only assumed, he could not help squinting a little.

"Yes, you *have* opened a melon. And I expect it was the pretty little one I had my eye on, the one that looked like a globe with yellow continents and green seas." She released the long paw which fell back limp and expressionless.

"That deserves a good slap," said I.

"I know. But just think that instead of a melon he might have slit open a bird, or a little rabbit, or have eaten a chick."

She scratched the flat skull which he stretched up against her hand, and the half-bald temples which showed bluish between the sparse black hairs. A tremendous purring rose from his thick neck with its white patch under the chin. The Long-cat loved no one but my mother, followed no one but her, and looked to her for everything. If I took him in my arms he would imperceptibly glide out of them as though he were melting away. Except for the ritual battles and during the brief seasons of love-making, the Long-cat was nothing but silence, sleep, and nonchalant night-prowlings.

I naturally preferred our she-cats to him. The females of the feline tribe are so unlike the males that they seem to regard the tom as a stranger and often as an enemy. The only exceptions are the cats of Siam who live in couples like the wild beasts. Perhaps it is because the cats in our countries are such a hybrid collection of every coat and colour that they develop a taste for change and fickleness. In my home we were never without two or three she-cats who graced the lawns, crowned the pump, and slept in the wisteria, which they had hollowed into a hammock. They confined their charming sociability to my mother and myself. As soon as January and July, the compulsory seasons of love, were over, they regarded the male once again as a suspect, a lout, and a wicked devourer of newly-born kittens, and their conversations with the Long-cat consisted chiefly of crisp insults, whenever he assumed the bland, gentle manner and the innocent smile of the cat who has never harboured any evil intentions, or even thoughts. Sometimes they seemed about to play, but this never came to anything. The females took fright at the strength of the male, and at that furious excitement which, in an uncastrated cat, turns playfulness into a murderous combat.

By virtue of his serpent-like build, the Long-cat excelled at strange leaps in which he nearly twisted himself into a figure of eight. In full sunlight his winter coat, which was longer and more satiny than in summer, revealed the waterings and markings of his far-off tabby ancestor. A tom will remain playful until he is quite old; but even in play his face never loses the gravity that is stamped on it. The Long-cat's expression softened only when he looked at my mother. Then his white whiskers would bristle powerfully, while into his eyes crept the smile of an innocent little boy. He used to follow her when she went to pick violets along the wall that separated M. de Fourolles' garden from ours. The close-set border provided every day a big bunch which my mother let fade, either pinned to her bodice or in an empty glass, because violets in water lose all their scent. Step by step the Long-cat followed his stooping mistress, sometimes imitating with his paw the gesture of her hand groping among the leaves, and imitating her discoveries also. "Ha, ha!" he would cry, "me too!" and thereupon show his prize: a bombardier beetle, a pink worm, or a shrivelled cockchafer.

"My goodness, how silly you are," Sido would say to him, affectionately. "Never mind, what you've found is very pretty."

When we rejoined my elder brother in the Loiret, we took with us our favourite she-cat and the Long-cat. Both of them seemed to mind much less than I did exchanging a lovely house for a small cottage, and the vast grounds of our family property for a narrow garden. The stream which danced at the end of this garden, left to itself, was sufficiently clear and sparkling, and had enough soapwort and wild radishes clinging to the walls which hemmed it in, to beautify any village, if the village had respected it. But those who lived on its banks polluted it.

At the end of our new garden there was a little washhouse which protected the straw palliasse on which the washerwomen knelt, the sloping board, white as a scraped bone, where they pressed the frothing linen, the washerwomen's battledores, the brushes made of couch grass, and the sprinklers. Soon after our ar-

(Continued on page 154)

JOYCE CARY

(Continued from page 151)

stroy happiness and peace anywhere in the world. I had forgotten how many people take actual pleasure in evil, in spreading lies, and building hatred, and that they are incurable. I had forgotten, too, that the masses of the people everywhere, the great majority, are totally ineffective in short-range politics. Over centuries they have their effect, but from day to day the world is run by pressure groups, by lobbies, by secret societies with their teen-age gunmen, by army cliques, longing for war to get them promotion and glory, by groups of frustrated persons seeking revenge on some other group, or even, like Hitler, on the whole world.

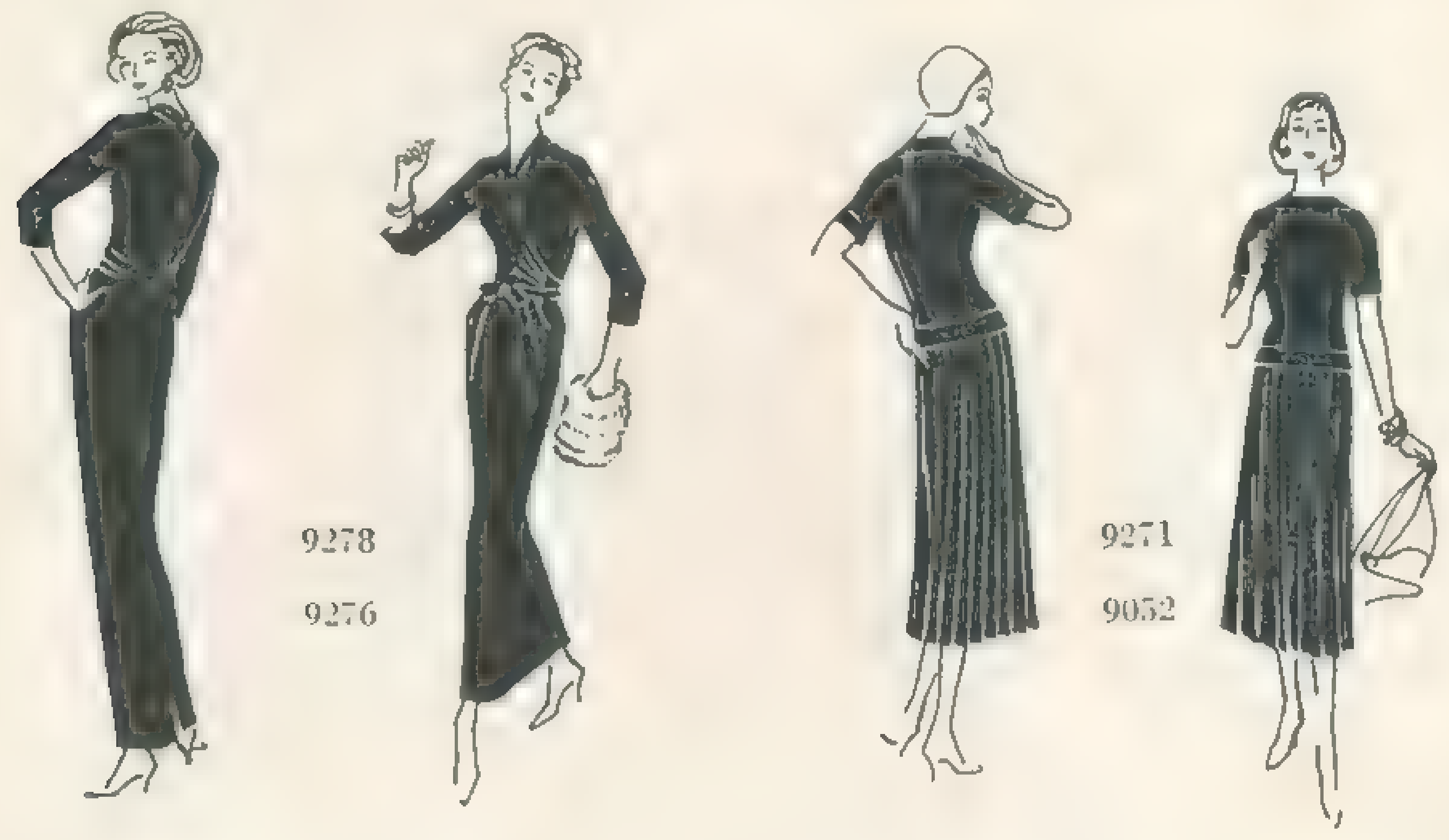
And it happens, just now, when the old liberal empire is breaking up, that wireless and television have enormously increased the effect of propaganda, of the lie. Lies are far more effective than truth, because they are simpler and easier to remember. They have the defect of misleading and, in due time, of being found out. But meanwhile as the demagogues calculate, they have put him in power and the true demagogue never looks further ahead than next week. Communist, Nazi, and Fascist propaganda have proved the power of the lie, and every ambitious young nationalist politician has grasped it.

It is quite certain that in twenty-five years, the present day will seem even more remote than nineteen hundred does now. For the revolution of the free mind goes faster so that the mind invents new tools. We live, literally, in the creation, and every year there are more creative imaginations at work. And more, much more, for them to feed on. The world grows more tense, more dangerous, but also infinitely richer in experience. There is no more happiness, perhaps less, but very much more intensity of living, more occupation for the mind and the senses.

I so much prefer the modern world to the one that I was born into. No doubt it has its nonsense too, but it is far more mature. It has suffered more and takes life harder. It begins to look fundamental and everlasting evil in the face and to distrust the sloganeer and the cheap-Jack politician with his snap formula for the golden age. It knows that there will never be a golden age; that everything has to be paid for. Only the grace of God, in love, in beauty, in truth, is freely given, and that's why we don't say thank you for it.

VOGUE PATTERNS

(Back views, sizes, yardages of the Patterns on pages 136-137)



Above, left: Wrapped blouse, Easy-to-Make, Vogue Pattern 9278, for sizes 10 to 18 (31 to 38). Size 14 needs 2½ yards of 39" crêpe without nap (wool or silk jersey would work out well, too). 60c. Ankle-length skirt with peg top, Vogue Pattern 9276, for waist sizes 24 to 30. For size 26, 2½ yards 39" fabric without nap. 60c. *Above, right:* Blouse, Easy-to-Make, Vogue Pattern 9271; sizes 10 to 18 (31 to 38). For size 14, 1¾ yards fabric without nap. 60c. Pleated skirt, Vogue Pattern 9052, in waist sizes 25 to 34. For size 26 waist, you'll need 3 yards of 42" fabric without nap. 50c.

VOGUE PATTERNS ARE AVAILABLE AT IMPORTANT SHOPS IN EVERY CITY OR BY MAIL (POSTAGE PREPAID), FROM DEPARTMENT V, VOGUE PATTERN SERVICE, GREENWICH, CONNECTICUT; AND IN CANADA, AT 198 SPADINA AVE., TORONTO, ONTARIO. (Some pattern prices are slightly higher in Canada.) Note: Connecticut residents please add sales tax. These patterns will be sent third-class mail. If you desire shipment first-class mail, please include 5c additional for each pattern ordered.

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CAT

(Continued from page 152)

rival the she-cat laid claim to the palliasse, gave birth to her litter on it, and brought up there the one little tabby which we left her. Whenever the sun shone, I joined her there and sat on the soaping board. The tabby kitten, soft and heavy with milk, watched the reflections of the little river forming broken rings, gold serpents, and wavelets on the tiled roof of the penthouse. At six weeks he was already trotting, and following the flight of the flies with eyes that were still blue, while his mother, with a coat as finely marked as his, saw herself mirrored in the beauty of her son.

Excluded though he was from this family happiness, the Long-cat for all that adopted an air of serenity that was vaguely patriarchal, the detached bearing of those fathers who are content to leave the care of their offspring to their worthy spouse. He confined himself to the parsley bed which the she-cat let him have, and there he would sprawl, warming his long belly, with its withered teats, in the sun. Or else he would drape himself over the heap of firewood, as if the spiky faggots were wool and down. For a cat's idea of what is comfortable and what is not is incomprehensible to a human.

Spring drenched our retreat with precocious warmth, and in the light air of May the scents of lilac, young tarragon, and red-brown wallflower intermingled. I was at that time a prey to homesickness for my native village, and this I nursed in silence in the new village, amidst the bitterness of spring and its first flowers. There I sat, an anaemic young girl, leaning my cheeks and my little waxen ears against a wall already warm, the end of one of my overlong plaits always trailing far from me over the fine, sieved leaf mould of a seedbed.

One day when we were all dozing, the she-cat on her palliasse, the tom on his couch of spiky firewood bundles, and I at the foot of the wall where the sun lingered longest, the little cat, who was wide awake and busy chasing flies on the edge of the river, fell into the water. True to the code of his tribe, he uttered no cry and began to swim by instinct as soon as he came to the surface. I happened to see him tumble in, and just as I was setting off for the house to seize the butterfly net, run down the road, and rejoin the river at the first little bridge, where I could have fished out the swimming kitten, the Long-cat threw himself into the water. He swam like an otter, ears flat and only his nostrils out of the water.

It is not every day that one sees a cat swim, swim of his own free will, I mean. He can glide unerringly through water like a serpent, but he never makes use of this gift except to save his life if he is in danger of drowning. Helped by the current, the Long-cat forged ahead strongly in pursuit of the kitten, the swift, transparent waters of the pent-up river on its bed of pebbles and broken shards making his long body look like a leech. I lost half a minute through stopping to watch him.

He seized the little cat by the scruff of its neck, turned right round and set off upstream, not without effort, for the current was strong and the kitten, inert like all little cats when you hold them by the scruff of their necks, weighed his full weight. The sight of the Long-cat struggling nearly made me jump into the water too. But the rescuer clambered up onto the washing board and laid his dripping burden on the bank, after which he shook himself and looked in stupefaction at the drenched kitten. That was the moment when the rescued one, silent hitherto, elected to cough and sneeze and set up a terrific shrill lamentation which awoke the mother cat.

"Horrors!" she cried. "What do I see? You baby snatcher! You wrecker, you devourer of infants, you stinking beast, what have you done to my son?"

Even as she jerked out these insults at the top of her voice, she was already encircling the little cat with her own body and sniffing him, finding time too to turn him all over and lick the river water off his coat.

"But," ventured the Long-cat, "but . . . but on the contrary, I jumped into the water to get him. Now I come to think of it, I don't know what made me do it."

"Out of my sight! Or in another moment I'll bite your nose off and crush the breath out of you. I'll blind you, I'll slit your throat. I'll. . ."

She made ready to suit the action to the word, and I admired the furious beauty which animates a female when she pits herself against danger or an adversary bigger than herself.

The Long-cat took to his heels and, still dripping, gained the ladder leading to the cosy hay-loft warm under its tiled roof. The she-cat, changing her tone, led her son to the palliasse where he found once again the warm maternal belly with its milk, healing care and restoring sleep.

But the she-cat never forgave the Long-cat. Whenever she met him she never forgot to call him "baby snatcher, drowner of little cats, assassin," accompanying this with snarls and yells, while the Long-cat strove each time to clear himself: "Now look here. I tell you that, on the contrary, it was I who, obeying only my own heart, overcame my loathing for cold water . . ."

I genuinely pitied him and used to call him "poor, misunderstood Long-cat."

"Misunderstood," said my mother, "that remains to be seen."

She could see deep into souls; and she was not one to be taken in by the equivocal meekness, the flickering yellow gleam in the eye of a tomcat, when it lights on tender, defenseless flesh.

BLUE HILL

(Continued from page 149)

in the Troupe, Dr. and Mrs. Milliken still take a keen and affectionate interest in it. Mrs. Milliken said recently that she probably wouldn't be able to get into the Troupe now: "You have to take a voice test and be able to read music and everything. I never could sing really—I was always in the chorus, even then."

Mrs. Milliken is unbothered now, as she was then, by her vocal limitations. A year or so ago, several of her young grandsons were playing in the garden of the Milliken town house. Knowing that they had all appeared in a small, curtailed version of *Pinafore* at their school not long before, Mrs. Milliken thought it would be fun to put on some of Dr. Milliken's yachting clothes, rush out onto the balcony, and sing "I am the captain of the *Pinafore*," which she did with gusto. "I thought of course they'd all join in," said Mrs. Milliken, describing this episode with great amusement. "But nobody uttered a peep. They all just stared at me in horror."

HOW TO MAKE THE BEST OF BEING YOUNG

(Continued from page 76)

in the near future, do what you are doing for its own sake and not for extraneous reasons. There is no better path to that fixed point, present laughter. Although many opportunities are based on the acquisition of a B.A. degree, there are still plenty of people who achieve happiness and other goals, intellectual or not, without attending college. Now, colleges are harder to get into than ever before, tougher on the inside. If you have neither the aptitude nor the desire for a sampling of academic life, and if you picture college merely as a stepping-stone to "interesting" people and what is loosely termed "a good job," without specific requirements, it is far better to skip college. Sharpen your wits instead in some institution that caters to your preferences and develops your skills. Colleges are growing increasingly rigorous in their demands, and the casual student is at a disadvantage in the company of those who are, for an exploratory four years, absorbed by a wide-ranging, speculative approach to fact and thought. The competition is keen, the standards high.

The training schools in the arts are exacting, too. Theatre workshops and schools of music and painting favour the ambitions of the would-be professional over those of the "creative" amateur, or one entering their gates in search of glamour.

A rule that should be learned early and observed always: *mind your manners.* As far as most people are concerned you are what your manners are. They have not much else to go on. You may be exceptionally good looking, of superior intelligence, and your character may be irreproachable, but your manners reveal or cloud these assets.

If you are familiar when you should be civil, casual when you should be punctilious, and indifferent to the rights of others, the victims of your sloppy ways will give you no quarter. People who condone the activities of burglars and the vagaries of Bohemia often neither forgive nor forget bad manners. Accidental bad manners are the most unforgivable of all—except, perhaps, good manner hastily assumed to serve an end. A woman of taste and conviction was once asked by a brash young person how she proposed to behave when she paid her respects at Buckingham Palace.

"My dear," she replied, "I have only one set of manners."

One set of manners, an open mind, a generous spirit: these are what you need to be happy though young, and they are good for life. And while you are young, remember what Lord Beaconsfield said: "I did not say that youth was genius; I merely said it was divine."

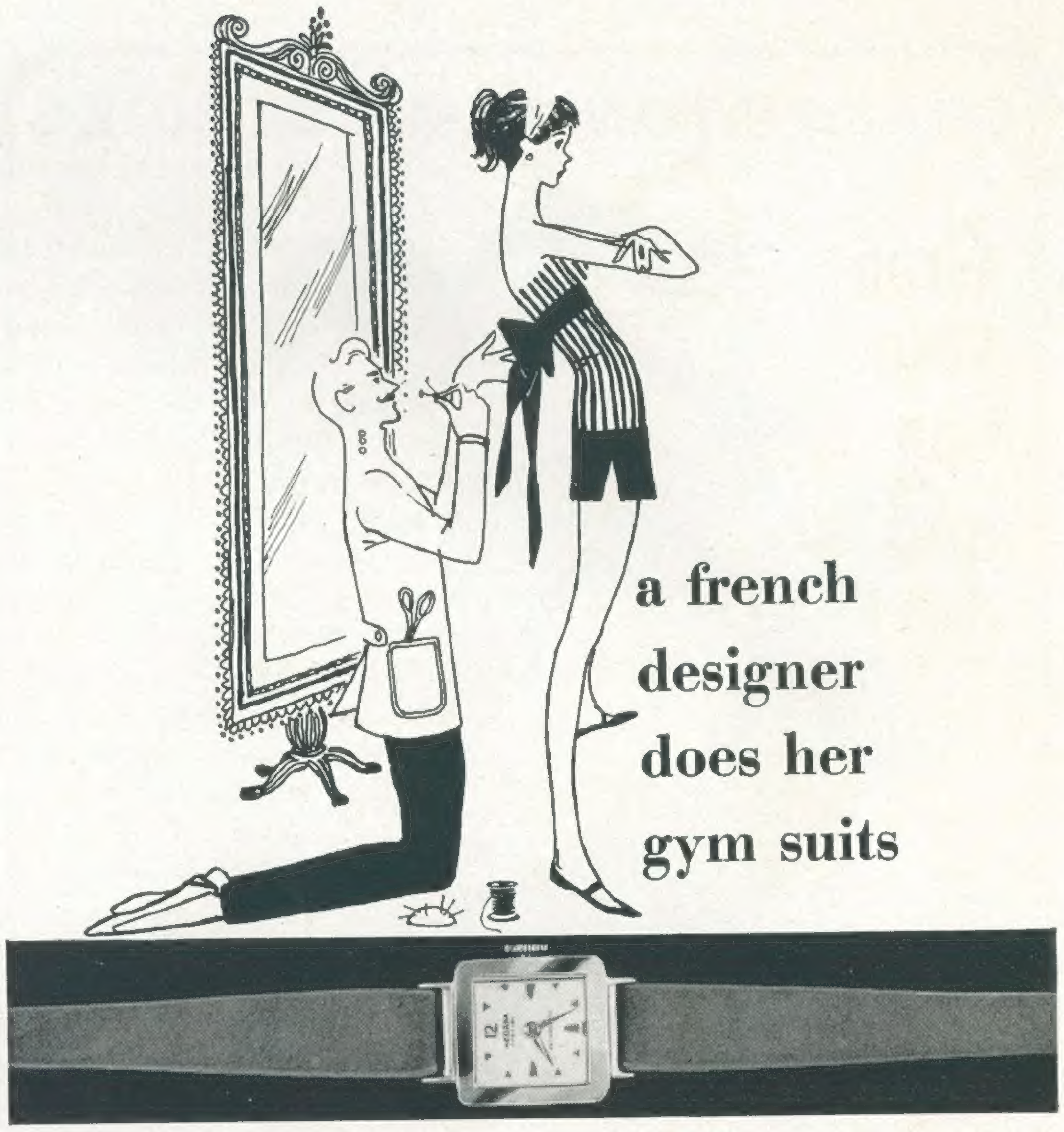
DETAILS ON PROPS SPOTTED THROUGHOUT THIS ISSUE

On the cover, the crystal obelisks, from Nesle.

Bulbous red-and-gold painted tôle humidor on page 77, also from Nesle.

Chair, page 78, from Luberto Design, Inc. The brass head, an eighteenth-century bauble from India and the long-necked blue vase also on page 78, from Lantin & Farhadi.

Cylindrical box of ivory and silver gilt, page 83, from the Museum Silver Shop.



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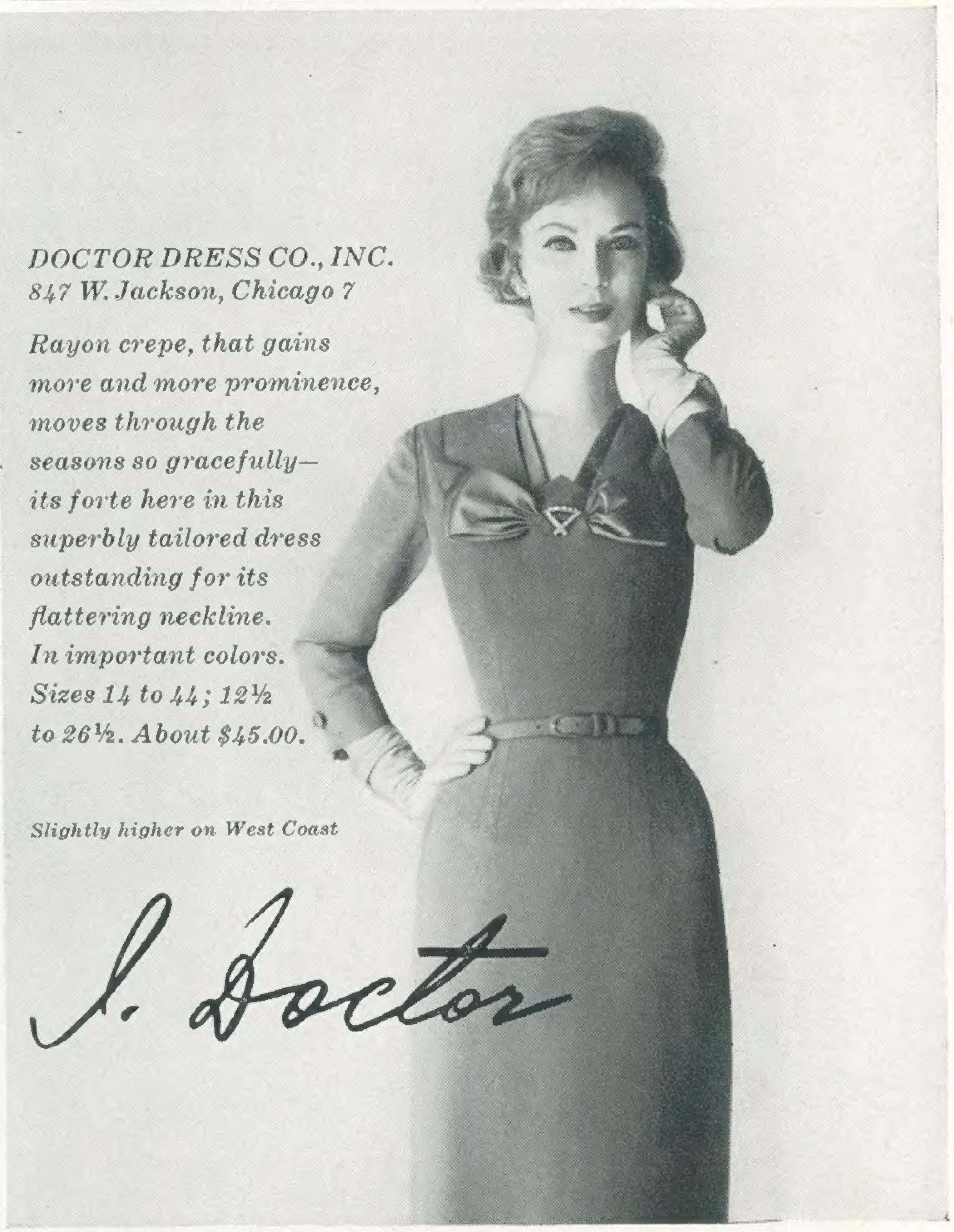

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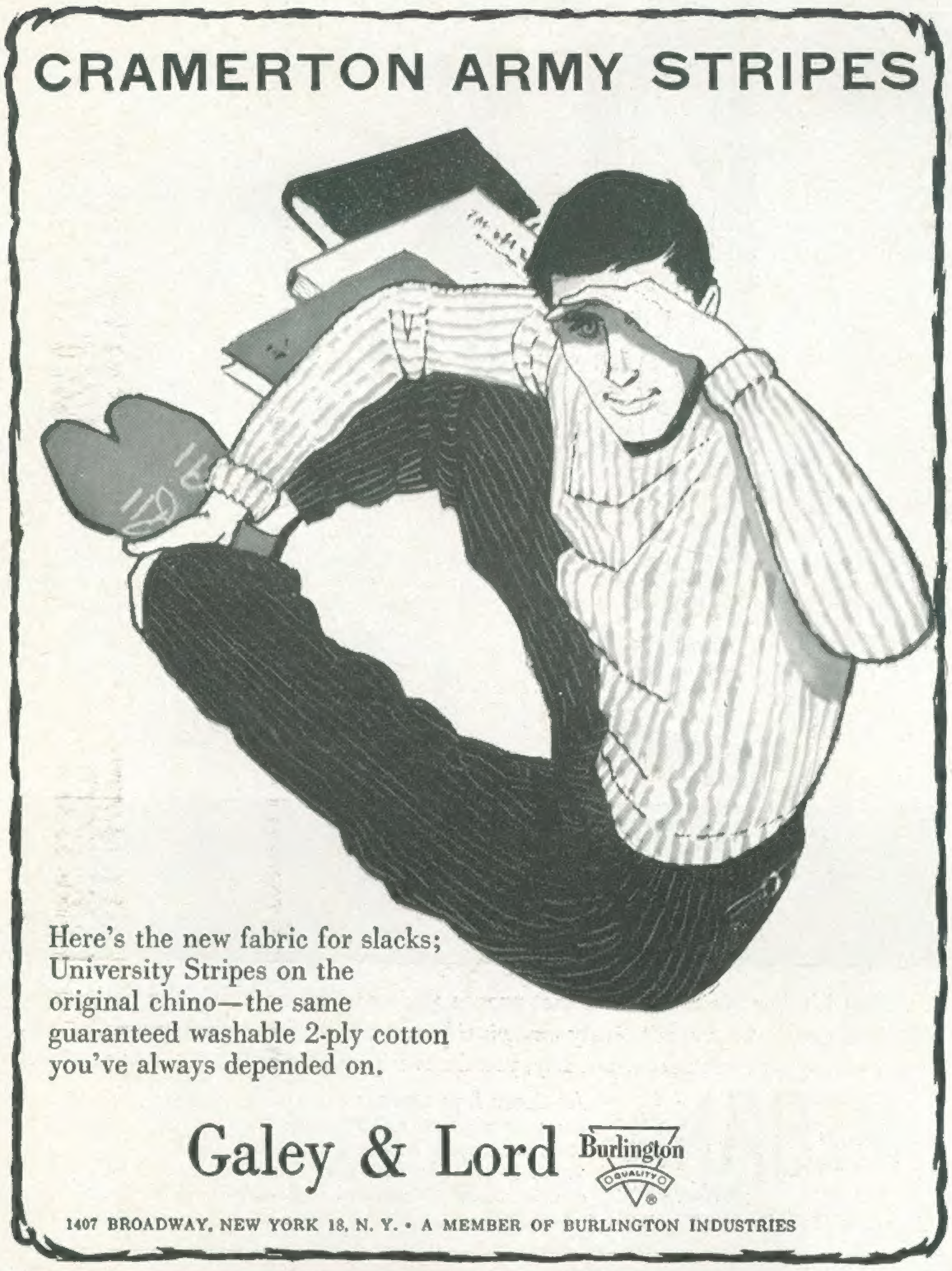
See the I. Doctor advertisement on page 71.



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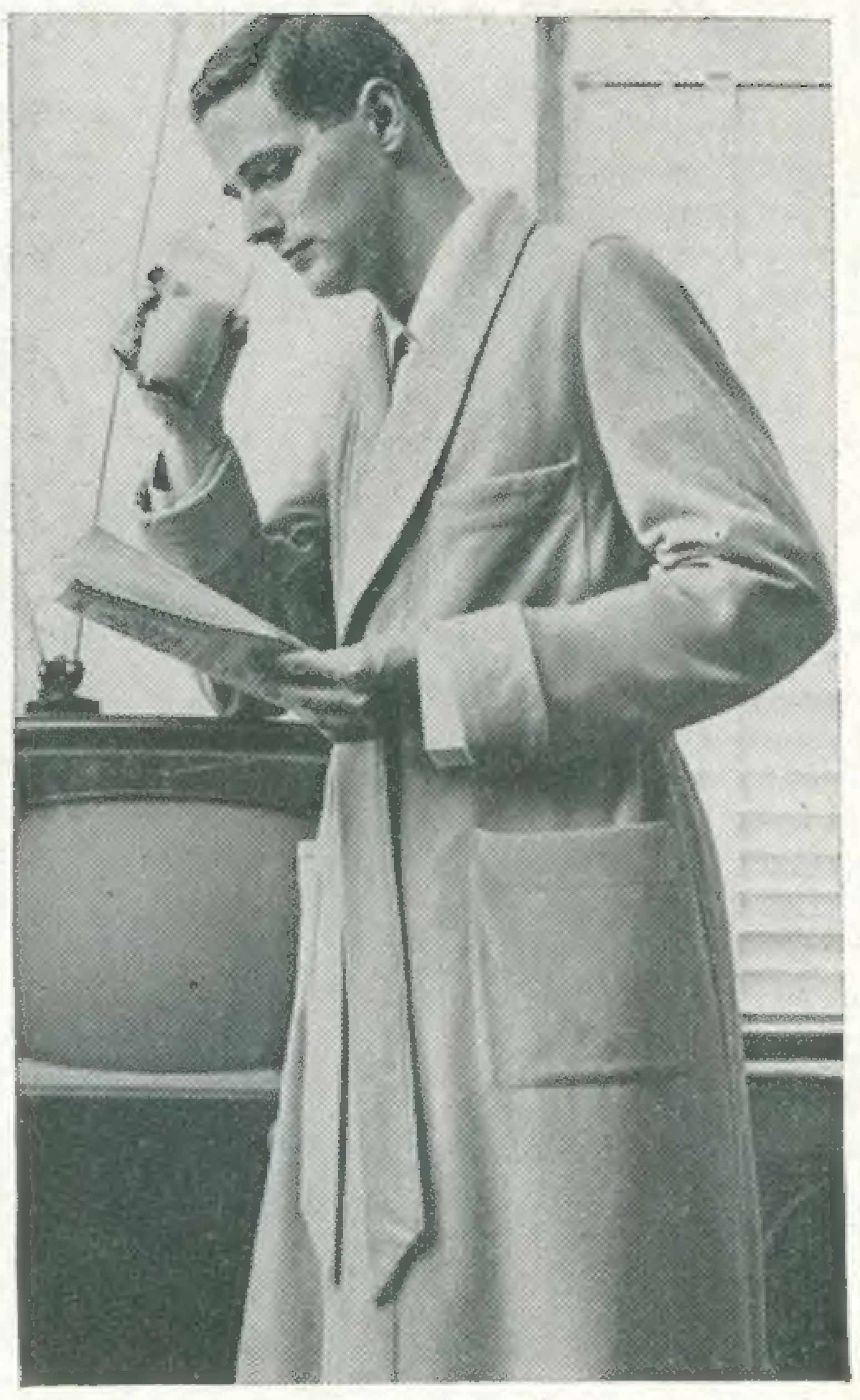
Davison Paxon Co., *Atlanta, Ga.*, Bullock's, *Los Angeles, Calif.*,
Block & Kuhl Co., *Peoria, Ill.*, Strawbridge & Clothier, *Philadelphia, Pa.*

The men's page continued



Postscript to the college plans
on pages 126 to 129—
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At Altman's.
Also at Neiman-Marcus,
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MEN'S COLLEGE IDEAS IN THESE SHOPS

Listed below are the names of shops across the country which have many of the men's college wardrobe ideas illustrated on pages 126-129

Allentown, Pa.	Judd's
Andover, Mass.	R. J. Macartney Co.
Anniston, Ala.	Wakefield's
Ardmore, Okla.	Daubes' Dept. Store
Asheville, N. C.	M. V. Moore Co.
Ashland, Ky.	The C. H. Parsons Co.
Athens, Ga.	John Q. West, Inc.
Atlanta, Ga.	Spencer's Ltd. Co.
Atlantic City, N.J.	Charles of Atlantic City
Baltimore, Md.	Hutzler Brothers Co.
Bartlesville, Okla.	The London Shop
Beloit, Wisc.	George Brothers
Berkeley, Calif.	George J. Good
Bethlehem, Pa.	Tom Bass
Billings, Mont.	Bowen's Hart-Albin Co.
Birmingham, Ala.	J. Blach & Sons, Inc.
Brattleboro, Vt.	Goodnow, Pearson & Hunt, Inc.
Buffalo, N. Y.	Peller & Mure
Carmel, Calif.	Robert Kirk Ltd.
Centerville, Cape Cod, Mass.	The Deerfield Shop
Chapel Hill, N. C.	Milton's Clothing Cupboard
Chattanooga, Tenn.	Miller Bros. Co.
Chicago, Ill.	Baskin
Cincinnati, Ohio	Dunlap Clothes Shop
Claremont, N. H.	David Heller Co.
Clarksburg, W. Va.	Will H. Melet Co.
Clayton, Mo.	Boyd's
Cocoanut Grove, Fla.	Kings, Ltd.
Columbia, Mo.	Puckett's Men's Wear
Concord, N. H.	David Heller Co.
Coral Gables, Fla.	Stow on the Wold
Davenport, Iowa	Mickelson's
Dayton, Ohio	Dunhills, Inc.
Detroit, Mich.	Hughes & Hatcher
East Lansing, Mich.	The Tog Shop
Easton, Pa.	Chief Levin's
East Orange, N. J.	Donald Bunce Co.
Elkins Park, Pa.	Village Store
Evanston, Ill.	Baskin
Fall River, Mass.	Paul Woltman
Flint, Mich.	David Alan
Fort Wayne, Ind.	Patterson-Fletcher
Fresno, Calif.	Harry Coffee, Inc.
Grand Forks, N. D.	Wilson's Clothing
Grand Haven, Mich.	Reichardt's
Grand Rapids, Mich.	Mackenzie-Bostock-Monroe
Greenwich, Conn.	Van Driver, Inc.
Hanover, N. H.	James Campion, Inc.
Hanover, Pa.	Greenebaum's
Harrisburg, Pa.	C. J. Crego & Son, Inc.
Hartford, Conn.	Ken Davis
Haverhill, Mass.	R. J. Macartney Co.
Hempstead, L. I., N. Y.	Edw. Miller's Town & Country
Hickory, N. C.	Spainhour's Men's Store
Hinsdale, Ill.	The Squire Shop of Hinsdale
Huntington, L. I., N. Y.	Schwartz Bros.
Indianapolis, Ind.	L. S. Ayres & Company
Iowa City, Iowa	Bremer's
Ithaca, N. Y.	The Sport Shop
Kalamazoo, Mich.	Lew Hubbard, Inc.
Kansas City, Mo.	Jack Henry, Inc.
Kingston, N. Y.	The Men's Shop
La Jolla, Calif.	The Ascot Shop
Lawrence, Mass.	R. J. Macartney Co.
Lewisburg, W. Va.	Yarid's Men's Shop
Lexington, Ky.	Bomanzi, Inc.
Lexington, Va.	Earl N. Levitt, Inc.
Lincoln, Neb.	Ben Simon & Sons
Logan, Utah	Wickel's
Los Angeles, Calif.	Boshard-Doughty
Lubbock, Tex.	Hemphill-Wells Co.
Lynn, Mass.	Judd, Inc.
McKeesport, Pa.	Henry B. Klein Co.
Madison, Wisc.	MacNeil & Moore
Memphis, Tenn.	Phil A. Halle
Meriden, Conn.	Harry Israel, Inc.
Meridian, Miss.	Alex Loeb, Inc.
Miami, Fla.	Hartley's, Inc.
Middletown, Conn.	R. W. Camp Co.
Midland, Tex.	Albert S. Kelley, Inc.
Minneapolis, Minn.	Daytons
Montpelier, Vt.	A. D. Farwell Co.
Moultonboro Corner, N. H.	The Old Country Store, Inc.
New Brunswick, N. J.	Luke's University Shop
New Orleans, La.	Porter's Inc.
Newport News, Va.	Nachman's Department Store
Norfolk, Va.	Fishback & Lea, Ltd.
Old Orchard, Ill.	Baskin
Omaha, Neb.	Charles J. Assmann
Palo Alto, Calif.	Country Squire
Pasadena, Calif.	Bayne-Williams
Pensacola, Fla.	Ed White, Inc.
Peoria, Ill.	Howard A. Heller
Philadelphia, Pa.	Morville
Pittsburgh, Pa.	Joseph Horne Company
Pittsfield, Mass.	Rosenfeld's Inc.
Pomona, Calif.	John P. Evans
Portland, Me.	Kenneth Aherne
Portland, Ore.	Ray Bolger Co.
Poughkeepsie, N. Y.	Heiman's, Inc.
Providence, R. I.	Hillhouse, Ltd.
Provo, Utah	Hoover's
Rapid City, S. D.	Seeley
Reading, Pa.	John Mazzo
Richmond, Va.	Earl M. Levitt, Inc.
Ridgewood, N. J.	Puritz Waterhouse, Ltd.
Riverside, Calif.	Hosch's
Rochester, N. Y.	B. Forman Co.
St. Louis, Mo.	Boyd's
Salt Lake City, Utah	Sporthaus, Ltd.
San Antonio, Tex.	Frank Brothers
San Francisco, Calif.	Robert Kirk, Ltd.
Santa Barbara, Calif.	Tweeds & Weeds
Savannah, Ga.	Men's Quality Shop, Inc.
Seattle, Wash.	Littler, Inc.
Sioux City, Iowa	Mickelson's
Snyder, N. Y.	The Squire Shop
Spartanburg, S. C.	The Aug. W. Smith Co.
Springfield, Mass.	Raymond White
Stamford, Conn.	G. Maddaloni
State College, Pa.	Jack Harper Inc.
Stockton, Calif.	Ernie Reed Men's Clothier
Summit, N. J.	Root's of Summit
Surfside, Fla.	King's, Ltd.
Syracuse, N. Y.	John Zell & Sons
Tampa, Fla.	Wolf Brothers
Thomasville, Ga.	Hicks Clothing Co.
Topeka, Kan.	Hanna's Men's Shop
Tucson, Ariz.	Andy Anderson, Ltd.
Vermillion, S. D.	The Clothing Cupboard
Walnut Creek, Calif.	Alfred Nipkow & Co.
Warren, Ohio	Rose & Sons, Inc.
Washington, D. C.	Lewis & Thos. Saltz, Inc.
West Point, Ga.	Hagedorn's
Wheeling, W. Va.	Stifel & Taylor
White Plains, N. Y.	Haig's Ltd.
Wichita, Kan.	Petrie's
Wichita Falls, Tex.	Perkins-Timberlake
Williamstown, Mass.	House of Walsh
Worcester, Mass.	John C. MacInnes Co.
York, Pa.	Lehmayer's

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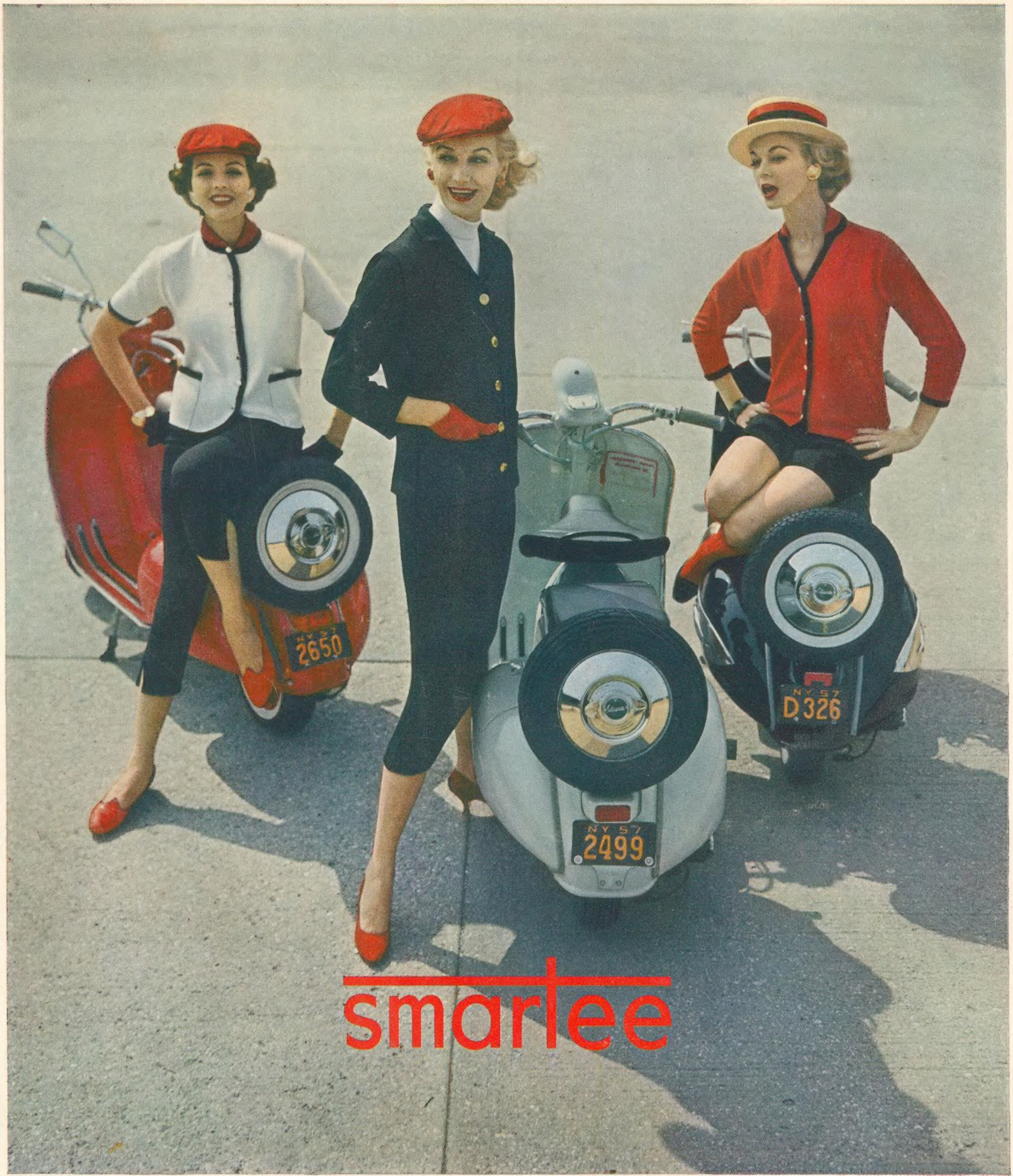

VESPA SCOOTERS

Fashion dictates "For late summer and early Fall . . . Smartee famous knits." Left: Blazer in bulky "cord-knit" cotton. White with black, red pepper or heather gray; black with white. About $9. Matching tapered pants, about $10. Center: Sweater-jacket in black or white bulky "cord-knit" cotton, about $10. Matching skirt, about $9. Right: Blazer in cotton "twill-knit". Red pepper, taupe or heather gray; all with black piping. About $7. Matching knit Jamaicans, about $6. Jackets, Small, Medium, Large. Pants, skirt and shorts, sizes 10 to 16. **SMARTEE**, *1407 Broadway, New York 18, New York. Fabric by* **SMARTKNIT.**

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